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8.



J. W. Newman
THE
LOUNGER'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK,
OR,
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

A
BIOGRAPHIC, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND SATIRICAL
COMPILATION:
A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED, AND AUGMENTED WITH A CONSIDERABLE
NUMBER OF NEW ARTICLES,
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Parva sunt hæc; sed parva ista non contemnendo, majores nostri
maximam hanc rempublicam fecere.
CICERO.

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E. W. G.



ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

LAUDER, WILLIAM, author of a violent attack on the originality and literary reputation of Milton, whose imitation of the moderns, he endeavoured to establish, by producing a variety of extracts from *Paradise Lost*, with analogous passages from preceding writers. His book excited a considerable degree of public attention, and the writer of it was for a short time, encouraged by Dr. Johnson, because he thought him *too frantic to be fraudulent*; a sentence more remarkable for alliteration than argument, as it is a common art of selfish design, to affect the cant, and use the language, of warm zeal, and strong conviction.

Lauder was a man of respectable literary attainments, with a good share of the characteristic acuteness of his countrymen, but soured in his temper by early misfortune, and repeated disappointments. In consequence of a blow from the golfer players, on Bruntsfield Links, he had been under the necessity of submitting to an amputation of his leg; in two attempts to succeed to

a professor's chair, and afterwards to the office of library keeper to the university of Edinburgh, he failed. Lastly he was tempted to publish a splendid and expensive edition of the *Poetarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ*, in two volumes, a work, which promising both fame and profit, *dropped still-born from the press*, and served only to exhaust the little money he had saved.

Thus driven by necessity to London, eager to attract notice, anxious to procure emolument, and not very scrupulous in the means he employed; it struck him, that Milton had laid himself open to the charge of plagiarism, and he thought the opportunity a good one, for building his own fame, at the expence of a poet, whose eminence, the greater it was, would in the same proportion, elevate the man, who could make good his charges against him. But conscious of the general partiality in his favor, he commenced with a declaration, in which a malignant insinuation was artfully wrapped, in a mixture of circuitous candor, and contradictory panegyric, while his

praise,

praise, and professed design were singularly at variance; like a timid enemy, meditating an attack,

Ready to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

He hints applause, and hesitates dislike.

"I have no intention," says Mr. Lauder; "to derogate from the merits of the author of *Paradise Lost*, to whom great praise is undoubtedly due, for so beautiful a structure, even if it should be proved that a good part of his materials were borrowed from his neighbours. But it cannot be denied, that he is considerably indebted to the following productions: *Sarcotidos Libri Quinque*, published by Jacobus Mafenius; to *Adamus Exul*, a Latin Drama, written by the learned Grotius; and lastly, to a volume of Latin Poems, published at Edinburgh, by Andrew Ramsay."

Some of the following passages, with those they are compared to, perhaps may be thought worthy of attention; from the strong resemblance both in texture and thought.

Gravior orcus, sub pedibus tremuit.

GROTIUS.

Hell trembled as he trod.

MILTON.

Adsit ambitio nova, nam me judice,

Regnare dignum est, etsi in Tartaro;

Alto præesse juvat, —

Cœlis quam in ipsis servire.

GROTIUS.

— And in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition
tho' in Hell.

Better to reign in Hell than
serve in Heaven. MILTON.

Satan's address to Eve in *Paradise Lost*:

"Sovereign of creatures, universal dame; &c."

Mr. Lauder pronounces as evidently borrowed from the following passage of Andrew Ramsay:

— Poli sceptrâ capeffere

digna,

Quid terras humiles habitas?—

— Cur Terræ excludere fructu?

— Et pomum invidet ille?

Quod dabit et secum ætheriis
adcombere mensis.

The following quotation is remarkable for having been the means of convicting the accuser of producing a passage, which, in fact, never existed in *Paradise Lost*:

Lacusque vivi sulphuris, semper
fluunt.

GROTIUS.

And lakes of living sulphur always
flow.

MILTON.

A line, the production of Lauder's own brain, which, in the heat of controversy, or the dexterity of supporting, in any way, the cause he had undertaken, he conceived would not have been detected.

A remarkable simile of the English poet is next brought forward, in which a ship is described working into port against wind, to illustrate the serpent's insinuating method of addressing our first mother:

— At first, side-long, he
works his way,

As when a ship by skillful steers-
man wrought

Nigh rivers mouth, or foreland,
where the wind

Veers

Veers oft, as oft so steers and
 shifts her sails;
 So varied he, and of his tortu-
 ous train,
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath
 in fight of Eve,
 To lure her eye." MILTON.

Ut vento portum
 qui forte ressanse
 Non potis est capere, — vela
 Carbasseosque sinus obliquat,
 tendere recta

Qua nequit, incurvo radit vada
 cœrula cursu,
 Sic gnarus versare dolis, et
 imagine falsa

Ludere Tartareus Coluber—
 Cursum

Mutat, et ad Palmam converso
 tramite tendit. RAMSAY.

I will exercise the patience of
 my readers, by reciting only an-
 other extract from Mr. Lauder's
 accusation; it is the beautiful and
 pathetic speech of the mother of
 mankind to Adam, after the fatal
 fruit had been plucked, and the
 horrors of her situation are sup-
 posed to have made a forceable
 impression on her imagination:

Forfake me not. Thy
 suppliant

I beg and clasp thy knees; be-
 reave me not

Of that on which I live, thy
 gentle looks,

Thy counsel in this uttermost
 distress,

My only strength and stay!

Forlorn of thee,

Whither shall I betake me?
 where subsist?

MILTON.

These lines, in the opinion of
 Mr. Lauder, are almost a transla-
 tion of the following words of
 Grotius, in his *Adamus Exul*;

B 2

Ne me relinquant, nunc tuo
 Auxilio est opus,
 Cum versa fors est unicum lap-
 sœ mihi

Firmamen—
 Te mihi reserva, dum licet—
 Relicta, quo vadam,
 aut ævum exigam.

By such allegations was the
 charge against our great English
 poet supported; but genius was
 not without its defenders. Of
 these, Mr. John Douglas, a Shrop-
 shire Clergyman, and now Bishop
 of Salisbury, was the most ingeni-
 ous, the most spirited, and most
 successful. In a letter addressed
 to the Earl of Bath, he, in a
 great measure, vindicates Milton
 from the charge of Plagiarism, and
 convicts Mr. Lauder of forgery
 and imposition. For as I have
 before observed, the similarity, in
 many instances, is remarkable;
 beyond the reach of accidental
 coincidence; but not content with
 a fair use of his 'vantage ground,'
 the Caledonian had called in the
 aid of fraud and imposture, which
 blasted his literary character, and
 prevented the worlds giving credit
 to many well grounded objections.

Besides it is almost impossible for
 two persons, one at London, and
 the other at Pekin, writing on the
 same subject, not to occasionally
 feel the same impressions, utter
 similar sentiments, and use the
 same language.

"Allowing the Plagiarism,"
 says the advocate for Milton, "does
 not prove any want of genius.
 The admirers of Virgil, do not
 consider his keeping Homer ever
 in his eye, as at all depreciating the
 merits of the *Æneid*." "A work,"
 observed Mr. Douglas, somewhat pa-
 radoxically,

radoxically, and without his usual precision, "a work may be *original without invention, and an imitation without Plagiarism*," a position, which seems to require some deliberation before we can assent to it. "A great genius," continues our ingenious writer, "exercises his right of profiting from the labours of another, in such a manner, as to satisfy the world of his own abilities; it is not an effect of the sterility of his fancy, but of the solidity of his judgment. It is this which enables him to give dignity to language, and propriety to epithet. Let us admit, that Milton took many hints from Masenius, John Fox, Grotius, Ramsay, and Taubman, yet the great whole, the connection, and reference of part to part, are undeniably his own."

LEOPOLD, MAXIMILIAN, JULIUS, of Brunswick, a prince of well directed courage and active humanity.

In seventeen hundred and eighty five, the Oder suddenly overflowing its banks, spread ruin, death, and devastation over the adjoining country, while the peasants and farmers who were able to reach the summit of a neighbouring hill, and other places of safety, under the strong impressions of terror, declined assisting their unfortunate companions, who every moment losing their holds, were swept away with their cattle and other property, by the rapid inundation.

Irritated by cowardice, prompted by benevolent zeal, and contrary to the intreaties of his attendants, this excellent young man, in a small boat, committed himself to the stream, for the purpose of

rescuing several unfortunate wretches, who had ascended a tree, which the furious torrent, rising every instant still higher, would in a short time have overflowed. Bent on preserving others, but too forgetful of himself, the boat struck on a stump, and this amiable prince, whose intrepidity was only equalled by his goodness, unfortunately sunk, to rise no more.

In the prime of life, and in the practice of virtues, without which the elevations of rank, blood, and wealth, are only ensigns of disgrace, he fell an illustrious sacrifice to enthusiastic philanthropy, which prefers dangerous effort to inglorious safety; deplored by a family who passionately doated on him, and lamented by a people, who still record his private worth, his public spirit, and heroic conduct.

"It is a great consolation," said an inhabitant of Frankfort upon Oder; "it is a great consolation, in the general sorrow with which we are overwhelmed, on account of the prince's death, to recollect the numerous instances in which this worthy young man exerted his humanity and beneficence. A few days after the late ruinous fire, as he was visiting a tradesman, being on a friendly footing with most of the citizens, I addressed him in the following words. "In my own name, and that of my fellow citizens, we have a favor to ask of your Highness:" "What is it?" said Leopold. "That you will not continue to expose yourself to such dangers, as you did during the late conflagration; we make this request, for the sake of thousands, who love and adore you, and who would

would experience an irreparable loss by your death."

Affected as every feeling man must have been, by an expostulation so tender; delicate, and friendly, the prince replied, "WHAT AM I BUT A MAN; and it is surely my duty, to afford every assistance in my power to my fellow creatures."

The life of Leopold was temperate, sober, and exemplary; his manners, gentle and conciliating; from a moderate income, he expended annually on a charity-school, and other works of mercy, upwards of five hundred pounds. If princes, and *their descendants*, could be persuaded, on the score even of self interest, to follow *his* example, Levellers might publish, and Republicans lecture in vain.

LILLY, WILLIAM, a stargazer of the sixteenth century, a prolix but entertaining writer, an eye witness, and well informed historian of the interesting facts he relates. Though passing in his day for a *conjuror*, whose science has been nearly laughed out of countenance, I suspect he did not *believe* in his own art, but, like *other professors*, thought it no crime, if mankind were resolved to be imposed upon, to take advantage of absurdity, and procure wealth and reverence, at the expence of folly.

"Many have curiously enquired," says Lilly, who was patronized by Whitelocke, "many have curiously enquired who it was that cut off King Charles's head? I have no permission to speak of such things, but he that did it is valiant, resolute, and of a competent fortune." After the restoration, the subject of our pre-

sent article, was examined on this subject, before the parliament of 1660. "At my first appearance," says Lilly, "I was affronted by the young members, who demanded several scurrilous questions, and I should have been sorely troubled, but for the assistance of Mr. Prinn and Mr. Weston, who whispered to me occasionally, holding a paper before their mouths. Liberty being at last given me to speak, I delivered what follows. "The next Sunday but one after the execution of King Charles the First, Robert Spavin, secretary to General Cromwell, and several others, dined with me, when the whole of our discourse was only, who it was that beheaded the king; some said the common hangman, some Hugh Peters, and several others were named, but none concluded. After dinner was over, Robert Spavin retiring with me to the South window, took my hand, and said; "These are all mistaken; Lieutenant-Colonel Joyce was the man, for I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, and stood by him when he did it; no man knows this but my master, Commissary Ireton, and myself."

On a point, the settling of which is confessedly not important, this plain unadorned narrative of a contemporary writer, who could have no interest in misleading, and who has been generally considered, when on terra firma, and not among the stars, as a respectable evidence, we should naturally suppose, would be decisive; yet Monsieur D'Arnaud, on what foundation I have not been able to discover, has published a different account in his

Delassements

Delassements de l'Homme sensible, with solemn assertions of its truth.

"Lord Stair," says the writer I quote, whose pages I fear have been embellished, "Lord Stair, once the favourite General of King George the Second, retired in disgust, from some real or imaginary slight offered to him, at the battle of Dettingen. In his way to Scotland, making a short stay in London, he was surprized at receiving an anonymous letter, earnestly intreating, that he would favour the writer with an interview, as he had particulars of the highest importance to communicate.

Prompted by curiosity, and the pathetic energy of the writer, he went to the place appointed, previously taking certain measures for his safety. It was in a remote quarter of the town, the common residence of poverty and wretchedness, that following the directions of the letter, he knocked at the door of a small tenement, which stood at the corner of an obscure ally, when he was conducted by an attendant, suitable to the habitation, up a narrow stair-case, into a dirty garret, in which, by the glimmering light, he perceived, stretched on a bed, a very old man, who, after an apology, entered into discourse on the private history of his Lordship's family, mentioning many anecdotes, not generally known, and concluded with asking him, whether he had not experienced great inconvenience for want of certain deeds relating to his paternal estate? "Yes," replied Lord Stair, "for want of those parchments, I am

in great danger of losing a portion of my inheritance." "There," replied the old man, giving a key, and pointing to a casket by the bed-side, "there are the writings deposited. You will naturally wish to know by what means they came into my possession, and who I am. After leading a wandering and unhappy life, prolonged to one hundred and twenty-five years, I live to behold, in yourself, a lineal descendant from me, in the third generation! I have for some time heard, with delight, the glorious career you have trod; but, to make up, as far as was in my power, for the frowns of fortune, and your present disgrace at court, I resolved to put into your possession, the contents of the casket.

"The unhappy old man you see before you, was a subject, and once a favourite of King Charles the First, but suspecting him of having seduced my daughter, the domestic indignity converted a loyal attachment, into bitter hatred, and an insatiable thirst of revenge. I joined in all the violent measures of the times, was an active partizan in the several victories of the parliament forces; and refining on a vengeance, not to be satiated but by blood; after the degradation and trial of my sovereign, I requested permission to be his executioner, which was granted; at the moment of lifting the fatal axe, I communicated to him, in the rancour of revenge, the name, and motives of the person who put him to death. From that hour, my soul has been a prey to distraction and remorse; I have been an outcast, and a voluntary exile in different parts of Europe
and

and Asia; and Heaven, as if to increase my punishment, has prolonged my life beyond the common age of man. I submit to the will of Providence, without repining; all that I ask, and must insist on, is, that you will leave me to my fate, and shed a tear to the memory of one, whose repentance and sufferings on this side the grave, will, I trust, expiate his crime."

Lord Stair, agitated by the recital, and melted by the sorrows of his ancestor, soon departed, but returned the next day, with a design to persuade him to retire to the North, and, in the hospitable mansion of his forefathers, pass the remainder of his life, in comfort and tranquility; but the old man had precipitately quitted the spot, without a possibility of tracing his footsteps; and in spite of every effort, his fate remains a mystery to the present hour.

These circumstances, unsupported by cotemporary or referential evidence, and involved in a romantic cloud, will not bear the touchstone of criticism and scrupulous enquiry; yet the event it speaks of, which unhinged the form of government in these kingdoms, which shed the best blood, and dissipated the fortunes of thousands, has been a frequent subject of ardent and interesting discussion. It was undoubtedly a fearful, a tremendous question; and I believe few serious and well designing men would wish to be placed in the situation of those, whose office it was to decide on the life or the death of the king.

Si non periisset perissemus, were the words of a popular writer of

that time; I fear the proceeding was dictated by the stern law of political necessity; and after as cool a consideration of the circumstance in all its aspects, as a man of warm feelings is capable of giving it, I am clearly of opinion, that if Charles the First had proved victorious in his contest with the people of England; instead of having called in and rewarded the mild virtues of a Brunswick, we should at the present moment have been groaning under an absolute monarchy; with our fetters rivetted by the merciless bigotry of Laud, the affected frankness, but disguised arbitrary principles of Clarendon and Strafford.

It was thought, says a daring writer, a bold expression of Oliver Cromwell, "that if he found himself opposite the king in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom, as soon as any other man's." "But I go farther," continues this spirited author, "had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty. A king, whose actions could justify rebellion, I would have fought through the ranks, and without the least personal enmity, have discharged my piece into *his* bosom, rather than any other man's." Cromwell, at the moment he spoke, little thought he should hereafter, outstrip the unhappy Charles in subverting the constitution of his country, and merit a sadder fate. The commentator on his words, in the violence of animosity against kings, seems not to have treated the inroads of the usurper, with his usual acrimony and emphasis.

LITERARY

LITERARY MEN; their irritability, seclusion, and inaptness for performing the common duties of life, have been often remarked and frequently censured; yet something may be pleaded in excuse for indulging in pursuits, which, absorbing for a time all our faculties, offer an effectual, perhaps an innocent opiate, to mental inquietude.

Pitied or despised by the merchant, the man of pleasure, the sportsman, or the dispatcher of three bottles, and buried in the shades of rural retirement, or lost in the crowded capital; an author derives from past evil, or present folly, instruction, amusement, and employment; fondly imagining, that, at some distant period, tardy posterity may be prevailed on to render the unavailing tribute of praise to that merit, which has been unnoticed by his contemporaries.

So wayward in conduct, so averse to all rule,

By fools deem'd a madman, by wife men, a fool.

Such reveries, with respect to the public, may be considered as harmless; and if, like other dreams, they vanish into air, can only conduct a recluse to oblivion, the common lot of millions.

Literary productions will also naturally receive a tinge from our tempers, our associates, and the great events of our lives; to these we are indebted for the midnight sorrows of Young, the pathetic effusions of Hammond, the plaintive sonnets of Charlotte Smith, and the elegy of Gray.

But while we make allowance for the keen sensibility of genius,

and the pangs of real misery, I think it neither right or reasonable, that individuals degraded by vice and folly, should, on every emergency of distress, rush incontinently to the press, and pour themselves out in high-wrought rant and tumid declamation, against fate, mankind, hard-hearted patrons, and a cruel world. Would such persons reflect for a moment on their own imprudent conduct, they might discover ample cause for all their failures.

Neglecting this needful retrospect, debilitated profusion, exhausted luxury, wild theorists, mad politicians, and enthusiastic affectation, cloathing themselves in the dignified garb of struggling virtue and honourable poverty, at times overwhelm the town with volumes of self-begotten mischance, and reams of fictitious woe; heaven and earth are invoked to heal wounds which, with a little common sense, would never have been inflicted, and to soothe sorrows, which a minute portion of prudent activity might effectually prevent, and speedily remedy. These mistakes it would be inhuman to censure severely, but they ought not to escape notice; for vicious, or negligent failure, has no legal claim to that pity and assistance which open-hearted honesty, personal merit, and industrious application, ought ever to experience. We should, as long as it is in our power, apply our shoulder to the wheel, rather than sit down, like the despairing wagoner, with folded arms, and throwing ourselves on the public, a helpless, cumbersome, and dishonorable load.

I close the present article with a reflection

a reflection made at an early period of his career as a writer, by Sir William Jones, of whom his country and the world have been deprived, since the first edition of this collection; and I earnestly recommend it to the consideration of every young man who feels the *cacoethes scribendi* creeping on him. "The profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to no real benefit; poetry, science, and letters, when not made the sole business of life, may become its ornaments in prosperity, its most pleasing consolation in adversity; but he who hopes, by mere learning and books, to raise a family, or acquire a comfortable retreat for old age, will find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken his path; that labours and studies of a far different kind are necessary, and that unless he can assert his own independence in active life, it will avail him little, to be favored by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or even to be recommended by kings." If these were the convictions of a man eminently qualified to decide on such a question, of one

"Whose early genius, spurning time's controul,

"Had reach'd, ere others start, the distant goal;"

what are the prospects of an unfortunate, but not unfrequent class of individuals, who, with the sedentary habits, improvident thoughtlessness, and other unpropitious tendencies of a literary recluse, possess only common attainments, and powers not soaring above mediocrity?

LOUIS XV. King of France.
This short article is introduced.
VOL. II.

duced for the sake of relating a transaction, creditable to a king, who would not suffer his private feelings to conquer that love of public justice, which ought ever to be paramount in the breast of sovereigns. I seize the opportunity, in order to prove, notwithstanding what has been insinuated, that I am as willing to do justice to crowned heads, as to private individuals. God forbid I should ever be tempted to suppress one memorial, or one authentic document, in favour of the most arbitrary tyrant that ever reigned.

A prince of the blood having disgraced himself by robbery and murder, in the streets of Paris, was taken into custody, and, after being tried by the parliament, a deputation waited on the King to inform him of the circumstance, but that they would not pronounce sentence 'till the royal pleasure was known.

"And why not, gentlemen?"

"The unhappy Prince," replied the president, a patriot as well as a gentleman, for they *may* be united, even in France, "the unhappy Prince has your Majesty's blood in his veins."

"It is become putrid, and must be let out," answered the King. Another of the deputies venturing to hint at pardoning the offence, his Majesty closed the business by saying, in an elevated voice, while mercy and justice applauded his conduct, "Return, without delay, and pronounce your decree; for, on my hopes of salvation, and by the sacred trust I hold from God, he should die, if he were my only son."

The murderer was executed on a scaffold.

a scaffold, in the court of the Grand Chatelet, in the early part of the present century.

LUDWIG, JOHN, a Saxon peasant, born at Codaude, a village near Dresden, of odious aspect and savage manners. Having, with difficulty, been taught to read and write at the parish school, he was, after many ineffectual efforts and severe floggings, pronounced too stupid for arithmetic, and dismissed, with disgrace, to cow-keeping and rustic drudgery. From this time, to the age of twenty, he neither touched a pen or perused a book, but associating with low women, of infamous character, and abandoning himself to vicious excesses, forgot the little he had acquired; his health was also very much impaired, and his apparent natural stupidity considerably increased, by debauchery and intemperance.

At this period of his life, being accidentally witness to a dispute between two farmers, at a country wake, concerning a matter, on which he thought himself able to communicate information, he officiously interfered, and rudely gave his opinion. It has been said, I believe, by Dr. Blair, that whatever a man clearly conceives, he can properly express; yet Ludwig, although he saw the persons he had interrupted were wrong, felt confused and abashed, and entirely unable to deliver his sentiments in a manner satisfactory to himself, or intelligible to others. He was, of course, laughed at and abused, as an impertinent fool, and a silly clown, with other epithets too gross to repeat, borrowed

from the nature and tendency of his pleasures and companions.

He who had for years persevered in a course of brutal profligacy, who had resisted parental intreaty, the rod of the pedant, and the admonition of the pulpit, could not bear the keen sarcasm of ridicule, and the cutting reproaches of contempt. Quitting a scene of merriment, social glee, and intemperate pleasure, to minds like his, an almost irresistible temptation, he retired to his cottage, and passed a solitary, a sleepless night, in the anguish of bitter repentance. But the trying interval was productive of salutary resolutions; he instantly forsook the degrading society to which he had devoted himself, and industriously followed a new occupation, the selling vegetables from door to door, for the sake of avoiding his old associates. He purchased a bible with the first money he could save, and applied every moment he could spare from labour and rest, to the recovery of reading and writing. His application was such, that during the following severe winter, which confined him almost wholly to his cottage, he read through the scriptures five times, and filled three quires and a half of paper with referential notes and texts, quoted in the margin of his bible.

His reformation of manners being observed, he was appointed, as is the custom of Saxony, to receive the excise for a little district, which adding three crowns a year to his income, enabled him to purchase a few books, the want of which had hitherto been an obstacle to his making further progress

grels in acquirement. It was in consequence of this little appointment in gathering the revenue, that the desirable alteration in his conduct was first noticed by Mr. Hoffman, a commissary, from whose account I relate the circumstance.

In his abject state of sensuality, he had been occasionally employed in menial services by this gentleman, who saw, with pleasure, the change, encouraged him to persevere, and gave him books. With these and other helps, he made himself master of arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, geometry, and spherical trigonometry; and frequently gratified the little pride of his heart, or his resentment, on a Sunday morning, by putting puzzling questions to his former master, whom he had scorned to consult, from the remembrance of his severity and stripes.

On Mr. Hoffman's next official visit to the village, he was highly interested and gratified, by the moral and intellectual improvements of Ludwig. On entering his cottage, a ruinous hovel, it presented a singular spectacle; the walls, which had been almost black with smoke, were covered with propositions and anagrams, written in chalk; the shelves, bench, and table, were occupied by a strange mixture of domestic utensils, and mathematical and other instruments, of singular, but ingenious workmanship; having been obliged, from the state of his finances, to have recourse to his own mechanical contrivance for these helps. The commissary was so much pleased with his conversation, that he invited him to his house, at

Dresden; and soon after, wishing to purchase a few books, he repaired to that city.

With fear and trepidation he knocked at Mr. Hoffman's door, and the servant, on seeing one whom, from his dress, he thought a ploughman, was on the point of not admitting him, as a party of gentlemen, of learning and distinction, were expected to dinner; but his master accidentally passing, immediately recognized the reformed mathematician of Codaude, and kindly welcomed him. After dressing him in a suit of his own cloaths, he introduced him to the company, with whom he passed the day. Ludwig was remarked for the propriety of his behaviour, joining in the various topics of conversation, and communicating much useful information on subjects of mechanism, calculation, and agriculture. Before they separated, Mr. Hoffman explained to his visitors the singular circumstances of the peasant's case. They made a handsome collection, with many promises of providing for him, if he chose to remove to Dresden; but he thankfully declined their offers, declaring, that the money in his pocket would make him the happiest man in Saxony; it would serve to repair his habitation, procure a few necessary books and instruments, and enable him to pass his life in a way, of all others, he preferred.

The subject of this article is a striking example, and an impressive proof, that the mental and moral faculties may be often and effectually roused to exertion, by incitements and modes easily practised and applied, by judgment

and dexterity, but totally foreign to the rod and invective of a ferocious pedant, which, in some minds, only tend to exasperate rebellious passions, and confirm inveterate stupidity.

Of the merits or the defects of David Williams, as an enlightened religious pastor, or a modern historian, I am not qualified to speak, though a ranting declaimer tells me, his plans are politically injurious, and practically inexpedient; but, on the important subject of education, Mr. Williams writes like a philosopher and a man of deep penetration, well acquainted with the human heart. He has *published* on the subject, but if he could prevail on himself to revise his papers, and read a public course of lectures, with inferences from, and applications to, active life, it would be rendering an important service to mankind, by enabling parents to superintend and direct, if not wholly manage, the education of their offspring, at times when the schoolmaster is absent or forgotten; the price of admission should be moderate, the language and suggestions should be calculated to all ranks, and the business of religion left to private opinion.

LUDLOW, EDMUND, a commander in the civil war which raged between Charles the First and his subjects, who contributed, by personal courage and active diligence, to the degradation and death of that unhappy Prince. General Ludlow appears to have possessed political integrity, and to have acted from a firm conviction of the King's unconstitutional conduct; he considered a republican form of government as best calcu-

lated for promoting public virtue, as well as private happiness. His opinions, perhaps, were erroneous, but if they were built on a supposition, that the bulk of mankind were actuated by the same public spirit which warmed his own bosom, it was a glorious, an honest mistake.

After rendering effectual assistance towards the abolition of regal power, he boldly and consistently opposed the selfish ambition of Cromwell, rejecting, with scorn, the splendid offers of that successful usurper, whose conduct can be defended on no other plea than self-defence; he had created, in those turbulent times, a host of enemies, of all parties and all denominations, from whose open violence, or disguised malice, nothing but the massy and oppressive shield of military despotism was able to protect him. From such men, and from such measures, our stern republican retired to Vivay, in Switzerland: the house in which he lived is distinguished by the following inscription,

Omne solum forti patria;
which our English travellers, in their flight over the Alps, view with emotions of triumph, detestation, or indifference, according to the different impressions of prejudice and education.

Soon after the revolution of 1688, when the regal prerogatives were duly bounded, and the rights of the people in *some* degree ascertained, Ludlow offered his services to William the Third, which he readily accepted; but his intentions were counteracted by the hatred of some of his personal enemies in parliament, abetted by a party,

a party, which, during the greater part of that reign, concealed their hatred of a free government, and their efforts to embarrass all its measures, under the specious mask of public spirit, and a timid jealousy of a prince, to whom we are indebted (whatever might be his motives) for the blessings civil and religious liberty, which I trust we shall long be able as well as willing not only to protect but *extend*, for
Muitum adhuc restat operis.

Tho' much is done, yet much remains to do.

LYTTLETON, Lord, son of the venerable and illustrious author of the History of Henry the Second, remarkable for an early display, and a flagitious prostitution of great abilities. That he would not only be a libertine, but a libertine destroyed, was a declaration prophetic of his fate, which he is said, on good authority, to have uttered with an oath, when only twelve years of age. Yet, with all his vices, and a total absence of moral principle, he attained no small consequence as a parliamentary speaker, and without application on his part, was appointed chief justice in eyre, a sinecure which his father, a man of dignified sentiment and excellent qualities both of head and heart, could never procure.

This illustrious wanderer, from the paths of propriety and virtue, united with shameless profligacy, and a front which no blush had ever disconcerted, a weakness not often to be found in minds enlightened by education and a knowledge of the world: he believed that apparitions or ghosts occasionally visited the earth; and would

frequently ring his bell, with violence, at midnight, for the servants, who, on entering his apartment, generally found him sitting in bed, in a cold sweat, with a countenance evincing every symptom of terror and dismay. These visitations of a guilty conscience, or a disordered imagination, were probably produced, or sometimes aggravated by intoxication; and he would oblige one or more of his domestics to sit with him for the remainder of the night.

The man who has passed a life of sin and enormity, needs not I believe be haunted by any spirit more terrific than the stinging reflection of crimes unrepented, time mis-spent, and talents uncultivated; in the despair of a lost heaven, and the horrors of a hell which awaits him, he may be said to "meet the ghosts of his departed days, a numerous train, who frown like furies."

I hope for the honor of human nature, that many anecdotes related of him, and many declarations attributed to him, had no other foundation than that kind of bravado, which drunkenness and iniquitous vanity too often produce; many of them I am persuaded deduce their origin from one of his well known associates, of cerulean countenance, and infamous life. Yet, if all be a fiction, they are such fictions as would only be conceived in, and applied to, the last and most execrable state of human depravity.

The death of this young man, who I wish had never been born, was hastened by over heating himself in running or walking for a wager, and incautiously drinking
after

after it; yet his preternatural prepossessions followed him to the last; and, on his death-bed, he persisted, as long as sense remained, that for several days preceding, the curtain drawn back by an invisible hand, had opened at the foot of his bed, and presented to his sight a fluttering dove; a conviction which no argument or mode of demonstrating his mistake in the circumstance, could at all remove.

A small volume of letters were soon after published, *supposed* to be written by him, which I believe few have read without pleasure. This production of the prolific pen of Mr. Combe, the eccentric author of the Diaboliad, and several pamphlets during the regency debates, is said, by good judges, to contain letters, on the score of composition, sentiment, and language, exactly such as Lord Lytton *would* have written; it is a sort of epistolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a strong likeness, and the work of an able hand.

"My insensibility to reputation" says this writer, personifying my lord, "is not so great as you would believe, for the heart of a bad man, with all his boasting, cannot be at ease, when he pretends to despise the opinion of mankind. Depend on it, he is a hypocrite twelve hours out of the four and twenty, and hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. I acknowledge that I have endeavoured to turn my back on the good opinion of the world, and that I have sometimes accomplished the business without confusion of face, but never without confusion of heart. An instance highly mortifying to me very lately presented itself.

"At a numerous public meeting in the county, where my father lives, where his property and influence are considerable, and his name respected, I was not only deserted but avoided. I found myself alone in the crowd, and what was still worse, alone out of the crowd: I passed the remainder of the day without company, and two or three such evenings would either have driven me to despair, or have reformed me. I flew from solitude, which must have produced conviction, to dissipation, company, riot, and intemperance. Vice, be it what it may, will still find some one or other to flatter it. There are assemblies of people, where, when public and honourable society has hissed you from the stage, you may find not only reception but applause. Where you meet with every art to hush the pains of reflection, and to keep out the intrusions of conscience: this, indeed, is an evil, but I see not how it can be remedied, till you persuade young men that praise and approbation are only valuable in proportion to the real merits of those who bestow them."

The following invective, I think, every man cannot but agree with, who has in his time been subject to the scurrilities of gossips and fools, who catch at every opportunity of dwelling on the misconduct of persons who *have* some character, and whose superior endowments they at once hate and fear.

"My relation then turns up his eyes, and shrugs his shoulders when my name is mentioned—this indeed is a stinging mortification, and proves how very insignificant

nificant I must be, to be openly despised by insignificance. How loud must the hiss of the world be, when such a puny whistler insults me. If honourable men were to speak of me with contempt, I would submit without resentment, for I have deserved it; if they should pity me, I would thank them, for indeed it is more than I merit; if mankind despise, I have only to resist, or fly from their contempt. But to be an object of supercilious airs, from one who, two years ago, would have wiped the dust from my shoes, and perhaps two years hence, will be proud of the same office, a puny pratter, who does not possess a sufficient degree of talent or importance to give dignity either to virtue or crime—to be the butt of such a one severely mortifies me. Were I on the other side of the water, his back-biting looks and shrugs should be changed in a moment to well made bows, and suppliant postures. If I live, the scurvy knave shall do me homage, his subservient attentions shall give the lie to the insolence of his humbling compassion. The day of my revenge will come, when he shall open his mouth for me to spit in it, as he was wont to do, and perform every trick of a parasite; his genius is to fetch and carry, a very spaniel, made to fawn, and eat your leavings.”

Speaking of a woman, both beautiful and good, he says, “She is capable of making the bad, good; the inconstant, stable; and the giddy, wise.”

The following is so very applicable to the crying evil of the

present times, and to the circumstances and situations of two-thirds of our young men, that I think it cannot meet the public eye too often; if I ought not to say, *repetita placebit*, I may say, *repetita docebit*.

“Miserable is the man who has nothing to do, for the human intellect, like nature, abhors a vacuum, and will embrace any thing, however criminal or trivial, rather than be without an object: had I kept my seat in parliament, most of the unpleasant predicaments in which I am involved, would have been avoided. I should have had employment, my passions would have been incited by proper animating objects, and my vanity sufficiently satisfied. You know me well enough to be convinced, that, to fix my attention, there must be something which inspires desire, rouses activity, keeps hope on the stretch, and has a degree of high colouring about it; power and popularity are of this kind, and I am convinced they would have kept under the baser passions, at least if I was destined to be a slave, my slavery would have been of a more honourable kind; but losing a situation so suitable to me, I yielded myself a victim to dissolute manners.

“I do not mean to write disrespectfully of my father, but he was very ignorant of mankind; though an able writer with considerable understanding and knowledge, he was almost childish in his management of domestic parental concerns. He wanted that necessary discernment which enables a father to read the character of his child, to watch its growing dispositions, and

and gently mould them to his will. I have been sacrificed to family vanity, and at a time when I was not sensible of it. There is a good deal of difference between a good man and a good father; I have known bad men who excelled my father as much in parental care, as he was superior to them in real virtue. Being the only boy, and only hope of the family, and taught, almost before I could understand it, that I had an hereditary and collateral right to genius, talents, and virtue, my earliest prattle was the subject of continual admiration: as I increased in years, I was encouraged in boldness, which partial fancy called manly confidence; while fallies of impertinence, for which I ought to have been scourged, were fondly and fatally considered as marks of an astonishing pre-maturity of abilities.

"My dispositions demanded pressure and restraint in no common degree, but vanity had so blinded the eyes of my relations, that they spoilt my mind by liberty and encouragement, in the hot-bed of flattery, for such was every company where I was introduced. The late Lord Bath, Mrs. Montague, and many others, joined in the family incense, and contributed to my ruin. I was thus nursed into an early state of audacity, and was able at any time to raise the laugh against my father or my uncle.

"After travelling, without controul in point of expence, and gratifying every excess and every passion; at my return, because I made a flowery bold speech in par-

liament, I was received at home with a warmth, delight, and triumph, which was due to virtue alone. To give solidity to my character, and to correct youthful inexperience, a rich and amiable young lady was chosen for my wife. I confess she was handsome, and had many good qualities, but she was cold as an anchorite, and though formed to be the best wife in the world to a good husband, was by no means calculated to reclaim a bad one."

In another letter, which he is supposed to write on receiving intelligence of his father's death, those who recollect him must be struck with the following:

"I awoke, and behold I was a Lord; from infernal dreams and an uneasy pillow, from insignificance and desertion, to a peerage, with all its privileges, and a good estate. The carriage of those about me is already altered, and I shall now have it in my power to look down on those who have pretended to disdain me; my coronet shall glitter scorn at them, and insult their low souls to the extreme of mortification. I have received a letter from that dirty parasite——, full of condolence and congratulation, with a my lord in every line. I will make that rascal lick the dust, and when he has flattered me till his tongue is parched with lies, I will upbraid him with his meanness and duplicity, and turn my back on him for ever.

"May eternal ignominy overtake me if I have not ample revenge on him and a score or two more of reptiles of the same character,

rafter, I will make the tenderest vein in their hearts ache with my reproach.

"I have now a full scope for exertion in the line of political duty, and I hope this will snatch me from those Circæan draughts and other miserable pursuits, which of late have been my only resource. But you must not expect an instant conversion, the æra of miracles is passed, besides, the world would suspect its sincerity. It is true, I am sinner sufficient to call down the interposition of Heaven, but the present age has no claim to such celestial notices."

It is time to conclude quotations, which, from the evident merit of the work, have swelled beyond my intention; I shall, therefore, only give the following story, which I remember hearing talked of before the book was published, but can give no sort of voucher for its authenticity.

"It was in the early part of our friend's life," says the writer of Lord Lyttleton's Letters, "that he attended a hunting club at their sport, when a stranger of genteel appearance, and well mounted, joined the chace. He was observed to ride with a degree of courage and address that attracted the notice of all; the hounds could never escape him, and the huntsman was outstripped during the whole of the day. At the conclusion of the sport, the stranger was invited to dinner, when he astonished the company as much by the powers of his conversation, and the elegance of his manners, as he had in the field by his equestrian achievements. Whatever was the topic, whether in art or in science,

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in poetry, music, or in painting, he was sure to say the best thing, and make the most acute observations, and such was the magic of his discourse, that it kept the drowsy sportsmen awake long after their usual hour.

But wearied nature could be charmed no longer, and the company began to steal away by degrees to their repose. On his observing the society diminish, he discovered manifest signs of uneasiness, and endeavoured, by new force of spirits, and fresh sallies of wit, to detain the remaining few. This had some little effect, but the period could not be long delayed when he was to be conducted to his chamber, the company retired also.

"They had scarce closed their eyes, when the house was alarmed by the most terrible shrieks that ever were heard. Several persons were awakened by the noise, but its continuance being short, they concluded that it proceeded from a dog accidentally confined in some part of the house: they therefore again composed themselves to sleep, but were soon awakened by shrieks and cries still more terrible than the former. Alarmed at what they heard, several of them rang their bells, and were told by their servants, that the horrid sounds proceeded from the stranger's chamber. Some of the gentlemen immediately arose, to enquire into this extraordinary disturbance; and while they were dressing themselves for that purpose, deeper groans of despair, and shriller shrieks of agony, again astonished and terrified them. After knocking some time at his chamber door,

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he answered them as one awakened from sleep, declared he had heard no noise, and rather in an angry tone of voice, desired he might not be again disturbed.

"They returned to one of their chambers, and had scarce communicated each others sentiments, before their conversation was interrupted by a renewal of yells, screams, and outcries, which seemed to issue from the throats of damned and tortured spirits. They immediately followed the sounds, and traced them to the chamber of their extraordinary guest, the door of which they instantly burst open, and found him on his knees in bed, in the act of scourging himself with unrelenting severity, his body streaming with blood. On their seizing his hand to stop the strokes, he begged them to retire, assuring them that the cause of their disturbance was over, and that in the morning he would acquaint them with the reasons of the cries they heard, and the melancholy sight they saw. After a repetition of his entreaties they retired; and in the morning some of the gentlemen repairing to his chamber, he was not there; on examining the bed, they found the sheets extremely bloody. The groom said, that as soon as it was light, the stranger came to the stable, booted and spurred, desired his horse might be immediately saddled, and appeared extremely impatient till it was done, when he vaulted into his saddle, rode out of the yard on full speed, and was neither seen or heard of after."

MACHIABEL AND MIRABEAU, a dialogue between, in the shades.

I venture to grace my page with this reverie of a rapid, an ingenious, but, on *certain points*, a mistaken writer, in whose opinion I must be content to be set down as a *half-way politician*, comforting myself in the mean time with this reflection, that in politicks, as well as religion, expediency and safety are in general far preferable to the brilliant idea of *making clear work*. The slow, but sure footed mule, who cautiously picks his way, sometimes arrives at the end of his journey, sooner than the high-mettled courser, who prancing and curvetting, boldly leaps over rocks and precipices on the road, with considerable hazard of his own bones, and the neck of his undaunted rider. But I am wandering from the dialogue in question.

MACHIABEL—MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau. Machiavel, where will the present war terminate?

Machiavel. In making work for mapsellers and geographers.

Mirabeau. Poland to be sure has nearly vanished.

Machiavel. And Bavaria may be coloured like Austria.

Mirabeau. What will be the fate of France?

Machiavel. Great Britain has two objects; to seize a good part of your colonial territories, and to limit your European acquisitions. In her opinion you have already too much sea coast, without those dangerous additions, the marine provinces of Flanders and Holland. Dunkirk she wishes to become the Emperor's, and to make over Corsica at some future period to the King of Sardinia.

Mirabeau. Then you would leave

leave France in possession of Savoy and Nice?

Machiavel. Yes, and give Piedmont to the Emperor; on this unerring principle, that the more numerous the points of contact between the Imperial and Republican territories, the more certain and the more permanent will be the causes of reciprocal hostility. The post of being public watchman for Europe, and a constant counterpoise to France, is too costly for England always to bear, especially as *must* be the case, when the present vast resources of her commerce are diminished.

Mirabeau. If the French Republic is not to be dismembered, why not recognize it?

Machiavel. Is it possible you can forget how dangerous a piece of knowledge it would be diffusing, that a great nation can do without a king. Besides the opportunity is so plausible and excellent for partitions, which but for the successes of France, might have extended to the neutral powers. Denmark, for instance, is getting rich, and grants the liberty of the press. The contiguous Peninsula of Jutland, would be geographically convenient to Prussia.

Mirabeau. England casts a longing eye on Iceland, and the Island of St. Thomas.

Machiavel. Tranquebar and Norway must be given to Sweden for hush money; and the conquest of Holland, generally considered as the ruin of Great Britain, will serve for a time to bolster up English credit, by driving to London the wealthy Dutchmen, with the Cape of Good Hope, Batavia, the Spice Islands, and half a score

East India ships in their pockets; but for this concurrence of circumstances, how will Mr. Pitt be able to brag with such graceful, yet correct energy, of the riches and prosperity of his country.

Mirabeau. Spain in the meantime——

Machiavel. If she can shake off her pride and superstition, must seize Domingo, and send an army to take possession of Portugal.

Mirabeau. I should like to see all this done.

Machiavel. Why so?

Mirabeau. The more extensive an empire, the easier it is to establish within it a free constitution. At Basle, or Genoa, a few rich merchants, or half a dozen nobles, easily manage to concentrate in an oligarchy of leading families, the whole mass of public patronage and power. England is too small for the will of individuals to be impotent against that of the people; but amidst five and twenty millions, no one man avails much.

Machiavel. That is true, and all may at last terminate for the general good.

Mirabeau. Exhausted finances, and armies ill paid, will at last leave sovereigns at the discretion of their subjects.

Machiavel. Then for a repetition of the scenes at Paris.

Mirabeau. No; mankind warned by our example, will provide with equal caution against the tyrannic caprice of the mob, and the despotism of the monarch.

Machiavel. Two sovereigns, I think, will escape revolutions the longest. Russia, through the extreme ignorance of her people, and Austria, by the difficulty of

their concerting. Community of ideas, through the medium of a common language, is the natural basis and cement of political combination and improvement.

MACPHERSON, Mr. for an interesting and curious Scotch poem, written by him, see Fingal.

MAD DOG, bite of, a dreadful and deplorable calamity, for which human art affords no remedy, notwithstanding the interested puffs of unprincipled quacks, and the mercenary declarations of empyrics, more regularly bred. The indelible impression which a number of accidents of this kind, in a village, once made on my mind, in all of which cases, death, in its most horrible and terrifying form took place, in spite of every effort, will, I hope, excuse my introducing such an article in a work of this kind. But, truth cannot be too strongly inculcated, or repeated too often; and I think it of the highest importance, to impress and diffuse a fact, which not a solitary instance has yet occurred to contradict, that **THE BITE OF A MAD DOG IS INCURABLE.**

Should any of my readers be so peculiarly unfortunate, as to suffer an evil, which, from the shocking anticipation of furious madness and violent death, is not to be paralleled in the long list of human calamities; I strongly, I vehemently recommend a mode, which, after having repeatedly canvassed the subject with medical friends, I have firmly resolved, in such circumstances, to pursue myself. It is, instantaneously, and without the delay of a second, to take out the piece, which may easily be

effected, as most men carry with them, for convenience, a keen-edged clasp knife: in this case, I would take care that the cut should be ample and deep, without fear of impairing a limb, or wounding a blood-vessel; for what would we not endure, to avoid canine madness, fetters, and suffocation?

If this only effectual method has been neglected in the first stage of the business, half an hour's omission renders it useless; and after proving, by minute enquiry, that the animal which inflicted the wound was clearly and incontestably mad (to determine which, he should be tied up, not shot, as is too often the custom) recourse may safely, and I think justifiably, be had to frequent and large doses of opium, for the humane purpose of closing the eyes of an unhappy wretch in everlasting sleep; far more desirable than exposing him to the lacerating harrow of restless expectation, superior, in most instances, to actual suffering; or reserving him a sad, a melancholy spectacle, for odious and ever successful experiments, for cords, coercion, for weeping and gnashing of teeth.

MAGLIABECHI, ANTONIO, a native of Florence, during the seventeenth century, remarkable for extensive reading, and a memory unboundedly capacious and retentive, particularly on every subject relating to books, and their various editions.

His parents, from extreme indigence, were under the necessity of placing their son, when a boy, and scarcely able to spell, in the service of a florist and seedsman, in the environs of his native city,
and

and weeding in a garden was the original, and, for many years, the constant occupation of a man, who afterwards raised himself to affluence and literary distinction, and was appointed librarian to Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany. The efforts of industry and perseverance being generally found to rise, in proportion to the obstacles they have to surmount, Magliabechi employed the few intervals he could snatch from a servile and degrading employment, and from repose, in learning to read; the first opportunity for which attainment was afforded by the waste paper, in which his master's seeds were wrapped and sent to market.

His singular and unceasing application to reading, gradually attracted notice; he was taken into a bookseller's shop as an errand-boy, and a few months after, his master being questioned concerning him, replied, "Anthony is a good lad, but, if he can help it, will never sell or carry home a book till he has read it through." By dint of intense application he made himself master of the learned languages, and in less than three years, complained that he had read through his master's shop, for he perused with avidity every book that presented itself, without choice or discrimination, and for the most part, could remember and repeat, word for word, their contents. This circumstance was suspected of being strongly exaggerated, like many others which depart from the ordinary course of things: to ascertain the fact, and try the strength of our young Florentine's memory, a neighbouring gentleman lent him a manuscript,

which was shortly to be printed: after a perusal, it was returned to the author, who called some time after on Magliabechi, and with a long face, told him a melancholy story, of having lost what he had lately lent him. "Be not disturbed," he replied, "call on me tomorrow, and perhaps we may recover the lost sheep." He immediately retired to his chamber, and the next day produced an accurate copy of what he had read, without missing a single word, or even varying the method of spelling.

Improved by study, and the generous assistance of literary friends, his fame was speedily diffused, and reached the ears of his sovereign, who placed him in a situation, where his extraordinary powers might have a full opportunity to display themselves. His reputation was not confined to Italy; the learned, in different kingdoms, consulted him when they proposed writing, and on such occasions, he freely and unsolicited would mention, or send to them, a list of all the books that had been written, or that it would be necessary to have recourse to, on the subject they had undertaken; with a critical account of the merits of the different authors; he would, at the same time, enumerate the different pages where the most interesting passages occurred, and if any of the books were valuable or scarce, he named the library, or the person's name who possessed it; and if it was in a place he had visited, at any period of his life, he made a point of describing the part of the room, as well as the shelf, number of the book, and condition of its binding.

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To an Abbé, who once asked his assistance in composing the panegyric of a faint, far back in the Roman calendar, he replied, "You are rather unlucky in the choice of your subject; for there is but one book in Europe that can help you, which is in a pile of manuscripts in the library of the Escorial, and the only part of it worth reading is so disfigured by age and dampness, that it is scarcely legible." The bestower of praise retired, resolving to dip his pen in the popular and easy colours of embellishment, rather than travel or write to Spain, in a laborious search for matter of fact.

Magliabechi considered books and literature as the great, the only business of his life; and is described, by a traveller who visited him, as civil and obliging in his manners, excepting a satirical smile generally visible in his countenance, which gave an air of contempt, and affectation of superiority, to whatever he said. His dress was slovenly, his appearance uncouth, and his address embarrassed; hard boiled eggs and water, as being attended with little trouble in preparing, were his principal diet; he was generally found lolling in a sort of wooden cradle, fixed in the middle of his study, surrounded by a confused heap of books on the floor, and a friendly society of spiders, with their cobwebs. From this posture he did not always think the entrance of a stranger a sufficient reason for raising himself; but if any point was proposed, difficult to unravel, that interested his curiosity, or promised to add to his stock of knowledge, his attention was suddenly

awaked, and he was wonderfully alert in seeking or pointing out the proper books, but frequently exclaimed to his visitors, in the midst of a learned conversation, "Don't hurt my spiders," a class of insects for which he had a peculiar veneration, but mops and brooms were never suffered to approach his apartments, but by stealth.

Notwithstanding his sedentary life, he lived to the age of eighty-one, leaving a large and curious collection of books for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain a librarian, and an annual allowance to the poor. Magliabechi is an additional proof, that mere scholarship, without an active exertion of the social affections, too often degenerates into that austere, solitary pride, which, wrapt in contemplation of past ages and other times, shuts its eyes against the present scene, and frequently absorbs the whole man in a savage unconcern for the pleasures or the interest of his fellow creatures.

On this principle, collectors of books and coins, connoisseurs in paintings, prints, drawings, and intaglios, amateurs in horses and dogs, in short, all enthusiasts excessively devoted to any one favorite pursuit, convert innocent amusement to injurious crime. Folding themselves in their robes de chambre, deaf and blind to the voice of merit, duty, and affection, they may, like the Pharisee, thank God they are not as *other men* are, &c. &c. They forget that the sensualist and voluptuary have *some* excuse for their errors, which, generally speaking, are social, and often accompanied with a generous
and

and humane disposition ; while *their cold-blooded, negative virtues*, have no excuse of pulse, feeling, or constitution.

"What an enchanting object !" said Mr. ***** , more remarkable for taste and virtù than warmth of heart, to a lady, whom I have praised *more than once* in this collection. "I will shew you one infinitely more interesting," replied the fair moralist, leading him from a picture to the window, where a wretched woman was pining, with her half-starved family. The gentleman dropped his half-crown, and retired.

MAN, ISLE OF, and the Duke of Athol, the sovereignty of which, in the year, 1769, he disposed of for seventy thousand pounds, and an annuity of two thousand pounds a year, on the Irish establishment, a fair and full equivalent. But after twenty-five years consideration, his Grace felt himself dissatisfied with a bargain, which between common men, would have been considered as valid and irrevocable. He found that with his sceptre, he had disposed of his rights as a sportsman ; in the pathetic words of Mr. Dundas, "a solitary grouse was not reserved for the Duke," a declaration which, I beg leave, in the unceremonious language of truth, and plain fact, flatly to deny.

The Duke *had a fair and proportionate share* of the game, but was not content, 'till he had exerted his influence with government, *to engross the whole*. He wished to procure a bill to be passed, which would authorize him or his deputy to enter the house of any person in the island, and seize their dog

and gun, by which the domestic privileges of forty thousand persons would have been submitted or sacrificed, to the pleasure, or the resentment of one individual.

"I am not then," cried a Manks farmer, exasperated by this hateful remnant of feudal tenure ; "I am not to keep a dog or a gun :—and his Grace hopes, by his new law, to encrease the game ; but he will find himself mistaken ; if from this hour, a partridge, or a grouse is hatched within ten miles of my farm, or if a leveret lives to be a month old, may I be damned. I have hitherto submitted to be devoured by these vermin, because, as was but fair ; I occasionally shot animals who lived upon my barley and wheat, but I am not I thank God, such a fool, as to be careful of, preserve and feed creatures, for the use of a man, who wishes to rob me of my rights, and deprive me of my only amusement."

"The bill has been called a job," said Mr. Dundas, "but I beg leave to contradict such reports, which are equally false and scandalous." "It is clearly and incontestably a job," replied Mr. Burke, "for in my opinion, the definition of a job, is, the bringing forward a measure with private views, under the appearance of public benefit."

Will princes, peers, and great men, never learn wisdom ? Will nothing but *their own calamities* teach them understanding ? I should have hoped that one glance over a very narrow channel, would have deeply impressed the obvious doctrine of

"Omnia dat qui justa negat."

I should have humbly conceived, that other times than the present would

would have been chosen for attempting to violate solemn public agreements, for reviving obsolete and vexatious claims. Is the present I would ask, a fit season for aristocracy to harness, and lead forth her ill favoured steeds, caparisoned in the burthen some ornaments of exploded chivalry, and the tarnished trappings of faded pomp. I would wish CERTAIN YOUNG MEN, of amiable manners, but boundless expence, to consider these questions, and apply them. I hear with pleasure, that on this interesting subject, their worthy father has firmly and explicitly expressed himself in the language of patriotism, affection, and good sense.

I wish not to interrupt the halcyon days of love and young desire; human life is not long enough, or rich enough to throw away or despise the blissful moments of connubial joy; I wish them only to secure a continuance of enjoyment by reason and moderation. The golden egg is indeed a precious, a useful tribute; but let not the poor bird be ungratefully crushed, or wantonly exhausted, by exacting or unfairly *enticing* from her, more than the customary deposit; a deposit which has already reduced the portly bulk of superfluity, and threatens to diminish, to a dangerous degree, the daily demands of necessary nutrition.

MANDEVILLE, BERNARD, a physician, patronized by the first Earl of Macclesfield, and author of the Fable of the Bees, a work which raised a violent outcry, was presented by a grand

jury, and solemnly preached against by a bishop.

Yet after frequent perusals of his book, in which accumulating notes have almost buried the verses from which it derived its title, I have not been able to discover any dangerous tendency, or even novelty in the doctrine it inculcates. That Providence severely punishes wicked men, but at the same time extracts advantage even from their vices; is an axiom which surely sets divine wisdom and policy in the highest point of view, and effectually counteracts all the evils that have been supposed to result from the free agency of man.

The father of our author, a Dutch merchant, and a democratic opponent of the Stadtholder's party, had fled precipitately from justice, having in a popular commotion, pointed out to an exasperated mob, where cannon were deposited, with which they levelled the house of an obnoxious burgomaster, who had concealed himself.

Mandeville, the writer, had the art of prefixing odd and alarming titles to his books, by which means he turned the attention of the public to his performances, and the purpose of an increased sale was generally answered. *Private Vices, Public Benefits; The Virgin Unmarked; a Defence of Public Stews,* and his *Attack on charitable Foundations*, in which he takes an opportunity of speaking acrimoniously of Dr. Ratcliffe, and his vast testamentary bequests.

The motives and general conduct of managers of charitable institutions, are humorously described, the bad policy of charity schools,

schools, occasionally exaggerated, yet some of his deductions and cautions, from late experience, appear well founded. His calling Addison a parson in a tie-wig, and a reply which one of his clerical opponents made to him, not remarkable either for point or wit, that his name bespoke his character, man—devil or a devil of a man, have been often repeated.

Our physician found the dinners and port wine of his patron, no bad appendage to his fees. At table, his sallies were humorous, but not always decorous; generally high seasoned with warm anecdote, and poignant raillery. The whimsical pride of Ratcliffe, a commonplace topic, and to put a parson in a passion, a favorite amusement. On these occasions, the chancellor who loved his conversation, and relished his humour, would affect to moderate, but by his irony, increased their asperity, and generally concluded, by joining in the laugh against the divine. Several clergymen, sacrificing their pride to their interest, purposely frequented Lord Macclesfield's table, submitted to the indignity of being butts to the company for a few months, and secured comfortable livings.

Mandeville was often interrupted by repeated questions from the Peer. "Is this ragout wholesome, Dr. Mandeville? may I venture to taste the stewed carp?"—"Does it agree with your Lordship, and do you like it?" (was his general reply.)—"Yes."—"Then eat with moderation, and it *must* be wholesome." The nervous Lady sinking under green tea, late hours, and Pharo, who cannot determine

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whether her chick is to be boiled or roasted, till Dr. Warren has called with the *whisper* of the morning; and the epicure, who fasts or physicks to prepare space for *Cali Pasb*, or *Cali Pee*, will do well to consider this salutary doctrine, and apply it.

Most men can tell when they have eat or drank too much; but the rare and more useful acquirement of knowing when we have swallowed enough, is not easily attained. Any one with common strength of mind, may lose a meal without extreme mortification; but it is no easy task for an English stomach after a morning ride and a keen air, to sit down to a modern table, covered with temptation, and make a moderate dinner.

In this, as in other trials of our resolution, he is most likely to prove victorious, who, like the Parthian, flies and fights. I am more and more convinced that half of our complaints are produced by over feeding; and that the most moderate man of us all, eats and drinks to the full, one-third more than is sufficient and necessary for health and nutrition.

MANWARING AND SIBTHORPE, a pair of zealous high churchmen and preachers, in favour of prerogative, during the reign of King Charles the First, by whom they were rewarded with ample preferment; he advanced Manwaring to a bishopric, and suspended Archbishop Abbot from his episcopal functions, for refusing to licence publications opposite to every principle of liberty and reason. I have occasionally been rallied for dreaming in my former volumes, that the long exploded bugbears

bugbears of passive obedience, non-resistance, and other slavish tenets of these wretched reasoners, would again be fashionable; I saw, or fancied I saw such a tendency, and the publications of Mr. Reeves, amply confirm my apprehensions.

I will not refuse to the chief justice of Newfoundland, a merit of which he seems ambitious, the polishing, and dressing up with dexterity, the musty doctrines of Filmer; they might have passed current in the days of chivalry, but the cloven foot is discovered by the investigating eagle-eyed spirit of modern writers; notwithstanding the delusion is assisted by the poetic wand and magic arts of Mr. Burke, the charm is dissolved, the fabric vanishes, from the talisman of truth, and common sense.

The views of the abject tools, whom I have suspended at the head of my page, are clearly demonstrated by the following passages from their works: "The prince doth whatsoever pleaseth him, wherever the word of a king is, there is power, and who may say unto him, what doest thou? If princes command any thing, which subjects may not perform, because it is against the law of God or of nature, yet subjects are bound to undergo the punishment, without resistance, railing or reviling.

"The king is not bound to observe the laws of the realm, concerning the subjects' rights and liberties, but his royal will and command without consent of Parliament, doth oblige the consciences of his subjects on pain of eternal damnation: the slow proceedings of popular assemblies, are not cal-

culated for the supply of state necessity, but are productive of sundry impediments to the designs of princes."

A view of these early propensities of Charles, at least of those he patronized, long before political and religious zeal had been exasperated by mutual injury and resistance, would save the trouble of long and elaborate arguments, on the justice of putting him to death. It was undoubtedly a subject which claimed due deliberation; but twenty years before he ascended the scaffold, had I been his subject, and a witness of the favor and rewards he bestowed on the broachers of the unhallowed, the damnable doctrines I have quoted, I should instantly and eagerly have pronounced him unfit to reign. Dismissal, with a moderate pension, might have prevented the shedding torrents of English blood, and have saved the unhappy king from temporal and eternal misery.

It was a family failing of the Stewarts, to encourage such men, and such doctrines: the father of *the martyr* to them, favoured two notorious doctors of the school of slavery, Cowell and Blackwood, who had the impudence, as well as folly to assert, that the king was neither bound by the law, or his coronation oath; that permitting subjects or their representatives to deliberate on granting subsidies, was matter of favor, for that his *sacred majesty* was empowered to make laws by his own absolute power and indefeasible right, without calling a Parliament; every Englishman being a slave, de facto, as well as de jure, by virtue of the Norman conquest.

MARY,

MARY, the beautiful, but unfortunate Queen of Scotland, seduced by strong passions, and the influence of unworthy attachments, to acts of indecorum and imprudence, which clouded her life with misfortune, and concluded in untimely death. I have perused, with pleasure and improvement, many elaborate attempts to rescue the character of this frail fair one, from obloquy and reproach, I have seen the artifices of her insidious, but inexorable rival, her unnatural sister, clearly laid open, by the masterly pen of an acute critic, and a candid historian; I am convinced that Elizabeth was the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life.

Yet, after a cool and impartial review of the conduct of the Queen of England, I cannot help considering it, as in a great measure justified, by the alarming combination of Mary and her abettors; by the general circumstances of the times, and of the two countries; and by the rebellious disposition of a considerable portion of her subjects, exasperated by the suppressed, but malignant bigotry of the old superstition, and ready to seize every opportunity of disturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy.

The unbecoming haste, with which the subject of this article transferred her affections, or her person from the impulses of fear, revenge, or a softer cause, placed new arms in the hands of her invidious rival, and too often induced the unhappy Queen to follow the violent advice of selfish or ill-designing favourites, who diffused over her character, in many ref-

pects amiable and endearing, the dark shades of their own vices and sanguinary ambition. These circumstances were gradually productive of mutual injury and hatred, embittered by personal jealousy, religious rancour, and ancient national prejudice, which after a revolution of many centuries, is not yet extinguished.

A thousand intermingled reasons of policy and justice, at last seem to have rendered it absolutely necessary, that one of them must be destroyed; a state of things, in which I believe few of us placed in the circumstances of Elizabeth, would long hesitate, on whom the lot should fall; and I am persuaded, as well by original documents, as by the concurring testimony of the human heart, on similar occasions, in all ages, that Mary was practising against her sister the same arts, which failed of success only from a want of policy or power. Had the Queen of Scotland been born in other times, and trod the stage of life in other circumstances, she might have proved the glory of her sex, and an honour to her country. Had Elizabeth been graced with beauty, or Mary been less fair; had the English heroine been a Catholic, or the lovely Caledonian not a Papist, her life might have passed unembittered, her death, in all probability, would not have been premature.

In a picture of the death of David Rizzio, originally exhibited in the Shakespeare Gallery, in which the terror of the favourite, and the distress of his mistress are admirably represented by Mr. Opie, it may not perhaps be known by my readers, that one of the assassins,

faffins, who is in the act of inflicting a deadly wound on the unfortunate musician, is a portrait of Peter Pindar, for which he sat at his own exprefs desire. The fatiric poet probably imagined, that he who had for years been occupied in cutting up kings on the altar of ridicule and fcarcafism, would be no bad representative of the demolifher of an unpopular minion, who, with all his faults as a minifter or a man, has left us feveral Scotch airs, remarkable for pathetic fimplicity, exquisite tafte, and admirable effect.

It has been faid, and not unaptly, of the three hiftorians of this unhappy Queen, that the narrative of Camden, whose annals were revifed and corrected by James the Firft, is almoft wholly without truth; that Buchanan has told the whole truth, and more than the truth; that Melvil has fpoken the truth, but not the whole truth.

MARLBOROUGH, JOHN, the great Duke of, his fingular declaration, that neither avarice or ambition could be laid to his charge, when they were his only predominant vices. See Jennings, Sarah.

MASSIANELLO, the fifherman and infurgent of Naples; fee Aniello, Tomafò, of which the title of this article was the abbreviation, by which he was generally called by his affociates.

MASON, WILLIAM, an English poet, Precentor of the Cathedral at York, and editor of Gray and Whitehead, an office productive rather of difquiet than fame or profit; it would alfo have been more honorable, if certain ill-natured ftrictures on Dr. John-

fon had been *faid* or *fung* during his life.

Mr. Maſon has been mentioned as writer of the Heroic Epiftle to Sir William Chambers, a compoſition now generally attributed to the late Mr. Tickle, and which I had rather be the author of, than of any other poem in the English language. Beſides a fine vein of ſolemn irony, it abounds with frequent flaſhes of the *vivida vis animi*; the metre is terſe, and the language glowing, in a manner not often occurring in Mr. Maſon's performances, that, till he avows it (and ſo reſpectable a teſtimony would inſtantly ſilence doubt) I cannot conſider it as the production of his pen.

I acknowledge, with pleaſure I acknowledge, that many ſublime and many beautiful paſſages occur in Caractacus and Elfrida, which may vie with the nobleſt productions of the Grecian drama. But if we look for, or wiſh to find, in Mr. Maſon's writings, a rapid ſucceſſion of affecting incidents, if we expect to be melted with pity, fired with rapture, or hurried by the magic wand of poetry,

Ultra flammantia mœnia mundi, we ſhall be diſappointed by tedious declamation, or the cold correctneſs of claſſical erudition. In his poem, the English Garden, adhering to the ſimplicity of nature, he has ſhaken off that tendency to elaborate ornament, which ſo peculiarly marked his early compoſitions; it contains much uſeful technical knowledge; the narrative is naturally introduced, and well managed. In the agonizing ſmile of deſpair, ſuch a ſmile as quite *our-forrow*s tears, he has ſkilfully introduced

introduced an expressive new-coined word; yet this performance, inheriting the fault of all long didactic poems, is sometimes dull, and occasionally uninteresting; its moral tendency, and public-spirited language, in the cause of freedom and virtue, cannot be too highly praised.

It is to be lamented, that the life of a man so deservedly eminent in the paths of literature, a friend to liberty so strenuous, and a clergyman so exemplary, should be consumed in adjusting the petty etiquette of vergers, vicars-choral, or squeaking chanters; and that his days should be embittered by frivolous altercations with booksellers, and the vexatious quarrels of a county hospital.

Petty contention and provincial strife,

Bestrew'd with thorns his private path of life,
says a late satirical rhymér, who has introduced him as an unsuccessful candidate for the laureat, and dismisses him, by saying, that lawn sleeves, mitres, and croziers, not laurel, are his, and every churchman's dream; and I believe it generally to be understood, that this intelligent member of our established church has been disappointed in certain prospects of honor and preferment, towards which his merits, and indeed his hopes, had taught him to look.

This observation cannot be considered as any reflection upon Mr. Mason, when we see around us such numbers of clergymen, of high acquirement and pure character, neglected and unprovided for; I rather consider it as an actual proof of the superiority and emi-

nence of his clerical claims, but of his ignorance in the arts of borough-jobbing, canvassing, and levee-hunting. I have mentioned his disputes concerning literary property, and agree with him in his censures of *certain arts practised* by the trade. With a few exceptions, how rarely are authors enabled to reap any benefit from the labours of their pens; they frequently are shivering in want, or pining in neglect, while the happy bookseller is feasting on the fourteenth edition.

I cannot take leave of Mr. Mason, without giving him a caution not to censure so illiberally the biographic labours of others, till he is able himself to excel them. Were I to select the best specimen of biography, at this day extant, it should be chosen (with some exceptions) from the works of the person he censures—if the worst, I would instantly hold forth Mr. Mason's; it is the only literary effort in which he has *grossly* failed.

MEAD, EDWARD, a physician of eminence, and a zealous patron of literature and science, to whom merit in distress, of any country, might always apply for encouragement and relief, with certainty of success. His work on poisons is a complete history of what had been said on the subject, and contains a considerable share of botanic and chemical knowledge, for the days in which he wrote; on the subject of the plague, he evinces extensive reading, and much precautionary utility, in guarding against that scourge of mankind, which practice may shut out, but the moment it appears, nature and unavailing

vailing art sink into torpidity and death.

Ratcliffe's advice to him, that if he did not use mankind ill they would use him so, is mentioned in another part of this collection. The stubborn asperity, dignified independence, and stern integrity of that medical veteran, will not allow us to suspect that he meant to advise an actual breach of moral rectitude. We can only infer, that he thought, and indeed from experience knew, that a physician, in his intercourse with mankind, would meet with many worthless, imposing people; that sagacity, and a necessary attention to his own interests, would sometimes render it necessary to turn the arts of designing selfishness against itself. During the most flourishing period of Mead's practice, from 1737 to 1752, his annual receipt was eight thousand guineas, equivalent to more than double the sum in the present times, and greater than Ratcliffe's medical income at any part of his life. But Ratcliffe was scientific in an art, with which the subject of my present article was wholly unacquainted, accumulation, by which he was enabled to die rich.

Dr. Mead procured medals, antiquities, and other curiosities, at a very great expence; but there was one branch of profusion in his establishment so peculiar, and. I may almost say, so superfluous, that I cannot speak of it without a smile. He is said to have kept a mistress, at the expence of four hundred pounds a year, when, by a confession of the girl, which does little credit to her gratitude, there was no other intercourse be-

tween them, than his innocent pastime of toying with her hair, which was remarkably fine, and hanging in luxuriant curls, at once shaded and contrasted the beauties of her neck.

Since my former edition, I have been informed, on good authority, that in this female attachment, advantage was taken of Mead's goodness of heart, to impose on and deceive him; that in a moment of weakness or of passion (and where is the man without them) he became the dupe of female art and finesse. The pecuniary allowance, I am also told, is exaggerated, and that an intercourse, commencing from the noblest and most charitable motives, was converted, by malignancy, selfishness, and misconception, into an illicit and preposterous connection. The circumstance did not escape the scrutinizing eye of irritated resentment, and Greenfield, his exasperated antagonist, with whom he carried on a paper war, eagerly seized the opportunity. "*Puella,*" (for this curious dispute was in Latin) "*fabri vincula tibi finxit, amoris tardi, et languescantis in via vinculosa;*" for she was the maid or daughter (I hope and believe not the wife) of a blacksmith in Fetter-lane.

Greenfield had, by writing and by practice, endeavoured to introduce the internal use of cantharides, which, as he observes, was not a new thought, but had been exploded as dangerous, from a want of necessary prudence and caution in those who had given them. Some disagreeable consequences which took place in one of his patients, came to Dr. Mead's knowledge,

knowledge, and he censured it. In the heat of controversy some harsh expressions dropping from Greenfield, inflamed the business, Mead lost his temper, carried the matter into a court of law, and prosecuted his opponent with unbecoming virulence and acrimony, for a mode of treatment which, it was proved, he had adopted himself.

Yet Dr. Mead was a desirable character, with much to praise and little to blame; a good physician, and a pleasant man, charitable, humane, liberal, and beneficent; a praise which, notwithstanding the struggles of unobtruding humility, is certainly the just due of the elder Dr. Lettsom; not that I mean to include, in the most distant manner, the charge of "*Amoris tardi et languescentis*," against that gentleman.

Woodward and Mead had violent and frequent altercations, which at last ended in an accidental personal rencounter; they both drew, but, according to Woodward's account, Mead did not love cold iron, and was retreating, when Woodward making a false step, fell down; his antagonist then ran in, and demanded, as he stood over him, if he would submit, and ask his life. "If you offered me your physic," (said Woodward, remarkable on all occasions for the keenness of his irony) "I would certainly beg for my life, but I have no fear of your sword, and certainly shall not ask it." Further consequences were prevented by amicable interference.

A modern physician, after steering clear of the factions of a court, the persecutions of a college, and the intrigues of a city hospital,

after equally despising the smiles or the frowns of apothecaries, nurses, children, and old women, on surveying the life and most of the actions of Dr. Mead, may safely say, "I will go and do likewise."

Who would believe, if it was not confirmed by respectable authority, that this learned and eminent physician made a journey to Paris at the age of seventy, to receive lessons from Duprè, the famous French Dancing Master?—Being accidentally surprized by an acquaintance in the very act, he discovered no confusion, begged leave to finish his lesson, and then observed, "I am not ashamed to own, that what the majority of mankind perform for pleasure, I undertake for health; and having found myself every day less able to go through the sedentary drudgery of my profession, I thought the amusement of a journey to Paris, and a little gymnastic exercise under *Doctor* Duprè, might, by varying the scene, be useful to my constitution, and I already find the advantage."

When Dr. Friend was committed to the Tower, more as was generally supposed from the rage of party malice than any actual guilt, it ought to be recorded to the honour of the subject of this article, that he was indefatigable in making application for his liberty, but for a long time without success, until some great man at Court, having occasion for Dr. Mead's professional assistance, he positively refused his attendance, unless Friend was discharged from confinement.

METHODISTS, a Christian society, whom in an article, assigned to Mr. Wesley, I have

I have been accused of interfering and meddling, because I asserted they had purchased the wagon, and attended the meeting, a purpose entirely beneficial by whatever means it be attained. As respects to this it hath been observed, I will not pretend to say with what effect. The same Methodism has been as prevalent, the times of the lower classes of society have been to the full as numerous, but of a different and a less manly species. They will not, say their consciences, be notorious drunkards, prodigues, or profane swearers, but they will backbite, equivocate, lie, and creep day by day with their neighbours' wives. To obviate all suspicion of partiality, I shall present to my readers some arguments brought against this religious society by Bishop Lavington, whom the Methodists have called a theological Buffoon.

"However desirous we may be to see a reformation of manners, or a further propagation of the gospel, this great work is not likely to be accomplished by extravagant, wild, fanatical, ridiculous, strolling enthusiasts."

The author in a humorous way then proceeds to question the Methodists in the following manner, extracted from their own writings:

"What heart could hold out against your persuasive eloquence, your flights, and your allusions, melting, tender, amorous, soft, and sweet? God gives you a text, and directs to a method on the pulpit stairs; the blessed Lamb reveals, and Sister Williams, who is near the Lord, opens her mouth to confirm it; Jesus rides triumphantly

from congregation to congregation in the chariot of the prophet; the Father sits in an arm-chair, and Jesus, leaning in his bosom, and smoking the pipe of his consolation. The arrows of the Lord fly through the congregation, and Mr. Williams gives them a home thrust. Heaven, indeed, do they adore when God takes off their chariot wheels, but when he hath smitten the structure, it is sweet to be in full dress for God, to come to a saving contest with Christ, to leap into a fiery furnace, in our way to heaven, while poor sinners hang by a single hair over the flames of hell."

How pretty is it when "infants, babes, and weaklings of grace are borne on the sides of Christ, dandled on his knees, and walking under the droppings of his blood, write from the lovely face and lily lips of the sweet Jesus, disill precious promises, and sweet smelling myrrh. In the mean time, among our soul-seeking brothers, our sweet societies of women, our love-feasts, our precious, poor, sweet, little lambs, a gracious melting is visible; to their absent friends on the top of Pigah, to those sweetly sleeping on that bed perfumed by our Lord, a thousand kisses are sent. When brother Whitfield preached, the smiles of a cherubim were in his countenance; the hearts of the hearers were melted into tears; they had an over-weening fondness for him; they ran, and stopped him in the alleys, they hugged him in their arms, and said, Where thou goest, I will go, where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

In Mr. Whitfield's account of
God's

God's dealing with him, he ascribes to the Holy Ghost, what any man in his senses would be ashamed to own. Besides a deep tincture of superstition, enthusiasm, and vain glory, the narrative is boyish, ludicrous, filthy, nasty and shameful, equally shocking to decency and good sense. "About this time," says Mr. W. "I grew popular in my own country; after sermon, enquiry was made who I was? hearty groans were at times heard through my congregations; two little children were sent home crying to their prayers, and a girl of thirteen told me, she was pricked through and through with the power of the word. I carried high sail, thousands and tens of thousands crowded to hear me; my sermons were called for; when I preached, one might walk upon peoples' heads, God suffered not a tongue to move against me; I was admired, pressed, saluted, hands kissed, and hugged: they melted, wept, and hung on me as an angel of God. When their first-born departed, tears, cries, sighs, and bitter groans burst forth, water gushed even from stony rocks. Favours, entertainments, liberalities from gentlemen, ladies elect, and honourable women, and a ten pound Bank bill for myself. Come, ye Pharisees, and see the Lord Jesus getting himself the victory; every thing falls before me; dear brother Harris reminded me, and God suggested to me, that I was like Joshua subduing nations and dividing the land."

"Hell trembles before brother Whitfield," says a Mr. Seward; "the kingdom of darkness totters, and is shaken. The Lord revealed

himself to a child about seven years old in an amazing manner; the spirit gave her to wrestle in rapture and earnestness for the churches, which convinced her an uncommon work was wrought on the earth. Many such instances of the outpouring of the spirit have we amongst us. I fell from my horse without injury, for God sent his angel to preserve me; I was lost in a wood, and he sent a guide to set me right.

"At our love-feast," says Mr. Wesley, "I was seized with a fever, a pain in my back and neck, a cough and hoarseness that I could hardly speak. I knew my remedy, and immediately knelt down, in a moment the pain was gone, God took away my hoarseness, and I lifted up my voice like a trumpet." At another time, the Creator of the Universe cleared up the weather, conducted the Methodists out of a wood, and provided their pastor with a man and horse.

Whatever favours and promotes their cause is from God, all opposition and obstruction is from the Devil. "I had," says Mr. Whitfield, "for the most part power over my secret and darling sin, but being, on a certain occasion, overtaken in liquor, Satan gained his usual advantage over me." By this method sin is considered as an involuntary thing, and the impulses of a man's own lust and intemperance are imputed to Satan. "But of all our trials and buffetings," observes Mr. Wesley, "we found the most trouble from a spirit of laughter, which neither myself or my hearers were able to resist, though it was

was pain and anguish unto us. Some were offended, and would not believe but we could help laughing if we would, but Satan soon taught them better; for being suddenly seized in the same manner, they laughed without ceasing for two days, a sad spectacle to all. On a certain day we walked out to sing Psalms in a meadow, and could not refrain from this affection of Satan, though ready to tear ourselves in pieces, and were forced to go home without singing another line."

It is shocking to hear, continues Bishop Lavington, their presumptuous and uncharitable application of divine judgments; they consider the misfortunes of their enemies as so many punishments inflicted by Providence on their opposers. Mr. Wesley, on hearing of the death of any persons of that description, generally observed, "They are gone to give an account of their hard usage of the Methodists." I cannot but think, said the same person, during the rebellion of 1745, "that whenever there hath been any thing like a public attempt to suppress us, public trouble ariseth in the land."

Mr. Whitfield, in his answer, censures the irreligious and unchristian banter of the Prelate, acknowledges many mistakes in his past writings and conduct, many of which are to be laid to the score of youth and inexperience. The Bishop's account of the Montanists, Mr. W. disallows, as being in a good part taken from a history of that sect, by Dr. Lee, of St. John's College, a work on which no great reliance can be laid. Besides which,

Mr. Whitfield might have added, that there is not a single production of the Montanist writers extant, the whole of our knowledge of them being drawn from the suspicious and exaggerated accounts of their bitterest enemy. "You acknowledge, he continues, "that, like the Montanists, we both set out, with warm pretences, to reformation. The sincerity of our pretensions, can be best determined by him to whom all hearts are open.

"With the same candour, you accuse us of *beginning* our adventures by field preaching, forgetting, or omitting, at the same time, a very essential circumstance, that we did not *begin* field preaching, 'till we had been driven from the pulpits and the churches. You accuse our preachers of being attended by a sturdy set of followers, with clubs under their cloaths, menacing and terrifying all who dared to oppose us; but, alas, the countenances, and, in two instances, the limbs of our pastors, can bear witness, that if there be a set of sturdy followers attending our preachers, it is to vilify, abuse, interrupt, and beat us.

"But why rake up the ashes of the dead? Mr. Seward, as well as myself, in the heat of zeal, wrote many unguarded things. Our treatment of Archbishop Tillotson's memory was too severe—I condemn myself heartily for it; but if, in this defamatory employ, we have been culpable, you take care not to fall short of us.

"My prayers for ill usage, persecution, martyrdom, and death, poured forth in the hurry of an irregular, but well meant zeal, I retract,

retract, as sufferings for Christ will come fast enough of themselves. Severities and mortifications are, you say, another method of gaining a reputation for sanctity; but were not our Saviour and St. Paul, occasionally disciplinarians? Might not the Methodists, in common Christian charity, have used abstinence, for a nobler and a more important end, to prevent, while they were preaching to others, their being themselves cast away.

"I acknowledge, with concern, that many unwarrantable passages occur in my Journals; they were my earliest performances, written in the height of my first popularity, a popularity sufficient to have made a stronger and an older head than mine run giddy; your censure is just, on my saying I could walk on foot no longer, but was constrained to go in a coach, to avoid the Hozannas of the crowd.

"With respect to cœlestial interpositions, God's dealings, and other terms I at times have made use of, they may have been indifereet; yet I cannot but think, from past experience, that God *batb*, at times, vouchsafed, comfortable assistance and support to the great and glorious work we have undertaken.

"To your harsh censure of our doctrines, I can only say, they are the great foundation stones of the reformation, for which Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, suffered at the stake, *I agree, that good works do necessarily spring from a true and lively faith, as a tree is known by its fruits; but I also insist, that proper motives, a firm trust,*

and reliance on God, and the merits of our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, must necessarily precede these desirable ends."

MICA, CHARLES EMANUEL, a private soldier of the principality of Piedmont, whose name and conduct ought not to be forgotten. Without education or patrimony, and without a knowledge of history, which by placing before us great examples, is so admirably calculated to inspire noble sentiments, he possessed the consummate resolution and patriotic firmness of a hero.

In the year seventeen hundred and six, the French army having over-run Savoy, entered Piedmont, laid siege to Turin, and after encountering various difficulties from the vigorous sallies, and obstinate defence of the garrison, at length gained possession of a subterraneous gallery leading directly to the center of the town, which they resolved to surprize the following night. But it happened that a body of miners were that moment working exactly under the spot.

Mica, the subject and honor of my page, as soon as he heard the French over his head, concluded that if a blow was not directly struck, Turin would be lost, and his country conquered by a nation, generally detested by the Piedmontese. The mine was already charged; but not having at hand what engineers call a saucisson, which would have enabled him to retire in time, he saw no alternative, but to admit the enemy, or sacrifice himself. He gloriously chose the latter, communicated in a few words his design to

the party, recommended his wife and children to the king, begged his associates to pray for his soul, insisted on their retreating as fast as possible, and on their making a signal, previously agreed on, that they were out of danger, he set fire to the train, the mine blew up in a moment, involving himself and enemies in convulsive ruin, promiscuous carnage, and inevitable death.

These circumstances, I trust, will not be read without emotions, which swell the breast of the man who attempts to describe them; a worthy individual tearing himself from his family, and meeting death in its most terrific form, with cool intrepidity. His sovereign lamenting that the safety of his capital had been purchased at the expence of so valuable a life, settled on his widow and children, an estate which his descendants still enjoy.

Such behaviour, and such beneficence were princely; they deserve, and generally ensure the exertions of bravery. But the case will be far otherwise in an army and navy preyed upon by contractors and agents, who watch every opportunity to diminish the scanty pittance of the private soldier, the sailor, or the subaltern, and what they cannot at last withhold, to embitter with insolence or delay.

Should an army or navy be thus circumstanced, it will not be surprising, if men enter such a service with reluctance, or, when entered, that they become listless, mutinous, and inactive. The martinet, the rigid disciplinarian, and the blustering captain, may

despise such reasoning, and imagine that the halbert and cat-of-nine-tails, will answer every desirable purpose to quicken and excite: Are men then, after all, only moving machines? These gentlemen should recollect, that in the heat of an engagement, the same musket that is pointed at an enemy, may easily, unobservedly, and I think very justly, be pointed against an unjust and merciless commander.

Much has of late been said on the miseries and oppressions of the unhappy Africans; and wretched indeed they are! But let us imagine a sailor, torn from his ship, after many years absence from his country, with all his hopes and all his expectations about him, and dragged on board a king's ship, under an unfeeling and despotic captain, who has a proper understanding with his purser. To vary the scene, but not the wretchedness, let us imagine a peasant or mechanic enlisting in a moment of folly or intoxication, and ordered to join his regiment in the country, exposed to finical stripling cadets, an agent, master of his business, and a haughty lieutenant-colonel, of furious ungovernable passions, while the *scented* general is only visible at court and the club. Under these circumstances, conveyed to the East Indies, or our sugar islands, those charnel houses of Europe, I cannot but think the soldier and sailor may look with envy on the negro, broiling and bleeding under the scourge of the cruel overseer.

MILTO, a bewitching and dangerous woman, a native of Phocæa, in Ionia, and the favorite

vorite mistress of Cyrus, whom, according to the luxurious customs of the East, she accompanied in his memorable, but unjustifiable, expedition against Babylon; an expedition which has been handed down to posterity by the masterly pen of Xenophon, an eye-witness of, and a respectable actor in, the interesting scenes he describes; though it is to be lamented, that so long a space elapsed between THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND, and the time when he actually wrote the Anabasis.

At the death of her royal lover, this fair appendage of a Persian camp, with other articles of splendid superfluity, or cumbersome pomp, became the property of Artaxerxes, the conqueror and brother of Cyrus; and such were the charms of her person, or the powers of her understanding, that the GREAT KING became the slave of his captive, although an establishment of three hundred concubines, besides Atossa, his lawful wife, should seem to have left little for the depravities of imagination, and less for exhausted nature.

I will not dwell on the indecorous versatility of that heart, which could thus almost instantaneously turn from the bleeding and mutilated corpse of a vanquished hero, to the embraces of his triumphant rival; some allowance must undoubtedly be made, for the stern laws of war, and the gross unsentimental texture of an Eastern attachment, which generally commencing with force, and continuing in coercion, is said to be broken without a sigh, and repaired without a struggle. In such cases, the fate

of woman and of weakness has ever been decided by the sword of the victor, and Milto, like many a European dame in fable weeds, probably moderated passion by policy, suppressed opposition because it was unavailing, and forming a compromise between her feelings and her situation, disguised or softened the harshness of inexorable necessity, by the merit of an early compliance. I will not decide on a conduct, which offers much for the moralist and much for the casuist to discuss; perhaps a practicable inference might be drawn from the unaccommodating purity of Lucretia, the tender confidants of the melting Dido, the unseemly lapse of the Ephesian matron, and the unbridled licentiousness of her modern representative, *****
****, in whom, if the hospitable **** could arise from his grave, he would see exemplified, age without wisdom, and the ghost of departed beauty haunting, with the restlessness of a Gallopin du village, those giddy circles where her honor died.

I fear that Milto was an instant prude, or an unprincipled coquette; she became a source of domestic discord in the conqueror's family, and finally deprived him of the affections and loyalty of his eldest son. It had been the custom, almost from the foundation of the monarchy, for the heir apparent, on his arriving at a certain age, to be proclaimed successor to the throne, for the useful purpose of crushing competition, and preventing the dangers of a vacant throne. On this occasion, the young Prince was always al-
lowed

lowed to ask a favor, which, in no one instance on record, had ever been refused.

Those who know, by painful experience, the timid solicitude of love, are best qualified to judge of the distress of Artaxerxes, when, in the face of the whole court, his beloved son demanded, on an occasion which barred refusal, the fair favorite of his bosom.

From the rigid and superstitious observances of Persia, backed by the solemn persuasions of the High Priest of the Sun, the young Prince became possessed of the enchanting Milto, who, in this second instance, submitted to her fortune without reluctance. Indeed, from the ambition of rising hopes, the vigor of a youthful lover, the *troublesome* assiduities of an aged one, or from that astonishing influence, which, from certain late and striking instances, ripened beauty at six and thirty has been observed, from management, dexterity, and *other arts*, to exercise over hot-headed, rash young men, an interest in favor of the Prince appears to have already taken place in her heart.

The unhappy father soon after reclaimed his captive; family dissension, and conspiracy, real or pretended, followed, and ended in the death of the son. Thus beauty, which, long before the days of Helen and Troy, had destroyed kingdoms, and made fools or madmen of the wisest and bravest of heroes, fatal beauty, ruinous alike to itself and others, deprived the Persian Monarch of the mistress of his heart, and his kingdom of a much loved Prince.

I have been occasionally censured for crowding the pages of this collection with narratives of female frailty, a species of misconduct which, it has been said, ought to be assigned to the infamy and oblivion it deserves. I have before observed, and again repeat, that my purpose is to point out to the sex the omnipotence of their influence, even when illicitly exerted. Could these ladies paramount of the creation, be only persuaded to exert it correctly, and dispense their smiles to good men alone, firmly rejecting every advance from infamous or debauched individuals, I am persuaded, that a most desirable revolution would take place in the manners of the age. Such gentle but irresistible censors, would supply the glaring, the rapid decay, of moral and religious impression, and operate to the full as effectually, and far more pleasantly, than the most elaborate additions to a penal code, already bulky and voluminous in the extreme.

MIRELEES, ANDREW, a tanner, of Leith, near Edinburgh, of regular habits, and apparently of sober life, in a country, and at a period, when, whatever *other* improvements wealth and refinement have produced, laxity of conduct or of faith would not have escaped notice and punishment.

In January, 1749, he was called by business to Haddington, fifteen miles from his house, but not being returned at midnight, his wife and family were considerably alarmed; particularly at two o'clock in the morning, when, after long and anxious expectation, his horse galloped into the yard, in a bloody condition,

condition, and wounded in several parts of its body. From this circumstance, they concluded that Andrew was murdered, as part of his road was through a wild uninhabited common, infamous, in former times, for violence and robbery.

Application was made to a magistrate, and a proclamation issued the next day, offering a reward for apprehending the supposed murderers. On taking a survey of the common, a mastiff, which usually followed the tanner, was found stabbed in several places, and dead under the furze. As the persons employed proceeded in their search, they met two drunken chairmen, carrying a sedan, in which the coat, hat, wig, whip, and spurs, of Mirelees, were found, as also a large clasp knife in one of their pockets, all of which were extremely bloody.

The men could give no satisfactory account, but said, they had carried a sick person to Musselburgh (which was fact) and that on their return, they had met with persons who made them drunk; that they found the coat, &c. in the road, on their return: under these circumstances they were both committed to prison. It appeared, from enquiry, that Mirelees had actually dined at Haddington, where he received twenty-five pounds, at half past five o'clock; that he called in his way home at Musselburgh, within five miles of his own house, but could be traced no further.

Five weeks after the proclamation was issued, Mr. Burton, a reputable tradesman of Edinburgh, returning from Sheffield to Leeds,

was surprized, as he passed through the kitchen of an inn, to see Mirelees, in the chimney corner, quietly smoking his pipe and reading the news. After the ardor of curiosity, and the stare of wonder, were satiated, Burton prevailed on the fugitive to accompany him immediately to Edinburgh. Mirelees went before a magistrate, and made oath; that soon after leaving Musselburgh, he was met by two persons in a post-chaise, who ordered him to stop, which he refused, when they suddenly jumped out, stabbed his horse and his dog, and forcibly dragged him into the carriage, which drove at a furious rate: that they halted at several towns to change horses, but would never suffer him to alight, nor indeed did he know where he was, 'till they arrived at the Black Swan in York; from which inn, after keeping him confined three days, they removed him at midnight, and at last released him in a forest, where they quitted him, and he never saw them again; they neither demanded money, or in any respect, except abridging his liberty, offered violence to his person.

On the strength of this affidavit, one chairman was dismissed from confinement, the other unfortunate man having, in the interval, died in prison. The chief justice, then on the circuit, on being made acquainted with the circumstances, and the strange story of the tanner, ordered him to be apprehended as an impostor. But this man of mystery found means to escape on board a ship, bound to Zealand, where he was afterwards seen, but never could be prevailed on to explain his conduct, which was proved by
his

his flight to be unjustifiable, if not unaccountable.

From this instance, which is upon record, judges and juries may learn the fallibility of circumstantial, unaccompanied by positive, evidence. I fear few of my readers, appointed as jurymen, to decide on the poor chairmen, would have considered them as innocent of the murder, had Mirelees never appeared. What would have been their feelings, had either of those unhappy men been executed before his return?

MOB, a method of suppressing one, without bloodshed.

In the year, 1792, the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and assembling in great crowds, threatened to hang the magistrates, if they did not lower the price of sugar. The procurator syndic at first laughed at their threats, but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council general of the commune, and ordered the fire engines, with a plentiful supply of water, mixed with foot, to be drawn out in battle array; by a vigorous discharge of this smutty artillery, the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed, and quietly returned to their homes.

In Berlin or Vienna, where the age of chivalry flourishes, says a writer, to whom this collection is indebted for much interesting political discussion, such a mob would have been most chivalrously attacked by some hundreds of well disciplined chevaliers, with sabres or carbines in their hands.

MONSEY, DR. a physician, a unitarian, and an oddity, who, with a considerable share of

mental acuteness, literary acquirement, and knowledge of the world, but with little regard to the feelings or established forms of mankind, made the good will and ease of others, too often subservient to his own conveniency, whim and caprice.

He experienced at Bury (says his Biographer) the common fate of country practice, constant fatigue, long journies, and short fees, and in a rusty wig, dirty boots, and leather breeches, might have degenerated into a hum-drum provincial doctor, with the commonplace questions by rote, the tongue, the pulse and the guinea; his merits not diffused beyond a county chronicle, and his medical errors concealed in a country church-yard. But his assistance being required for the Earl of Godolphin, son of Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, by a daughter of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, in a sudden and alarming illness, with which he was seized on a journey, near the doctor; nature, or Monsey was successful, and during the intervals of recovery, the grateful Earl, was highly pleased with the convivial powers of the physician, and felt a wish to attach himself to worth, so superior to the situation in which he discovered it, particularly, as he had long wanted a rational companion, for the amusement, or the improvement of his leisure hours, and a medical friend, so desirable in the decline of life.

After generously gratifying the hope of reward, that soothing sweetener of labour, his lordship made a liberal offer for his becoming an inmate, and a friend, on the

the fair equal ground of mutual obligation, and reciprocal favour. The offer was accepted, he accompanied his patient to London, lived with him near thirty years, the remainder of his patron's life, and procured through his interest, a medical appointment at Chelsea. He also received a handsome legacy on the death of Lord Godolphin, whose life has been described as spent, rather in snug domestic comfort, than brilliant display; his supreme felicity, a well-drest, and to do him justice, a well-eaten dinner, his game backgammon, and his favourite book, Cibber's *Apology for his own Life*.

It is not easy to imagine a greater contrast, than Monsey's journey produced; from the narrow rural circle, unvaried and unenlivened, from the senseless egotism of the fox-hunter, the silly minuteness, and teasing detail of the keen sportsman, and the noisy nonfence, ribaldry, and carousings of fairs, weddings, and christenings; from the obstinate wrong-headed justice, and his nervous wife; from the curate, the lawyer, and the apothecary, from the uninteresting pertness of conceit, and the benumbing dullness of ignorance, our fortunate adventurer was suddenly deposited in the metropolis, the region of elegance, the fountain of politeness, and the land of promise. He was introduced to many of the first characters of the age, and successfully cultivated a friendship with Sir Robert Walpole, the Earls of Bath and Chesterfield, and with Mr. Garrick.

Thus treading the pleasantest path of life, the happy medium
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between leisure and fatigue, polished society, and literary amusement, might be said to strew the way over with flowers. Yet, in a long intercourse with the great and gay, he never degraded himself by abject flattery, constantly preserving a natural plainness of manners, and an unreserved sincerity of behaviour, to those who remember it, by no means an unpleasing one. He spoke the truth, and what sometimes gave offence, the whole truth, which afforded malignity and opportunity for sometimes crying him down as a cynic and misanthropist, but his censures, though severe, were generally just, and for the most part directed against vice, impudence, or affectation.

An intercourse with David Garrick, must have been highly desirable to any man of common taste and discernment, and Monsey always considered it as the solace and ornament of the best years of his life: but those best acquainted with the manager, however they admired and loved him, all knew that eager to seek and enjoy a joke at another man's expence, it nettled him when raised at his own: it was the amusement of many an hour at Hampton, to produce a ridiculous story, or raise a laugh at the Doctor, who retorted sometimes with warmth, and often with success.

"Garrick will certainly quit the stage," said Dr. Mark Hildesley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, many years before the retirement of Roscius: "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other," which is, I believe a provincial proverb. This
G reply

reply was violently repented by our inimitable actor, he sent his friend an anonymous letter, containing at length, the emphatic words of Horace,

— Absentem qui rodit amicum
Qui non defendit alio culpante,
solutos

Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,

Fingere qui non visa potest,
omissa tacere

Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

A friendship productive, for twenty years, of mutual pleasure, instantly ceased, and, as intimate friends are often converted into bitter enemies, their dispute was exasperated by severe recrimination; while officious intermeddlers, who affected to lament their disagreement, ridiculing and exulting at their quarrel, heartily laughed at the joke. "I thank you," cried Monsey, to Lord Bath, who attempted to reconcile them, "but why will your Lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a merry-andrew and a quack?"

After Lord Godolphin's death, it was again his fate to shift the scene, deprived of a friend who delighted, and a patron who liberally supported him, he retired to Chelsea, and exchanged the splendor of a wealthy peer, and an agreeable circle of London acquaintance, for solitary apartments at the College, a plate at a table provided for the governor and other officers of the house, his time-piece, and a veteran female servant. Soured by disappointment, and a change of circumstance and situation, he felt exertion necessary to prevent the

fatal inroads of ennui and discontent, and laboured to fill up the intervals of a life, which had been hitherto completely and agreeably occupied.

In this nice point, so productive of crimes or of follies in us all, he partly succeeded, by the aid of books, correspondence, mechanism, backgammon, and professional pursuits; but he could not entirely escape the shafts of chagrin, which after the most elaborate bulwarks we raise against external attack, too often originate from an enemy within. A gradual alteration was observed, genius, attic wit, happy allusion, and the well-told anecdote, were mellowed and improved on the canvas, but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the minute blending of light and shade, the morbidezza of refined manners produced by the attrition of elegant society, were gradually impaired; he confessedly possessed the "fortiter in re," but neglected or despised the "suaviter in modo."

At the hospital for military invalids, Dr. Monsey became acquainted with Mr. Cheshelden, an able lithotomist, and unassuming man, the friend of Pope: possessing a turn for mechanic contrivance, and a knack at rhyming, which he always indus-
triously concealed from the translator of Homer, he was more gratified by a compliment on his chariot springs improved by his own invention, the splendor of his equipage, or a well-turned extempore stanza, than by being called (what in fact he was) the first operator in Europe. By humouring these harmless foibles, and introducing his name in
his

his epistles, the poet secured professional attendance, and the use of his carriage, house and servants.

A melancholy accident was related by Monsey, which produced a couplet from Cheselden. A young practitioner soon after his election, as one of the surgeons to St. Thomas's hospital, had occasion to take off a limb, but in the hurry of the business neglected securing the blood-vessels; the patient of course expired soon after he was conveyed to bed. A cool considerer, however he might excuse such a melancholy catastrophe, in the trepidation of diffidence and timidity, will naturally wonder that it could escape the eyes of a theatre crowded with spectators, and the able assistance of age and experience, at the young man's elbow. On this occasion, and under these convictions, Mr. Cheselden wrote as follows; it is not in my power to ascertain if I am not correct in the operator's name.

"Poor Cowen! he did as well
"as he could,

"The crowd who stood round
"him were guilty of blood!"

Monsey's retreat at Chelsea, was disturbed after Mr. Cheselden's death, by disputes with Mr. Ranby, a man of strong passions, and inelegant manners, and a favorite of King George the Second. By a preposterous or corrupt regulation, it had been customary for the surgeon to make out a quarterly bill, for attendance and applications, contrary to the mode wisely adopted in every similar institution, where economy or good management are at all attended to, which clearly point out a certain annual salary, as the most eligible method.

It was in vain that our physician, who by virtue of his office inspected the bill, detected error and mis-statement, it was to no purpose he proved, that the medical and surgical expenditure at Greenwich, for supplying several thousand marine pensioners, annually amounted to less than five hundred pounds; while the same purposes, for less than a quarter of the same number of military veterans, cost more than five thousand a year. Such wanton waste of public money, surely calls loudly for reform, which those whom I need not name, will do well not to neglect.

The Doctor used to say with exultation, that his present majesty approved of his conduct in this official difference; but such is the power of corrupt influence, that Ranby's bill was paid; and the business continues still to be conducted in the same profuse manner.

It was Monsey's misfortune to launch into the boundless ocean of metaphysics, which so many adventurers explore, without rudder, sail, or compass. His voyage produced the usual return of doubt, anxiety, and disappointment; to those who are infatuated by such wild unprofitable pursuits, it may be useful to observe, that he confessed, a great part of the unhappiness of his life, originated from these unsettling, unavailing perplexities. He latterly professed himself a staunch supporter of the unitarian doctrine, but very early in life had imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops, establishments, creeds and tests: when the Athanasian creed was mentioned, he never failed bursting forth
G 2 into

into the most violent expressions of abhorrence and disgust. A gentleman (if I mistake not, Mrs. Montague's brother) was lamenting to him the deplorable irreligion of the times, and concluded an orthodox, but well-meant harangue, by saying "And doctor, I talk with people who believe there is no God." "And I, said Monsey, talk with people who believe there are three." The frightened trinitarian instantly left his profane companion.

The subject of this article has been compared to Swift, whom, indeed, he resembled, in the predominating, and sometimes the tyrannical spirit, with which he affected to rule his company, and controul the conversation of those with whom he associated: he expected, and in most instances, exacted, submission from all. *Medico et philosopho nihil indecens*, was also a favorite adage with the physician, who thought with the Dean, that a nice man was a man of nasty ideas. The author of the *Lady's Dressing Room*, and Monsey, who often produced an almond, which he boasted had travelled four times down his throat, might have *imaginations* equally filthy; but, while Swift, in his dress, habits, and washings, imitated (to use the words of our English Lexiphones) Oriental scrupulosity, the Doctor was grossly deficient in decency, and common cleanliness; so widely different was the practice of men, who appear, at first sight, to have professed the same theory. Swift delineating and laying open the nauseous recesses of nastiness and filth, for the purpose of inculcating personal purity and decorum:

Monsey, from a philosophic or an affected contempt for troublesome delicacy, and fantastic prudery, hunting for, and delighting to dwell on, objects, which all who wish to preserve a relish for life, have been taught to avoid, from their exciting distaste and abhorrence.

Monsey was a whig, in the most liberal and extensive sense of the term, who, while he valued his own opinion, did not wish to enslave or ensnare the sentiments of another; he was a friend to a limited monarchy, and a mixed government, but detested those arts which render religion a mere political machine, to torture or vainly oppress conscientious men alone; holding out rewards for hypocrisy and perjury, while the thoughtless accommodating herd, too often determining, before they are qualified to weigh and examine, sit down infamous and contented. Swift, on the contrary, was a rank high churchman, a stickler for the infamous Sacheverel, a tory, with all the narrow bigotry of his party, an enemy to the religious, and (except in a few instances, where temporary popularity swayed him) to the civil liberties of mankind.

Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi, seems very applicable to our priest, whether basking in the warm sunshine of Harley's favour, or wielding a despotic sceptre in the little chapter of St. Patrick's: he had undoubtedly a thousand faults, but they were overbalanced by many good qualities.

"How happens it," said Sir Robert Walpole, "that no one contradicts me, or beats me at billiards,

billiards, except Dr. Monsey?" "They get places," replied the Doctor, "I am thought an honest fellow, and get an invitation to dinner."

His surly antagonist, Ranby, was succeeded by Mr. Adair, a sketch of whose life is given in this collection. Two characters more opposite could not easily have met; Monsey, with a proud consciousness of vigorous intellect, literary acquirement, and rugged merit; Adair, gentle, accommodating, pleasant, and superficial, polished by elegant intercourse, and adorned with gentleman-like qualities; the first securing, by stubborn eccentricity, that public notice he seemed to despise: the last, by humble, but more seducing arts, collecting the rays of court sunshine, and winning the affections of the fair; one, rich in the massy bullion of sterling genius; the other, sufficiently stored with the useful current coin of mild manners, politeness, and attention.

As old age, with its cares, advanced, an asperity of behaviour, and a neglect of decorum, was observed in the Doctor; the young and the gay exclaimed against him, as an interrupter of those various and minute rules, which, however trifling they may appear to the sage and the philosopher, essentially contribute to the ease and comfort of modern life. From this charge he cannot be wholly exculpated; but idle, silly, vain women, and *men like women*, excited in him the most violent effusions of anger and contempt. He was charged with avarice, an accusation often bestowed on laudable prudence, by the selfish, the foolish, or the

profuse. If in general he appeared too fond of money, it did not prevail on all occasions, for, in two instances, he burnt a hundred pound bond, having so far assisted two industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed to repay it.

The great vulgar, who affected to treat him cavalierly, and meanly imagined, that a fee cancelled all obligation, he often cut down, by repeatedly insisting, "That the attentions of a friend can never be repaid with money." One of these high-blooded insignificants, a shabby placeman, whose wife was once celebrated for beauty, sent him a ten pound bank note, for attendance at a distance, during a long indisposition, when he knew it had cost the Doctor twice the sum in chaise-hire. The note was instantly returned; the formal, empty prater, coolly pocketed the affront, and after frequently imposing on him in money transactions, had the assurance to repeatedly apply for advice, and the perfidious impudence to ridicule and abuse his physician, *behind his back*, for being too fond of a guinea; though the fool knew, at the time, Monsey was acquainted with a secret, which would have exposed him to ridicule the rest of his life. The next time he is reading this, or any other part of my collection, with his *ingenious comments*, I advise him, for certain reasons——

Ill-usage and repeated pecuniary frauds and failures, soured the Doctor's temper, and his behaviour was gradually tinctured with suspicion and acrimony. If, however, his parsimony, in many instances, degenerated into meanness, if his
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mode of life was not equal to his income, let it be remembered, that he was constantly observing the disgraceful, and often the tragical, effects of dissipation; that he had the warmest affection for his daughter, whose numerous offspring he was certainly bound to provide for; that he had a purse to assist the unfortunate; and we may at last be induced to confess, that he had an amiable reason for his weakness.

Such, with all his foibles, was Monsey; but the hour was rapidly approaching, when infirmity clouded his faculties, when the eye which enlivened, and the ear that listened to his friend, began to fail, narrative old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, succeeded to wit, which set the table on a roar, and sallies of ironical sarcasm, which no power of face could resist. The edge of the sword had cut through the scabbard, the candle had burnt to its socket; he had exceeded the age of man, the accomplishment of his century was at hand, and he declared, in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that to him the world was a desert, that he had out-lived his faculties, his pleasures, and his friends, that he was tired of life, but, like many fools and many philosophers, afraid to die.

As biography, however amusing, ought not to be wholly unprofitable, the life of Monsey holds up a salutary lesson to young men of talent and enterprize. From a profession, which, even in the country, might have rendered him, if not a brilliant, a useful and respectable member of society, he was awakened, by what the world

generally considers a fortunate accident, to more splendid and interesting views. Roused by the enticing voice of ambition, luxury, or ease, he deserted the post in which Providence had placed him, and rushing to the metropolis, on the wings of hope and expectation, passed the sun-shine of his best days in affluence, amusement, and inactivity.

Having acquired considerable knowledge, both of books and of men, he was again deposited in the shades of retirement, and from inclination or disappointment, took a satirical turn, attempted to correct shabby enormity, to reform the abandoned, subdue the impetinent, and mortify the vain. From a neglect of the little, rather than the great duties of life, from a haughty, unaccommodating severity, to the ill qualities of others, rather than a want of good ones in himself, did he not often fail? did not the ungracious sternness of his efforts generally counteract his best intentions? does it appear that his extraordinary powers, learning, and talents for conversation, rendered him more feared or loved? did they advance him on the road to happiness, or smooth his passage through life? After considering these questions, the humble man may perhaps look up with thankfulness to Providence, for blessing him with content; the ignorant and unlearned may also cease to complain of not being initiated in those dangerous arts, which so often diminish the happiness of our neighbours, as well as ourselves.

As a physician, he was a disciple of the Boerhaavian school, and of Sydenham, and scrupulously adhered

hered to rules and systems, which he used to say were sanctioned by sixty years experience; he knew not, or neglected the acknowledged modern improvements, both in theory and practice, yet he deserved the praise of minute and accurate delineation of symptom, of undeviating attention to nature, and I understand from a medical friend, that his prognostics were remarkably correct, and generally justified by the event. That he was a nasty dog, wore a dirty shirt, and was eternally prescribing ptisans and contrayerva, was the utmost, the malignity of Ranby could object against him.

His pen was not often exercised, either on professional or miscellaneous subjects, for public view: yet, accounts of uncommon disease, and in some instances, of his successful treatment, have been occasionally printed, one of which occurs in this work, under the article Fraine. Another also has been printed, of a man, whose skin was blistered, whenever the sun shone upon it. As a votary of the muses, he was often successful, in the walks of humour, satire, and occasionally the amorous and tender. At the age of eighty-four he addressed, (says the author of a Sketch of his Life) a copy of verses to Miss Berry, a young lady of Chiswick, "a poetical effort, which would have done no discredit to Pope; who indeed, with the feelings of a man, could behold Miss Berry, without love, emotion, and desire!"

It has more than once been said, that the subject of this article was regretted by few, and that a man so generally disliked as he latterly

was, must have been grossly wrong, and radically defective in principle or practice. An œconomist and a reformer of abuse is seldom popular, the very existence of such a character depends on lopping off the superfluous exhausting branches, of corrupt perquisite, official fraud, or sensual gratification. To this, another reason may be added: from a circle of friends exalted by rank and abilities, and in general adorned with useful or polite learning; he was removed to Chelsea College, the civil and domestic offices of which institution, ought to have been occupied by disabled or disbanded military veterans, as it was founded for the express purpose of a well-earned retreat, for the brave and unfortunate: but this foundation, which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was over-run by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers, of a Fox, a Russell, a Phipps, a Grenville, or a Rigby.

By this venal and preposterous misapplication of public rewards, a menial, by shaving the paymaster, brushing his coat, his shoes, or marrying his mistress, was instantly dubbed a gentleman, and became the companion of a general, a knight of the Bath, a physician, and a divine. To men, sprung from the worst dregs of the worst society, frequently elevated for obsequiousness or vice, ignorant and self-conceited, can we wonder that Monsey repaid insolence with satirical invective and contempt? But real unassuming merit, in the poorest and lowest situations, he treated with good-nature and winning familiarity: the heart-felt gratitude he often experienced from patients

patients of this class, he ever spoke of as the most gratifying fee, and was the last man to arrogate adventitious merit, from splendid connection or intellectual excellence: a creature (he would often exclaim) palsied by the contraction of a nervous fibre, and senseless on the ground, from the bursting of a capillary; an animal, whom with all our refined struggles, we can scarcely keep sweet and wholesome, has vast pretensions to strut on the stilts of self-importance.

To conclude, Dr. Monsey possessed a lively imagination, pointed wit, keen sensibility, and its general companions, strong passions, which he took little pains to curb: his curiosity was ardent, insatiable, and often troublesome, but his communications were rapid, copious, and interesting: his vein of humour was rich, luxuriant, and (as is the nature of all humour) sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant. His penetration was deep, his opinion of human nature, warped by injuries of the selfish and unprincipled, was culpably unfavourable; his memory was incredible, pouring forth, in an unexhausted flow of words, the treasure of past years, which frequently, like other treasures, was not without its dross. He was a storehouse of anecdote, an ample reservoir of good things, a living chronicle of other times. His wit was not the keen, shining, highly-polished, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtney, or a Burke, it was rather the irresistible massy sabre of a Cossack, which if the sharpness of its edge proved

deficient, demolished by the weight of its blow.

His faults he was too lazy or too proud to conceal, they were prominent: a vitiated taste feasting on garbage, and seeking, like the foul fiend, in bog, ditch, or obscene recess, for converse or contemplation, objects, which as I have before observed, most of us fly from, or reject: his dress was neglected, and odiously begrimed, like his face and hands, with snuff, that sworn-enemy to cleanliness and comfort; his deportment was unseemly, and his language too often disgusting. To the established clergy, who were fond of insulting or calumniating the disinterested motives of his friends, who seceded from the faith and creeds of the Church of England, his behaviour was rancorous, unforgiving, and illiberal; but in general they were even with him, and neither gave or received quarter. Whilst he was shaking off with violence, the disgraceful manacles of priestcraft and superstition, he did not sufficiently guard himself against the comfortless bigotry of scepticism, which, like religious bigotry, narrows the intellects, and hardens the heart, to the soft calls of social affection. Yet, after surveying the situation, cotemporaries, and usage which Monsey experienced, let not the Christian, the courtier, or the philosopher, be too sure, that he would have acted a different part, or have quitted the scene with more approbation.

MORE, HANNAH, a female instructor, a dramatic writer, a poetess, and author of several publications, whose moral and

and religious tendency, and the warm philanthropy, by which they are evidently inspired, have indisputably established her claim, to rank with, if not precede, the great benefactors of mankind.

In the course of a dispute with a certain luxuriant dramatist of her own sex, it was malignantly observed, that her intimacy with David Garrick, clearly accounted for the literary reputation she had so prematurely acquired. I confess that the lady to whom I allude, had abundant reason to complain, but the various and important productions of the subject of my present article, since the death of her invaluable friend, have established beyond a doubt, the vigor and originality of her powers.

How few in the paths of literature, how very few can boast, that the purity and utility of their writings, have kept pace, with their intellectual endowments (too often alas in an opposite ratio) but the rare praise, of not having sent a page to the press, without a strong, a palpable bias to mend the manners, or adorn the heart, is the envied praise of Hannah More. Of a writer who has thus pre-eminently attained, what ought to be the pride, and most assuredly is the chief and only legitimate purpose of literature, our happiness here and hereafter, what more can be said?

“Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.”

If this short tribute of well-earned and sincere approbation, should catch the eye of the person who is the subject of it, I wish her to consider it as a trifling memorial of gratitude, from one, who has

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perused her works, and listened to her conversation, with pleasure and instruction.

Mr. Burke once observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, “What a delight you must have in your profession?” “No Sir,” said Dr. Johnson, taking up the question, with his usual deep toned emphasis of strong conviction, “no Sir, Reynolds paints only to get money.” A spirited argument was the consequence of this unexpected declaration, in which Miss Moore, with a gallantry, inspired by a love of the arts, took a decided part against the Doctor, and was eloquent in defence of the disinterestedness of Sir Joshua; insisting, with much of reason, and truth on her side, that the pleasure experienced by the artist, while working with his pencil, was derived from higher, and more luxurious sources, than guineas and bank notes. “Only answer me,” said the moralist, in a solemn and impressive tone, “did Leander swim across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming.”

MORRIS, VALENTINE, for a short account of his zeal, his misfortunes, and the injurious, the cruel alienation of Piercefield, see the latter part of Captain Bailie's article, in the first volume.

MURRAY, WILLIAM, Earl of Mansfield, an English judge, celebrated by Pope, severely censured by Junius, and pronounced by the schoolmaster of his early days, a lad of too much genius to make a good lawyer. This prophetic declaration, if we may believe a late writer, was literally accomplished, for he will not allow the Chief Justice to have

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been master of the English law, and in a regular climax has followed up this and other singular opinions, by endeavouring to prove, that Lord Chatham was not an able statesman, nor the late King of Prussia, a good general.

It is not the business of the present article to unravel the subtleties of an author, who with all his splendid acquirements, delights in riddle, paradox and pun. He has hit on a method, which with a man, qualified to make the worse appear the better cause, *may* sometimes succeed, that of doubting himself into fame, though a similar turn, in several instances I could mention, has led authors of common and inferior abilities into ridiculous absurdity.

I would recommend to this gentleman's perusal, a book mentioned by Lord Chesterfield, called *Quidlibet ex quolibet*. By a careful perusal of this elaborate performance, the author undertakes to qualify his reader to defend the most unpropitious and contradictory opinions; to prove that a highwayman is a very worthy character, a prostitute commendable, and the occupation of a pickpocket a justifiable means of support; but the subject of our present article must not be forgot. To imagine that young Murray was deficient in precedents, pleas, demurrers, and pleadings, which a parrot, placed in a solicitor's office, could not help acquiring, would be like supposing, "*that the Oxford waggoner did not know his way to High Wycombe.*" They are an affair of eyesight and memory; but it was the rare excellence of our barrister, to decorate and enforce these of-

ficial requisites, by an early perusal of books and of men, by taste, a minute knowledge of life, and a rapid intuitive perception of the *το καλον* and the *το πρεπον*.

Dazzled by his brilliancy, and misled by the general rule, that judgment and imagination are seldom united in the same individual, many cotemporaries refused to acknowledge, or could not see, his subordinate qualities. To these circumstances it probably was owing, that he was thought by some an indifferent lawyer; but he was certainly an exception to the general rule, and very early in life was considered of such promise, that Sarah, the first Dutchess of Marlborough, a woman of considerable discernment, sent him a universal retaining fee of five hundred pounds.

With an established reputation, a chief justiceship, and a marriage into the Winchelsea family; he laboured in the year, 1753, under the disgrace of being a jacobite, and of course a foolish, as well as an ungrateful man to the Hanover family, to whose establishment he was indebted for every thing he hoped for or enjoyed.

The calumny was strengthened by the notorioufness of national tendencies, at that time prevalent in Scotland, and the more intimate connections of some of Mr. Murray's near relations, with the fugitive prince.

"Your attachment," said his keen and powerful assailant, resolved not to let slip such a glorious opportunity for exaggeration and investive; "your attachment to the cause of an unhappy prince, was expressed with the warmth of wine,

wine, and some of the ceremonies of religion."

The cabinet council gravely met on the business, the charge was supported by Lord Ravensworth, a well meaning, but weak man, the alarmist of his time, with more smoke than fire. He asserted that Murray, Stone, Bishop Johnson, and a few others, had twenty years before, dined at a Mr. Vernon's in the city, that full of wine, and probably with the remnants of early impression, not entirely effaced, they had drank the health of the Pretender, on their knees. The matter was dismissed as frivolous, originating from honest, but officious zeal, and Murray retained his usual influence and weight.

Awed by superior intellect, or rather as I am inclined to think, intimidated by the coarse language of Mr. Pitt, who, in debate, was personally and indecorously abusive; he shrunk from parliamentary contest with Lord Chatham, a man in intellect and acquirement, confessedly his inferior. Mr. Fox, the first Lord Holland, called it a torpedo benumbing a shark. The late Lord Ashburton is said to have found out this weakness in the character of the Earl, and sometimes to have taken an unfair advantage of it.

The frame of Lord Mansfield was formed for long life, his spirits seldom failed him, in conversation his talents were eminent, and he had the luck to live with those, who could give him as good as he brought. For convivial talents, Foote, with a few exceptions, the best talker of his day, lived with him on terms of gay equality; Garrick, Adam, Whiteford, War-

burton, Hurd, and Halifax, alternately graced his table; he was remembered by Pope in his verses, and his will. With all his attainments, scholarship and wit, his piety and religion were eminent and conspicuous. He was orderly, liberal, accessible, and courteous.

Early rising, the cold bath, and if business permitted, a long walk every day, with a scrupulous indulgence in the pleasures of the table, prolonged his life to 89.

At Caen Wood, where he succeeded, and improved upon Lord Bute, his woods, his pleasure grounds, and walks shewed the simplicity and correct taste of good sense; nothing was gaudy, nothing trifling, nothing superfluous, yet nothing wanting.

In the management of his fortune, he had his peculiarities; he would never suffer a shilling to be laid out in the public funds; on the estate of a certain English Duke, he had a mortgage of one hundred thousand pounds, the rest for the most part on Irish securities.

The net produce of what he left behind at four per cent, was twenty-six thousand pounds per annum.

If any sublunary events were permitted to disturb the ashes of the dead, I am inclined to think, that the old peer, would hear with regret and indignation, that the heir to *such* a fortune, within a few months of his death, was engaged in a scramble for a place or a pension, at a moment when the country was unhappily engaged in a ruinous war, and sinking under a stagnation of manufactures and trade.

The following speech of Lord Mansfield, on the reversal of Mr.

Wilkes's outlawry, was the subject of considerable notice and discussion, at a period pregnant with political storms; the mode of commencement was thought particular.

"Those who recollect the temper and spirit of those times, when every man seemed seized with a paroxysm of political insanity, cannot deny the merit of firmness and magnanimity to the venerable Chief Justice. In his way to and from the hall, and when he took his seat on the tribunal, surrounded by the dæmons of party fury and cavilling malignity, it reminded me of the truly poetic simile of the mountain rearing its majestic head aloft, and unmoved, while the surges and billows were dashing and foaming ineffectually at its base.

"I have now gone through the several errors assigned by the defendant, and which have been ingeniously argued, and confidently relied on, by his counsel at the bar: I have given my sentiments upon them, and if upon the whole, after the closest attention to what has been said, and with the strongest inclination in favor of the defendant, no arguments which have been urged, no cases which have been cited, no reasons that occur to me are sufficient to satisfy me in my conscience and judgment, that this outlawry should be reversed; I am bound to affirm it—and here let me make a pause.

"Many arguments have been suggested, both in and out of court, upon the consequences of establishing this outlawry, either as they may affect the defendant as an individual, or the public in general: as to the first, whatever

they may be, the defendant has brought them upon himself; they are inevitable consequences of law arising from his own act; if the penalty, to which he is thereby subjected, is more than a punishment adequate to the crime he has committed, he should not have brought himself into this unfortunate predicament, by flying from the justice of his country; he thought proper to do so, and he must taste the fruits of his own conduct, however bitter and unpalatable they may be; and although we may be heartily sorry for any person who has brought himself into this situation, it is not in our power, God forbid it should ever be in our power, to deliver him from it; we cannot prevent the judgment of the law, by creating irregularity in the proceedings; we cannot prevent the consequences of that judgment by pardoning the crime.

If the defendant has any pretensions to mercy, those pretensions must be urged, and that power exercised in another place, where the constitution has wisely and necessarily vested it. The crown will judge for itself; it does not belong to us to interfere with punishment, we have only to declare the law. None of us had any concern in the prosecution of this business, nor any wishes upon the event of it; it was not our fault that the defendant was prosecuted for the libels upon which he has been convicted; I took no share in another place, in the measures which were taken to prosecute him. It was not our fault that he was convicted; it was not our fault that he fled; it was not our fault

fault that he was outlawed; it was not our fault that he rendered himself up to justice; none of us revived the prosecution against him, nor could any one of us stop that prosecution when it was revived; it is not our fault, if there are not any errors upon the record, nor is it in our power to create any, if there are none; we are bound by our oath, and in our consciences, to give such a judgment as the law will warrant, and as our reason can approve, such a judgment as we must stand or fall by, in the opinion of the present times, and of posterity.

"In doing it, therefore, we must have regard to our reputations as honest men, and men of knowledge competent to the stations we hold; no considerations whatsoever should mislead us from this great object, to which we ever ought, and, I trust, ever shall direct our attentions. But consequences of a public nature, reasons of state, political ones, have been strongly urged, (private anonymous letters sent to me I shall pass over) open avowed publications which have been judicially noticed, and may therefore be mentioned, have endeavored to influence or intimidate the court, and so prevail on us to trifle and prevaricate with God, our consciences, and the public.

"It has been intimated that consequences of a frightful nature will flow from the establishment of this outlawry; it is said the people expect the reversal, that the temper of the times demands it, that the multitude will have it so, that the continuation of the outlawry in full force will not be en-

dured, that the execution of the law upon the defendant will be resisted; these are arguments which will not weigh a feather with me. If insurrection and rebellion are to follow our determination, we have not to answer for the consequences, though we should be the innocent cause, we can only say, fiat justitia ruat cælum; we shall discharge our duty without expectations of approbation, or the apprehensions of censure; if we are subjected to the latter unjustly, we must submit to it; we cannot prevent it; we will take care not to deserve it. He must be a weak man indeed who can be staggered by such a consideration.

"The misapprehension, or the misrepresentation of the ignorant or the wicked, the *mendax infamia*, which is the consequence of both, are equally indifferent to, unworthy the attention of, and incapable of making any impression on men of firmness and intrepidity. Those who imagine judges are capable of being influenced by such unworthy indirect means, most grossly deceive themselves; and for my own part, I trust that my temper, and the colour and conduct of my life, have clothed me with a suit of armour to shield me from such arrows.

"If I have ever supported the king's measures; if I have ever afforded any assistance to government; if I have discharged my duty as a public or private character, by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution, maintaining unfulfilled the honor of the courts of justice, and by an upright administration of, to give a due effect

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to the laws, I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward than that most pleasing and most honorable one, the conscientious conviction of doing what was right. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind; I wish earnestly for popularity; I will seek and will have popularity; but I will tell you how I will obtain it; I will have that popularity which follows, and not that which is run after. 'Tis not the applause of a day, 'tis not the huzzas of thousands; that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being; that man's mind must indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say, with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, "Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut INVIDIAM VIRTUTIS PARTAM, GLORIAM NON INFAMIAM PUTAREM."

"But the threats have been carried further, personal violence has been denounced, unless public humour be complied with. I do not fear such threats; I don't believe there is any reason to fear them, 'tis not the genius of the worst of men in the worst of times, to proceed to such shocking extremities. But if such an event should happen, let it be so; it might be productive of wholesome effects; such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition, to a state of activity, to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring and impious hands which had violated it; and those who supine-

ly behold the danger which threatens all liberty, from the most abandoned licentiousness, might, by such an event, be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are often times stunned into sobriety. If the security of our persons and our property, of all we hold dear and valuable, are to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the disposal of a riotous mob; if, in compliance with the humours, and to appease the clamours of those, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown, a life somewhat more than sixty, is not worth preserving at such a price; and he can never die too soon, who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution of his country."

NAPLES, KING OF, his interview with a French grenadier, or rather *vice versa*, for his majesty on this occasion was clearly, in respect to dignified conduct, and moral purity, very much in the back ground.

The king, (and I speak from good information) the king, to use Gulliver's language, spoke *the thing that is not*. In defence of his pliant behaviour, it has been asked, what is there a man would not say, with a fleet anchored before his capital, and prepared to lay it in ashes?

"I went on shore alone," said the grenadier, "and being conducted into the royal presence, spoke in the following manner: "King of Naples, I come to demand justice for the injuries done to the French Republic in the person of its Ambassador, Semonville,

ville, in a note remitted to the Divan by your Envoy. If you disavow that note, in which the Ambassador is denounced as a bad citizen, you will immediately send an Embassy to France, to make an apology, and recall your present Envoy from Constantinople, without delay. If you refuse, the Republic will be under the necessity of considering it as a declaration of war. I can only give you an hour, to consider your answer."

The royal rhetorician attempted to explain away his words, but the inflexible Republican, was like adamant, impenetrable and not to be moved, and soon after quitted the presence, observing, that he should hope to hear from his majesty by the time appointed. So wonderful a quickner of negotiation is fear, that in less than a quarter of an hour, the prime minister was dispatched with the following answer:

"I am ordered by the king of the Two Sicilies to declare, that his majesty formally and openly disavows every thing that may have been done in his name against the French nation, at Constantinople, and elsewhere. His majesty further declares, that he never took any step to prevent Ambassador Semonville from being received at the Ottoman Porte; as his majesty intends sending an ambassador to France, he has with pleasure given orders for his setting out immediately."

Though the French were repeatedly invited to land, they declined the offer, and set sail, after being two days at anchor in the

bay, without any of the crews going on shore.

To those, who may censure the indecorum of Captain Latouche, the commander of the French Squadron, sending a grenadier to negotiate, by word of mouth, with a crowned head, it may be answered, that from the spirit and sense with which the message was delivered, it appears he had chosen a man properly qualified, more especially, as according to the French system, personal worth is the only greatness. It may also be observed, that if indignity had been actually intended, it was only repaying it; for the Convention had been calumniated, insulted, and vilified, by unfledged envoys, and affected plenipotes, from one end of Europe to the other, in language, and by conduct, as distant from true policy, and common sense, as it was from the established intercourse of nations, who prate so much of being civilized.

When these circumstances are considered, and the common effect of provocation on minds already sore with irritation, their conduct, in the instance before us, must be allowed to have been singularly cool and temperate.

I only wonder at their being satisfied with the answer, which as far as it related to past conduct, and future performance, was a tissue of unfounded narration, and promise never performed. Had I been secretary, or first lieutenant to La Touche, I would have recommended the same sort of suspicious doubt which Lord Cornwallis wisely exhibited in his treaty with Tippoo, the delivering hostages

hostages of rank and importance. As to the exasperated Republicans being so moderate, I can only impute it to their smelling the gunpowder of the English fleet across the Mediterranean, and fearing that it might be brought down upon them, by the tremendous thunder of a bombardment.

NEGOCIATION with France, the propriety of, under the present circumstances, (1793) a subject which, for some time, engrossed a considerable share of public discussion, as well as private conversation. In the course of the controversy, those who were of opinion, that whatever the provocations, or however alarming the conduct of France, negotiation should, at all events, have preceded hostility, alluded occasionally to the conduct of Cardinal Mazarine, who sent an ambassador to England, during the usurpation of Cromwell. Certain courtiers doubted the propriety of such a step, and considered it as derogatory to the honor of their sovereign. This great statesman, whose abilities were never called in question, however odious his principles, reasoned in the following words.

“ We do not send an ambassador for Cromwell’s interest, but for our own. By being in England, he will have an opportunity of procuring intelligence, and putting us on our guard against any designs the English may be forming against us. Supposing that their present executive government is composed of villains, it becomes still more necessary to watch their conduct; and were it necessary,

for any political purpose, to negotiate with Pandæmonium; if Lucifer, Moloch, and Belzebub, were hurled from their thrones, I would send an envoy to those cunning spirits who had supplanted them, though they were the meanest devils in the infernal dominions.”

It has been said, in answer, that the power of Cromwell, however odiously attained, and, in his efforts to support it, tyrannically exerted, was at the time, to all appearance, firmly established; that, notwithstanding his policy in taking part with France against Spain, was injuriously warped by his passions, England, during his protectorate, enforced the respect, and excited the fears of Europe; that his authority, reared by a union of fanaticism and military despotism, on the ruins of the monarchy, did not depend on revolutionary fluctuation, or the impracticable reveries of theorists, who, in erecting their building, spoiled their tools, and threw away the necessary elements of public opinion and useful prejudice.

Yet, it may be asked, if leaders, capable of making a stand, in many instances, so vigorous and destructive, have not in themselves sufficient stamina to preserve their own energy of vegetation. The same staff with which I level an assailant to the ground, will surely prove strong enough for me, occasionally to correct my servants, and sometimes to bear my weight on it, as I travel the road.

NEWSPAPERS, a powerful instrument in the hands of genius and dexterity, for diffusing the opinions, and influencing the conduct

conduct of mankind. To the rapid circulation of political knowledge, by these means, America and Ireland will be for ever highly indebted; deriving as much power from the energy of the press, as from the bravery of their volunteers; the one owes to it her independence, the other her deliverance from political thralldom; victory, in both cases, had been clearly preceded by the force of reasoning, and the strong conviction of sound argument, which, in most struggles, have proved superior to the "ultima ratio regum." England is not without her obligations to these diurnal deposits of the crude attempts of literary tyros; they exercised and perfected the moral and critical acumen of Johnson, the elegant invective, and weighty political truths, of Junius. I speak not of the party writings of the moralist, those effusions of pensioned toryism were wholly unworthy of his pen.

"If it were possible for the liberty of the press to exist in a despotic government, without changing the constitution (a supposition, I confess, somewhat difficult to conceive) that alone would form a counterpoise to the power of the prince, and a degree of liberty would be immediately introduced." There is a regard to public opinion, and decency of character, which the sultan himself must observe; and the decisions of public discussion, may almost be called a lower house, a democratic check on the regal power.

In the circulation of a *well-conducted* newspaper, the public welfare is materially concerned; in trying moments, they give the

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alarm, they diminish that danger which they cannot prevent, by preparing the public mind. If it were possible for a publication of this kind to remain *independent*, the crown could not shelter a bad minister, nor the misguided multitude a mock patriot. But such is the magic omnipotence of corruption, that it pervades alike the study of the literary man, and the cabinet of the statesman; it diffuses a sickly yellow hue of party jealousy over the report of a public debate; it cripples the arguments, it shortens or obscures the illustrations, of an inimical minister, but extends the flowery harangue of many a favorite speaker, through long, elaborate, and well-studied periods; while the *bon-vivant* and his cher amie, yawning over their souchong, and ardent only for the poignant paragraph and the modern anecdote, curse those tedious discussions, which they will not attempt to read.

The same evil hath also conducted, in a considerable degree, to sap the foundations of impartial dramatic criticism. The paltry consideration of ivory tickets and advertisements of plays, with the smiles, the suppers, and the well-timed douceurs of managers and stage heroines, have long rendered our public prints the suspicious vehicles of praise undeserved, and misplaced panegyric. After retiring from the theatre, disgusted with a bad play and execrable acting, have we not repeatedly seen, in the modern companions of our breakfast, the nonsense and rant of a preceding night, metamorphosed into dramatic excellence and first-rate performance.

I

We

We are informed by a writer, whose vigor appears to increase with the political and contradictory riddles he undertakes to support, but whose digressions are the most interesting and entertaining part of his works; we are informed, that the first publications of this species, in England, resembled an extraordinary gazette, that they were called English Mercuries, and published during the reign of Elizabeth, to rouse national resentment, and support public spirit, against the terror of the Spanish armada. But a regular daily paper was not printed in this kingdom till the war between King Charles the First and the Parliament; and it has been remarked, that in those remote discordant times, as in the late distracted state of our Gallic neighbours, a printing press was considered as a necessary and important part of the camp baggage. Each party was desirous of victory with the pen as well as the sword, besides the advantage of a rapid diffusion of information. By Cromwell it was carried to Scotland, and Higgins printed the first paper in that kingdom, in 1652, it was called a Diurnal of some Passages and Affairs, &c.

The Romans had a publication which nearly approached to a modern newspaper; it was called *Acta Diurna*, or Daily Occurrences, resembling the present accounts of births, deaths, marriages, &c. An extract from one of these may be seen in Petronius, an author, as singular for the indecorous subjects he handled, as the classic purity of his language. The debates of the senate were also published at the

same period, under the title, *Publica Acta*.

The next paper of this kind appeared at Venice, and was called *Gazetta*, from the name of the piece of money for which it was sold; and (as I understand, from the same respectable authority to which I have just referred) was distributed in *manuscript*, long after the invention of printing. Of these, thirty volumes were collected by that helluo librorum, Magliabechi, and are still preserved in the library he left. The *Paris Gazette*, under the management of Monf. Renaudot, followed next. In London, the *Daily Advertiser*, of Jenour, led the way. The prodigious profits of this gentleman's paper tempted a croud of competitors, too long to enumerate in this place. In 1793, the newspapers published in England and Scotland, daily, alternate, and weekly, amounted to one hundred and sixteen. Their attempts were, for the most part, successful, and induced government to claim a share in their profits, I believe, half a crown in every advertisement, which, with the stamps and duty on paper, I understand, adds to the public revenue more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, besides providing bread and employment for thousands. They are, notwithstanding, regarded with a timid, hostile eye, by most governments, and have, of late, been saddled with enormous loads, unreasonably, and, in the article of paper, with an injurious partiality, augmented.

"I confess, with concern," said a Caledonian barrister, "the licentiousness

centiousness of the press; but let us remember, it is a public creditor, to which religion, morality, genius, and science, are indebted; it preserved the constitution of our sister kingdom, and restored our own. If, in assuming the office of a censor, it sometimes goes astray, let it be controuled with parental tenderness, like a favorite child; let us not, by well-meant but injudicious severity, injure its health, and break its spirits."

NICHOLAS, Sir AUSTIN, a Judge, under the protectorate of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumstances are related. Having, while a boy at school, committed an offence, for which, as soon as it was known, flogging would be the inevitable punishment, his agitation, from a strong sense of shame, or a peculiar delicacy of constitution, was so violent, that his school-fellow, Wake, an intimate associate, and father of the Archbishop, remarked it with concern. Possessing stronger nerves, and sensibility less exquisite, he told him, that the discipline of the rod was a mere trifle, and insisted on taking on himself the fault, for which, after a mutual struggle of friendship and generosity, he suffered a severe whipping.

A fortuitous train of events, which often disperses school intimates and college chums into opposite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law, to a seat in the Court of Common Pleas, and confirmed him a friend to the powers that are. Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royalist and cavalier, whose zeal and activity rendering him highly obnox-

ious to his opponents, he was seized, tried for his life, and condemned at Salisbury, by his old acquaintance, Nicholas, who, after a separation of six and twenty years, did not recollect Mr. Wake, till he came to pass the fatal sentence; when the name catching his eye, a sudden conviction, strengthened by a few leading questions, flashed on his mind, that the prisoner at the bar, whom he had just sentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours; those hours which, whatever be the colour of our fate, we all contemplate with a sacred, and an interesting pleasure.

I need not describe the state of a mind, in which civil discord had not wholly obliterated gratitude and sympathy: he beheld, with the most poignant emotion, the forlorn situation of that faithful, firm associate of his youth, who had undergone for him disgrace and stripes; he saw, on every side, the hell-hounds of war, and the mastiffs of the law, waiting, with eager impatience, to drag the man he once loved to untimely death; he hurried from the bench precipitately, to conceal his feelings, and burst into tears.

But friendship, like other virtues, required the speedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the din of arms, or the malevolence of party fury. After much opposition from the round heads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exasperated, a respite was granted, and Nicholas, unwilling to risk a life he highly valued to the uncertainty of letters, and the dilatory tardi-

ness of messengers, hurried immediately to London. He rushed to the Protector, and would not quit him till, solely against Oliver's will, he had obtained a pardon for his friend, against whom, from personal enmity or misrepresentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate.

The fortunate royalist, from inattention, a magnanimous or an affected contempt of death, was a stranger to the name and person of his judge, and knew not the powerful interposition in his favour. Nicholas, also, had reserved the precious, the important secret, in his own breast, till certain of success; least, by vainly exciting hope, he should only add new pains to misfortune. Returning without delay to Salisbury, he flew to the prison, gradually disclosed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends sunk into each others arms: Nicholas, overpowered by the bliss of conferring life and comfort on one, from whom he had early experienced the most disinterested friendship; Wake, unexpectedly snatched from death, by discovering, perhaps, the first friend he ever loved, in a party, whom he had always considered as usurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tygers of his country.

NORTON, Sir FLETCHER, a Barrister at Law, Speaker of the House of Commons, and, on the secession of Lord North's administration, created Lord Grantley; a man of invincible countenance and vigorous intellect, but in some degree spoiled, as is not unusual, by a law education.

It cannot be mentioned but with

regret, that so many young men, who bring with them to town worth, modesty, learning, ingenuous and pleasing manners, should, after a few years at commons, Westminster-hall, and the circuit, exchange those delectable qualities for insolence, vanity, self-importance, and chicane. But Sir Fletcher is not mentioned for the purpose of indiscriminately censuring a numerous, and in some instances, a useful society of men; he is introduced for having, on a certain important occasion, spoken the language of truth with energy, boldness, and, I sincerely hope, not without effect.

The time to which I allude was when he addressed the King, on presenting the civil list bill, in the year 1777; and the Speaker's conduct surely deserves more than common praise, when we consider the trying circumstances and situation in which he was placed; looking forward to a peerage, and possessing, at that moment, two considerable posts, which in effect, though not in form, he received and held at the pleasure of the crown. I hope no one who reads this book will think any apology necessary for reciting this spirited address, which departs so essentially and so properly from the dull repetitions, and verbose, unmeaning compliments, generally hashed up in such compositions.

"Your Majesty's faithful commons," (said Sir Fletcher, erect with honest pride) "your Majesty's faithful commons have granted a great sum to discharge the debt of the civil list; and considering that whatever enables your Majesty to support with grandeur, honour, and

and dignity, the crown of Great Britain, in its true lustre, will reflect honour on the nation, they have given most liberally, even in these times of great danger and difficulty, taxed almost beyond our ability to bear; and they have now granted to your Majesty an income far exceeding your Majesty's highest wants, **HOPING, THAT WHAT THEY HAVE GIVEN CHEERFULLY, YOUR MAJESTY WILL SPEND WISELY."**

Such were the bold sentiments forced on Sir Fletcher's mind, by stubborn and alarming circumstances, and presented at an awful crisis to the royal ear, which so seldom receives plain matter of fact or important truth, untainted by flattery or misrepresentation. Such language, which sovereigns ought to hear with reverence, cannot be too strongly inculcated, or repeated too often, by the representatives of a free people.

I watched, I narrowly watched, the royal eye, when this speech was delivered, and declare, with pleasure, I did not perceive one symptom of displeasure deranging the mild serenity and dignified softness of the Brunswick countenance.

A lawyer, a political lawyer, the creed of whose profession is, that God and man must be given up, if they stand in competition with profit or preferment; a lawyer who, like Mr. Erskine in a late transaction, could for a moment lose sight of such darling objects, deserves much credit; and, considering the general habits and education of princes, who are taught to look on their subjects as born for and designed only as

sources of support or amusement, and to regard advice as insolence, and reproof as treason, the King has an undoubted claim to his share of praise, for listening without resentment, and afterwards elevating the author of this harangue to the peerage.

Were I to have my choice of chusing, or rather of creating, *any little comfortable place* at St. James's, I would be appointed (start not my good bed-chamber lords) I would be appointed, notwithstanding the novelty of the post, speaker of truth at court, with the privilege of repeating, at proper intervals, the sentiments contained in this speech to his Majesty; and I persuade myself, from the active benevolence of his character, and his attention to the increasing burthens of his heavily taxed subjects, that it would not be repeated in vain. A great salary would not be my object; I should be content with what is given to the laureat, for serving up his annual fugged treat of palatable panegyric, an office, the abolition of which would prevent the puzzling perplexities of Mr. Pye, and many future poets; reflect credit on the English court, and indeed is become highly necessary, in the present æra of propriety and just discernment

I cannot dismiss the stern virtues of Sir Fletcher, without repeating Mr. Burke's compliment to him, when speaking of his appointment as chief justice in eyre. "Your dignity, Sir, is too high for a jurisdiction over wild beasts; your learning and talents are too valuable to be wasted in gloomy pomp, as chief justice of a desert. I cannot reconcile it to myself, that you should

should be stuck up as a useless piece of antiquity."

It was remarked at the time, that the old lawyer did not cordially relish, what the orator meant for an attic compliment, that *flicking up a man as a useless piece of antiquity*, who had, for some time, been growling over his discontents; and the words, *jurisdiction over wild beasts*, produced that kind of suppressed laughter, which is, of all others, the most difficult to conceal, and the most provoking to the person who causes it.

I must not omit mentioning in this article, an interesting debate, in which the privileges of the House of Commons were discussed, privileges which, in many instances, are thought to bear hard on the liberty of the subject. Without pretending to determine what proportion of respect, honour, and exemption, from the burthens of their fellow subjects, should be allowed to the representatives of a free people, or whether these effects are not best produced by the splendour of personal worth, I shall only recite the words of Sir Fletcher, which were remarkably coarse and severe.

"The Resolutions of this House," said a Gentleman whose zeal sometimes warps his judgment, "The Resolutions of this House, are paramount and universally binding. The judge on the bench, and even the laws themselves are silent, when we speak." "The Honourable Member," replied Sir Fletcher, in a tone *not very harmonious*, seems to forget there are two other branches of the Legislature, whose assent is necessary to give efficacy to our decisions; and as to

the Resolutions of the House of Commons, of whose power he boasts so much, I should regard them no more, than the determinations of so many coal porters."

It has been observed, with pompous astonishment, by a florid historical panegyrist of the present reign, whose cloying sweetmeats, I understand, have not been so cordially received in Downing-street, as the Honourable Writer expected; it has been observed, that Lord Grantley was the only instance of a new made Peer, kissing the king's hand in the Queen's Drawing Room. This deep observation, worthier a page of the back stairs, than a literary man, and in *one* instance, an able political writer, must refer to some minute infraction of Court etiquette, of which I must lament, or glory in my ignorance.

NOVERRE, a sensible director of ballets, and a classical dancing master, who has treated with considerable learning and taste, a subject and a science, which 'till rescued by his dexterity, had long been abandoned to triflers, and often been rendered ridiculous in the hands of dull pedants, or superficial coxcombs.

It has been the good fortune of Mr. Noverre, and his book, to be graced with an excellent engraving of his head, in Sherwin's, the lamented Sherwin's best manner. Had his pages been less animated, and less scientific, than they really are, the highly finished performance of that eminent artist, would have given them current value, with connoisseurs and collectors.

"What a magnificent glory has Mr. Sherwin given to Noverre's head."

head," said an Oxonian to Tom Warton; "it is no glory, but a powder puff," replied the laureat. "And what but puff and powder, are half the glories of your calendar," said the Magdalen (query Maudlin) grand compounder.

I have seen lines applied to No-verre, but know not, though I wish much to know, from whence taken, or by whom written; they began,

"Du feu de son genie il anima
"la dance."

NUPTIAL INFIDELITY. The fashionable crime of the day, a natural effect of profligacy and extravagance united, which disabling its miserable victims from moving in their own sphere, and in their own way, render them desperate, shameless, and undaunted, in seeking for, and seizing every opportunity of indulging whim, and dissipation, to the utmost pitch of their bent; for I am clearly of opinion that this gross deviation from rectitude, is oftner the offspring of a ffordid avaricious spirit, or the resentment of beauty once idolized, but now neglected, than the impulse of genuine attachment.

My reason for giving an article to the vice of adultery, which from its frequency and its being varnished with a softer name, has almost ceased to wound the ear of the virgin, or the matron; my reason was, to suggest a hint to certain fair apologists for conjugal frailty, who not satisfied with having injured the world by their example, and not content with remaining in that dark, murky back ground, so properly assigned to infamy, have impatiently rushed forward on the

scene, and polluted the press, by elaborate apologies for unhallowed indulgence.

These mistaken casuists forget, that NOTHING CAN EXCUSE THEIR CONDUCT, NEITHER FOLLY, INHUMANITY, OR THE MOST ODIOSUS OF CRIMES IN A HUSBAND. The law in most instances, if they remain innocent, will protect them from injury and outrage, but *his* being brutal, will not in the most minute degree justify *their* being criminal. Hateful forced marriages have also generally been produced as an exculpatory argument, but this will not bear the touchstone of examination. For what parent, what guardian, what friend, would dare to persevere in pressing wedlock on a woman, who, in a firm tone of voice, asserted the privilege of her sex, and, indeed, of human nature, in the following words:

"Sir, I feel not at present any inclination to marry, but if that really were the case, the person you recommend, is a man of all others I abominate and abhor. Whenever I take so momentous a step as chusing a husband, I shall consider it my duty to *consult* you as my natural guardian and counsellor, and I will freely allow you a deliberative, interdictory prerogative, rationally and moderately exercised. But as I am the person chiefly interested in the event, I assert the sacred rights of private judgement, and nothing shall ever induce me to sacrifice myself and my peace of mind to the mistaken suggestions of sordid interest, or the delusions of unsatisfactory splendour."

After such an address, abashed tyranny

tyranny would hide its head, and the tigers of compulsion shrink to silence and insignificance.

The woman who is deficient in so important a branch of her duty, who neglects, who criminally neglects to exert a strength of mind, in which on *other* occasions the sex are seldom found deficient, such a woman becomes a party in rearing the edifice of her own misery, and by a scandalous acquiescence (for the age of chivalry, in which damsels were dragged to the altar, is passed away,) by a scandalous acquiescence, lays a foundation for the crimes and misfortunes of her future life. She will be accused, as was evidently the case in a late instance, of having formed a shameful reserve, of selecting a golden calf she hates, for the shameful purpose of procuring and indulging secret interviews with the real, but less wealthy object of her fondest affections.

I record, with regret and indignation, that in the latter part of the eighteenth century, an individual should exist, born of a worthy and highly respectable father, from whom he received the impressions and education of a Christian, as well as a gentleman; that such a man should be profligate enough to come forward in a court of justice, and declare, without hesitation, that he introduced an intriguing and debauched young man, to the acquaintance and the house of a man he *called* his friend, for the avowed purpose of seducing the affections, and corrupting the fidelity of his wife. In this dark and infamous business, by means of laudanum and other arts, without which the struggles of ma-

ternal affection for an only a deserted daughter, could not have been suppressed, the minion of loose desire was too successful; it is however creditable to the feelings and justice of the age, and consolatory to the man who relates it, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed on this *useful friend*, that he was severely reprimanded by a noble judge; and that his society, since this indecorous and base transaction, has been gradually declined.

OHIO, a river in America, near the banks of which, ancient buildings, forts, brick work, masonry, and aqueducts have been discovered; circumstances which have puzzled or defied modern reasoners, at what period to fix the æra of the people who raised them—a people who must previously have arrived at a considerable degree of perfection in art and science.

Unassisted by tradition or literary evidence, reason and reflection falter and pause at the relation. It may however teach us a needful and salutary lesson, not to be so ready, as in Europe, we too often are, to treat with ridicule and contempt, historical details of æras, dynasties, and systems, incompatible with European chronology, because they are asserted and believed by persons who happen to have been born at Delhi, China, or Japan.

After all our boasted superiority, I am told, that in political negotiation, the Court of Pekin is prepared to fight every inch of ground, and to foil us at our own weapons; that in a late expensive embassy, the laugh was clearly against us, and that the royal rhymers of Pekin, actually

actually outwitted the Caledonian Peer.

O'KEEFE, JOHN, an Irishman, a dramatic caricaturist, and a successful comic writer, who has long enjoyed a share of public approbation to which, in the opinion of many, his pieces are by no means entitled.

I have before observed, that the treasurer's book is generally considered by managers, as the most decisive proof of dramatic merit; and it may afford amusement, as well as instruction, to investigate the claims of a man, who, by his own confession moderately gifted, has attained praise as well as profit, in pursuits, which have so often conducted men of genius and high attainment, to mortification and defeat. It may help to alleviate the chagrin of future rejected playwrights, when they reflect, that the superior talents of Dryden, Pope, Fielding, and Hayley, were not able to ensure success in paths, where candidates of ordinary abilities, have sometimes eminently succeeded.

From the dust and din of irresistible London, with all its fascinating abominations, from bad wine and worse company, from profession without principle, noise without mirth, and society without attachment, or sincerity, I have frequently rushed to the theatre, and previously unacquainted with the entertainment of the evening, have almost involuntarily felt displeased, on being told it was a favorite piece of O'Keefe's. With strong prejudices echoed by those around me, against low humour, broad farce, and stage trick, I have sat down almost determined not to

be pleased. But the hard frost of anticipating severity, was by degrees dissolved, my austere brow gradually relaxed, and at last yielding, in spite of myself, to the impulse of humour, Edwin, or O'Keefe, I joined in the universal tumult of laughter and approbation.

I will not pretend to say that on every occasion, these bursts of merriment were the offspring of attic wit, or any striking novelty of character or sentiment; they frequently were such, as a rigid observer of the unities, an admirer of the feast of reason and the flow of soul, would turn from with disdain; but they powerfully and effectually answered the purpose, for which, with a few exceptions, most of us visit the theatre; to unbend the brow of care, and forget for a few moments, the perplexities which hunt us through life. Let us not be too hasty in disparaging the writer, who, however humble his means, effects these useful purposes.

Many dramatic writers, high in fame, are apt to lose sight of, or despise that foundation of theatric success, the art of making us laugh; while O'Keefe, with a thousand faults in language, grammar, and common sense, shakes the theatre with vociferous applause. His competitors unfortunately forget, that in well-timed incident and bustle consists the secret of keeping up the attention of an audience, and wander 'till *they* are lost, and the audience sleeping over the studied elegance of well-drawn dialogue, sentimental axiom, and long conversations. In these respects, even the School for Scandal, and the Critic, with all their excellencies,

cellencies, occasionally err; but more particularly, General Burgoyne's Heiress, which last I read with pleasure, but viewed its performance not without lassitude.

In the opinion of modern frequenters of a theatre, the pulpit and press afford ample supplies of moral effusion, mental improvement, and interesting narrative; and the only business of the stage, is either to enchant, by elaborate melody, executed with almost painful difficulty, and high-wrought strains of rapture, or to surprize by brilliant decoration, and dexterously managed machinery; or, lastly and principally, to make us laugh. In the senseless trash of O'Keefe's Peeping Tom, which I had much rather eat a copy of than read, the irresistible curiosity of Tom impells him, in spite of all injunctions, to view from a window Godina, who is supposed to be riding by in her undress; when, in order to procure an uninterrupted sight, he raises himself on a stool, and leaving description to the imagination of his hearers, suddenly turns round, and exclaims, with up-lifted hands—Talk of a coronation! and is interrupted in his ecstasies by the amorous old mayor, who reproaches him for viewing what he longs to see himself: I have witnessed thunders of applause, which shook the house to its foundation, far beyond all that Shakespeare or Sheridan have ever been able to produce.

This article might be considerably prolonged, by an enumeration of the deficiencies of this writer, yet, with all his errors, I cannot but consider him, at an humble distance, as the dramatic Hogarth

of his day; as one who, enabled by scenic habits, a superior knowledge of stage effect, and a minute intimacy with the bye-roads to ridiculous absurdity, which he must have watched for, and copied with no small accuracy and diligence; I cannot but consider him as one who has contributed largely to the public stock of innocent pleasure and harmless amusement.

He has felt, he has successfully felt, the general pulse, and has applied lenients to the public mind, which effectually answer that purpose, for which sages have trimmed their midnight lamps, and artists have perplexed themselves in vain. Though separated, by a long interval, from Shakespeare, Congreve, Vanburgh, Hoadley, Wycherly, and Steele, I may place him, without fear, on a secure equality with Garrick, Colman, and Foote, who were as powerfully assisted in the walks of low comedy by Weston, as O'Keefe has been supported by the grimace and gesture of poor Edwin, who, in many pieces on the stage, was himself the joke.

I cannot mention the name of Edwin, who, in walks of low comedy, foppish affectation, and broad caricature, was inimitable, without regretting, that a man, who had so universally pleased the public, was hunted down by the malevolence of a diurnal scribbler, and the noisy violence of a virulent virago, to almost constant intoxication, and eventually to certain death.

Her legal claims to matrimonial rights I will not dispute, though Jemmy jumps repeatedly denied them: his errors, as a domestic character, I wish not to palliate or defend,

defend, but as mutual happiness is the great, indeed the only motive, which ought to bring and keep the sexes together, I cannot but smile at the ridiculous absurdity of endeavouring to force a man, in spite of himself, to nuptial endearments. He repeatedly offered a sufficient pecuniary allowance, declared he preferred a prison, or even hell, to associating with the lady, and clearly fell a sacrifice to chagrin, and his ineffectual efforts to banish it by drinking; while the frequenters of the theatre, and particularly O'Keefe, have severely suffered by his death.

To conclude; the present universal tendency, in all ranks, and in all situations of mankind, to ape the vices, and exceed the expences of their superiors, had arrived at an injurious, an alarming pitch, and the interests of society demanded, that the pretended gentleman, the upstart mechanic, and the little tradesman, bolstered up by long credit, and the vanity of running into excess, and their country boxes, in a chaise and one, called by a late judge, bankrupt carts, should be exposed to public notice and contempt; a task, which Edwin and O'Keefe effectually performed, by the skilful exertion of their dramatic weapons, while the tomahawk and scalping knife of the satirist and divine too often failed of success. By the profuse and unceasing productions of his pen, our author has diffused a general knowledge and dislike of contemptible fops and petit-maitres, who, without any grace of mind or body, but such as gamesters, prostitutes, taylors, and barbers, bestow, too often tempted the un-

wary tradesman into ruinous confidence, and the infatuated female, captivated by small talk and fashionable splendor, into irretrievable ruin.

PARISH BUSINESS, a term given to collecting the rate, providing for the support and employment of the poor, and keeping the church in repair. The peculations of church-wardens, overseers, and secret committees, have been remarked and censured in various articles of this collection, without the most distant view of reflecting on the Richmond parochial management, which, without imputing, or even supposing it to be founded on selfishness or ill design, is, in a culpable degree, aristocratic and oppressive.

Since the publication of my former volume, a quondam officer of a parish in London, which shall be nameless, was evidently approaching his last moments, when in addition to those doubts which bold bad men despise, his mind was observed to be oppressed with some grievous burthen, and he declared, he could not die in peace, till he had eased his conscience of it. His friends drew near the bed, when he made the following confession, and instantly expired.

"It has been, as it now proves, my misfortune to serve several offices of this parish, and, as the world imagines, with credit to myself, and justice to others; but I confess, with shame and contrition, that it was my constant rule, with the consent of my brother officers, to add two-pence in the pound to each rate, for our own personal expences, feasting, and carousals. On two occasions, a

bill was incurred at the London Tavern, where, in the madness of intoxication, we were guilty of the most extravagant absurdities, and burnt our clothes, which were replaced at the expence of our neighbours. I confess, with sorrow and penitence, my dishonourable conduct, and make it my last, my dying request, that, as soon as may be after my decease, one hundred pounds be paid by my executors, for the use of the parish."

PELEW, Islands so called, situated in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, to which public attention was for some time directed, by the shipwreck of an East India packet, in the year 1783, when Captain Wilson and his associates, instead of the treatment they expected from savage cruelty, and uncivilised barbarism, experienced ready aid and effectual relief; such as, I fear, in many instances, would not have been afforded them (and I blush for my own country, whilst I make the confession) in latitudes which have been, for ages, the seat of Christianity, freedom, laws, and arts; where the wretched seaman is too often plundered of the miserable remnant, misfortune and the tempest have left him.

Of these Islands, and the fate of the ship's company, a pleasing and interesting narrative has been published and adorned, by the luxurious fancy of Mr. Keate, who, in addition to the *persuading* perplexities of brick and mortar, and the exhausting subtleties of a tedious law suit, has been accused by the critics, of decorating the journal of a sea voyage, and its disasters, with the poetic licence of Fene-

lon's Telemachus, and the romantic spirit of Marmontel's Belisarius. A doubtful mist, it must be confessed, still hangs over the account, a mist which has been considerably increased by intelligence lately received, which describes the reception and treatment of a ship's company, who sailed near the island, as threatening and hostile in the extreme.

This alteration of deportment may, however, be easily accounted for, and was probably occasioned by the hopes of the islanders being disappointed, in not seeing Le Boo, a beloved son of Abba Thulle, King of the Islands, who, by his father's permission, and his own request, accompanied Captain Wilson to Europe; but, after charming and surprizing all who knew him, by his rapid conception, soft simplicity, and amiable sensibility, unfortunately died of the small-pox; a very probable evil, a calamity to be expected, and easily to have been prevented, had the young man been inoculated the moment he landed in England. That the honest, unsuspecting natives, should receive those, whom they considered as ruffians, and the murderers of their prince, an amiable young man, is no very incredible circumstance.

If, however, we could indulge the pleasing supposition, that Islands so remote from, and unknown to, European arts and policy, exhibited the mild manners, without the vices of polished life, the striking contrast might amuse a philosophic mind. While we contemplate the generous clemency and prompt hospitality of Abba Thulle, or the warm virtues and tender philan-
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thropy of Le Boo, his descendant, the parallel will be little to the advantage of Europe. Perhaps we should rather dread, than wish for their making further advances in the contaminating intercourse of nations. After all the boasted and exaggerated advantages of learning, religion, arts, laws, and commerce, can they, in every instance, compensate to the inhabitants of a country, such as Mr. Keate describes our Pacific Island, for banished simplicity and distorted nature, eternal wars, corrupted morals, bloody zeal, endless taxation, and complicated codes.

PARACELSUS, a Physician, of Zurich, in Switzerland, whose eccentric conduct, enthusiasm, boldness, and boasting, roused at the latter part of the fifteenth century, the envy or the indignation of his contemporaries. He has been abused as a quack, and a vain-glorious impostor; yet a man who enjoyed the confidence of Erasmus, in whose writings satirical remarks on the medical profession abound; he who was commended by Van Helmont, and an object of panegyric to Gerard Vossius, is not to be confined to ignominy and shame without examination.

This task, indeed, hath been undertaken and executed, with no small share of ingenuity, by an agreeable writer, and a learned man, who, in the same work, hath endeavoured to do justice to the powers of impudence, and to prove that simple, uncompounded, naked effrontery, without birth, address, or application, must and will generally succeed in the world; that the *Æs frontis triplex*, in plain Eu-

glis, a brazen face, with a confident look and solemn manner, that fears and doubts nothing, but promises every thing, will certainly conduct its undaunted possessor to fame and fortune.

But not to forget Paracelsus: after he had been instructed in the elements of his art by his father, an industrious apothecary, and had made considerable progress in such chymical knowledge as that age afforded, and to which the young man was inordinately attached, he visited the principal cities and universities of Europe. Acquisition of knowledge being the great object of his journey, he consulted, without scruple, physicians, barbers, apothecaries, conjurors, and old women, eagerly adopting from every quarter whatever he thought useful in practice. In the course of his travels, he was taught, or fancied he was taught, the secret of the philosopher's stone, the pursuit of which, however ridiculous its failure in discovering the art of turning all to gold, has been productive of golden advantages to mankind. At an æra, when nothing but the strong stimuli of avarice or fanaticism were able to rouse mankind, to investigate, to act, or to suffer, this infatuation paved the way for, and seduced its devoted victims to, chymical experiment, to which we are so highly indebted for a thousand discoveries and improvements in the various arts, which tend to the preservation, the comfort, the pleasure, and the ornament of human life.

The subject of our present article, impelled by curiosity, descended the mines, and traversed the
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immense space of the Russian empire, was taken prisoner by the Tartars, and indebted for liberty and life to his medical skill. After receiving many valuable presents from the Cham, he accompanied the son of that prince to Constantinople, and returning to Europe, was so fortunate as to restore Frobenius, a famous printer, to health. This circumstance introduced him to the acquaintance of Erasmus, and he was appointed professor of physic at Basle, with a handsome salary: but not being able to resist his fondness for wandering, he visited Italy, and on his return to Germany, died at Saltzbourg, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It was in his professor's chair, and during the interval of a vociferous lecture, that he burnt in a solemn manner, the writings of Galen and Avicenna, but always mentioned the name of Hippocrates with respect. His Latin, like his manners was barbarous; his words are said to have been ænigmas, his discourses mysterious, and often unintelligible. He passed for a magician, and was thought to have a familiar spirit, which resided in the hilt of his sword; he also undertook by a famous elixir, which still preserves the name he gave it, to prolong the life of man to almost any period; and if a patient at any time died, he would never allow that this invaluable preparation had been exhibited.

From this account it cannot be denied, that Paracelsus was a wild and visionary adventurer; that he too often lost sight of nature and common sense; that his notions were vain, his theories groundless,

and his conceits fantastic. But if we consider the bulk of writers of that age, in the walks of philosophy, divinity, and metaphysics, will it be found that they deserve a better character? From Galen, who is now oftner praised than read, passages might be produced equal in absurdity to the sublimest rant and most nonsensical flourishes of Paracelsus.

A contempt for learning hath also been laid to his charge; that physic cannot be acquired from books, was an adage he frequently quoted; he also repeatedly asserted, that an academic education was, by no means, the shortest path to medical knowledge and advancement; an opinion which modern apothecaries have long insinuated. These gentlemen insist that they are better qualified by education and practice, for administering medicine, than the Graduate fresh from the college or lecture-room; they triumphantly repeat the frequent threat of Rattcliffe; that he would leave the whole mystery of physic behind him, on half a sheet of paper. It has also been asked if the majority of those who succeed, are superior in book learning, and the languages, to Paracelsus? he occasionally lectured in Latin, and to the great mortification of Guy Patin, published three folio volumes in that language.

He has been severely censured, for wanting that diffidence, doubt, and hesitation, so essential to the character of a philosopher, in search of truth; but his accusers forget, that these very qualities, would have ruined him as a medical man; for the world always considers them (remember I speak of the mass, that

that is, the vulgar, great and small) as proofs of a want of skill. That boldness, self-importance, and confidence, which the learned are so angry with him for assuming, the infirmities of patients require; as they have not sufficient strength of mind to rest satisfied with the plain unvarnished tale of common sense, "Use the world ill, or, by —, they will use you so;" was the advice of the dogmatic, overbearing, insolent Ratcliffe, when he had reached the summit of professional eminence and wealth.

Let it not be understood, says the same intelligent author I have before quoted, that an odious and corrupt conduct is what I recommend; I only wish mankind to be dealt with, as they only *can* be dealt with, if we mean to render them any service. In a few words, is medicine, and the practice of physic, necessary, or is it not? if not, let the profession retire on pensions, and let it cease to be a branch of education; if, on the contrary, it be necessary, physicians must act, in such a way, as will recommend them to their patients; and he who puts on a grave, erect, and spirited air, accompanied with a tone of authority and confidence, will be much sooner employed, than a farabler man, who, with a peaking pitiful aspect, shrinks, droops, and trembles, under every action of his life.

All things, animate and inanimate, must be treated according to their nature; a lion in one way, a horse in another; but man, you will tell me, is a superior being, and ought to be treated rationally; agreed; but suppose he will not,

is he to sink under calamity and disease, because no kind friend, will humour the innocent freaks of frailty and imperfection?

I remember, a few years since, an itinerant quack, who raised considerable contributions on the credulity of the well-disposed inhabitants of a remote county in England; he scarcely possessed one requisite for the due performance of the arduous task he undertook, which was an important branch of medical surgery, yet he succeeded in a wonderful degree, and I believe might be now pointed out in splendid independence, the possessor of one of those luxurious villas, which adorn the environs of London. What then were the qualifications, it may be asked, by which he ascended the steeps of fortune. Did he possess a pleasing address? Were his manners elegant and refined? He was disgusting in person, slovenly in dress, unclean in habits, and of vulgar manners; his voice harsh, and his speech a dissonant provincial brogue. Had he learning? It was with difficulty he could read or write. What—a truce with your questions; give a man time to speak, and I will explain. An elaborate display of his own consequence, was at all times, and on all occasions, the subject of his daily conversation. The names of two or three half-witted people of consequence, who patronized him, and particularly that of a certain hair-brained baronet, were the unceasing burthen of his early matins, and his evening song, which generally began, and always ended, with the irresistible eloquence of self-approbation.

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His identical words, in unceasing repetition were, "Indeed I am a very clever fellow."

Thus simple instinct, a few degrees beyond what animates a monkey, a dormouse, or a cat, taught a clown the current language of low cunning and success. A mode of conduct, which, with the rational and well-informed, would have doomed him for life to hewing of wood, or, at most, to the obscene station of the lowest attendant on the stage of a mountebank, the admiration of ideots and drivellers, elevated him to wealth.

Men of merit, adapting their manners to the circumstances, situation, and education of their patients, must, in some degree, follow the same conduct; to be really deserving, is not alone sufficient; they must, if not by actual oral declaration, and impudent avowal, endeavour, at least, by circuitous inuendo, circumstance, pomp, and collusive puffs, proclaim to the gaping multitude, "Behold a man, who can cure *all* your complaints, who is superior in abilities to *all* modern physicians, and is, (I swear by the immortal Gods) very sensible and acute, in short, A VERY CLEVER FELLOW."

I had just revised the present article, and fully prepared for compositors, and printers' devils, who are ready to cut a man into pica, if they wait for copy, was sinking into the luxurious indolence of an arm-chair, a new book uncut, and that rarity in London, a quiet fire-side; when the death of my old friend Nicholas was suddenly announced, I start from my trance, and in spite of every

tendency, must say a word of a man, whom I used to call the Paracelsus of the eighteenth century.

Nicholas with all his eccentricities, is gone to his last home.—We once were intimate, but different pursuits, and my presuming sometimes to differ with him in opinion (an offence he did not readily forgive) had separated us for a long interval, and neither of us loved letter-writing, to a man *who has nothing to say*, an irksome and fatiguing task. I could not cordially listen to his two hour-harangues on compound fractures, his infallible remedy for the rheumatism, and his curing a — in ten days; when we latterly happened to meet, we were comfortably cool, glad to see each other, and as glad to part.

Yet Nicholas, with many faults, and some absurdities, was not without prominent excellencies; his heart was on all occasions alive to the calamities of his fellow creatures, he was ACTIVELY CHARITABLE; not satisfied with meeting, he sought for, and hunted out misery in its most wretched retreats; a firm believer in revelation, and able to defend what he believed; particularly hospitable to gospel ministers of every persuasion. It was also remarked, that he never suffered the Almighty to be mentioned with levity in his presence, without reproof; some thought it bordering on affectation, that whenever the name of God passed his own lips, he either rose from his seat, or uncovered his head.

Thus described, and thus compounded, after finishing his studies with credit to himself and his instructors, he settled as a surgeon

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in a village remote from the capital, and was alternately the comforter, the hero, or the tyrant of a district in which he passed forty years of his life, accumulated a fortune, and established his reputation. Uxorious, domestic, literary, botanic, and agricultural; his time fully, variously, and for the most part agreeably occupied; he was a stranger to that uncomfortable state of mind, which, for want of an expressive English word, we call ennui. Yet the happiness of Nicholas was not without alloy, he could not always suppress indignation at being buried in a hamlet, when he heard of men, whom he used to despise for imbecility, kissing hands for appointments at court, marrying heiresses, and building villas. On these occasions he did not recollect, that the life of a professional man, who means to be eminent, must be a life of sacrifices; that obsequiousness and self-denial must be added to toil, vigilance and activity. But to yield or give way in any one point of prejudice, whim, weakness, or caprice, was contrary to the theory, as well as the practice of Nicholas. He exemplified this unbending humour in the minutest and most trivial circumstances of private life; from the moment of quitting, 'till he retired to his bed, he pertinaciously wore his hat, his boots, and his great coat, in all winds, in all weathers, at all seasons, and in all companies; careful housewives might cry out against his nasty boots, and patients complain that a wet coat, and a dripping hat were not very suitable accompaniments for a sick room; deaf alike to the voice of pity or

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propriety, he kept his boot-jack at the bed-side, and the only peg for his hat, was his own head.

"I can render mankind essential services," would he exclaim in his magisterial reveries, "and I expect them to make me some allowances;" but Nicholas and the world did not exactly agree in sentiment, they knew and valued his medical qualifications, and rewarded him generously; but the moment they recovered, thanked God they were well rid of the Doctor, as well as the disease.

Yet with all his reputation, the practice of Nicholas was highly exceptionable; he had heard, and had read of certain powerful minerals, which, extracted from the bowels of the earth, and concentrated by chemic art, are found able to cope with malady, in its most formidable shape, and under the denomination of specifics, independent of mechanic effect, or the laws of circulation, appear to act by magic influence. With half a dozen of these Herculean Panaceas, a countenance not easily abashed, a sonorous voice, pompous manners, and a pair of bony geldings, he scoured the country in more senses than one. Succeeding in a few desperate cases, where certain cautious practitioners, whom he called triflers, had failed, his name was abroad; the nurses and good women called him a *fine man*, and better judges were not satisfied with the death of a relation, 'till Nicholas had decided their fate.

But in the rapidity of his medical career, he paid no attention to delicacy of system, tender habit, or peculiarity of constitution; after
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pronouncing the name of the disorder, the same medicines, in the same form, and in a similar dose, were given to every patient; it is scarcely necessary to add, that by such conduct, his pills, his draughts, and his drops, spread death and desolation round the country. Too vain to see his errors, too proud to acknowledge mistake, and too eminent to be suspected of acting amiss, I have not a doubt that in the course of a forty years extensive practice, he hurried several hundreds to an untimely grave; yet Nicholas died himself, a natural death, and *following his works*, was decently interred amongst his uncomplaining patients, in a country church-yard.

It is easier to lament the evils of a rash practitioner, than to enable mankind to guard against them, for who, but a medical man, can detect medical obliquity. One caution on the subject may not however be amiss; that man, who in the common actions of life, discovers eccentric, odd manners, and impatience of contradiction who betrays in his general conduct, overweening vanity, and a defect of those most precious of all commodities, prudence and common sense, is not generally speaking, to be selected for medical attendance; the art of healing requires at times such a portion of philosophy, forbearance, and strength of mind, and must at times, so strongly impress the conviction of the insufficiency of human art, that I may venture to pronounce such a character as I have described, as unfit for a safe or a conscientious practice of it.

PPAINE, THOMAS, a stay-maker, a revenue officer, a political writer, and a man of genius, who, with much of strong argument, and much of coarse invective, but occasionally with a mixture of exaggerating misrepresentation, and vulgar quaintness, has been accused of fanning the flames of sedition on either side of the Atlantic, but with very different effects. In the English colonies, his writings were perused with avidity, and followed up with measures, which, after a long and bloody struggle, established a republic, whose open arms, and boundless territories, for ages yet to come, will afford a refuge to the unfortunate, from the luxuries, the imposts, the sins, and the sorrows of Europe.

In Great Britain, after rousing the resentments of Mr. Burke, and awakening aristocracy from her golden dream, his pamphlets have been attacked by the crown lawyers, deeply intrenched in precedent, prerogative, and legal inuendo; they have been pronounced libellous, their sale interdicted, by a tribunal, whose sentence I have neither right or inclination to contradict; and many respectable individuals, by inadvertently selling them, have exposed themselves to obloquy, prosecution, fine, and imprisonment. At the same time, by ministerial management, or by popular prejudices, operating on the open generosity of our English character, suspicion was fomented into malignity; terror, real or affected, in proportion to the strength or weakness of each man's mind, pervaded every rank; the tower
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of London was fortified with barrels of earth, and Lord Loughborough, induted by the magnitude of his prospects, or the urgency of his apprehensions, for those who greatly hope must greatly fear, turned his back on his friends, and was prevailed on to accept the seals, with an income of ten thousand a year; an enormous amount, to which, I understand, our eternal bankruptcies have raised the chancellor's income.

Whilst I venerate the form, but lament the palpable corruptions, of our constitution, in matters of revenue, religion, legislature, princely expenditure, and representation; errors, corruptions, and excesses, which make it almost impossible for the middle ranks to keep a shilling in their pockets, and shut out thousands of conscientious men from serving their country; I hope and trust that I am not insensible of the comforts and security it affords; that I am not wanting in a rational attachment to that king, and those lords and commons, of which it is composed. Yet, I confess myself wholly a stranger to that outrageous zeal, that modern species of Birmingham loyalty, which villifies the motives, destroys the person, and burns down the house of a neighbour, who happens to differ from me in opinion.

This unpropitious circumstance, in the treatment of Thomas Paine, notwithstanding the manifold errors and defects of his writings, operates as a species of internal evidence in his favor; the majority of his literary opponents, instead of answering his arguments, and combating his deductions, by

fair reasoning, have exhausted their whole strength in endeavours to blacken his character, and present to public view the most indefensible passages of his life. This charge is equally applicable to his exasperated *divine* biographer, whose pen is the tomahawk of a savage, to the Crown and Anchor chairman, and to Mr. Arthur Young; wrapped up in snug sinecures, these eloquent, *disinterested* praisers of the constitution to which they adhere, and whose juices they suck, with the philanthropy and patriotic attachment of a sagacious leech; these gentlemen forget, that it is possible for the same man to be the greatest rascal in the world, and yet be a keen and sensible writer; that their proving (supposing them to have proved) that he has at times acted an inhuman, and even a dishonest part, does not overset one iota, or one tittle, of the strong political axioms he produces. Were it my business, or indeed were it at all to the purpose, to enter the lists with Mr. Paine, he is vulnerable on every side, on the score of political and moral expediency; while a prevalent antipathy to the marine power of Great Britain, breathes through every page, and he fixes his eyes on our West India islands, with the interested views, and inveterate prejudices, of a transatlantic citizen, anticipating the glories of an American navy, five hundred years before its establishment.

How much wiser would these writers have acted, had they been argumentative instead of grossly personal, had they turned their thoughts to the real sources of our calamities; for I am convinced,

that the dereliction of duty, as well as decency, in the more exalted ranks of life, and the public discussion of certain enormous debts, have diffused antimonarchic sentiments and principles more widely, than all that Thomas Paine ever wrote, or the most democratic republican ever imagined. I am clearly of opinion, that a cool and dispassionate pamphlet, endeavouring to prove, that the subject of my present article was attempting to place power in hands totally inadequate to the management of it, and which, possibly with the best intentions, they would have exerted only to their own destruction, or the producing that worst species of despotism, the despotism of democracy, would have been a more effectual and popular reply to his *Rights of Man*, than the most elaborate scrutiny into, or the most authentic account of, his private life.

Speaking of the unfair arts which have been practised against the author of the *Rights of Man*, on the plea, that such a man, and such a writer, deserved no better usage; I cannot refuse the praise of strong impression to the speech of Mr. Erskine.

"Great indeed," said our luminous advocate, "great are the embarrassments I have felt this day, but they have not been able to detach me from the duty I owe to my profession, to justice, to honor, and my country. An impartial trial is the first and dearest privilege of every Englishman, and the author of the *Rights of Man* would have had ample grounds of detraction, if there appeared the smallest tincture of partiality in the pro-

ceedings of this court. He might have complained, with reason, if the man he had chosen to defend him, had been intimidated by threats, or been prevailed on, in any way, to abandon his cause. I need not describe the difficulties of my situation, standing up, as I do, against prejudices that have been openly, widely, and generally circulated, against imputations of the grossest and most affecting kind. You cannot, gentlemen, be ignorant of the disgraceful means which have been taken, not merely to influence the public mind against the defendant, but to stamp and brand every man with the mark and reproach of disaffection to the government and constitution, who shall venture to hazard the slightest approbation of his doctrines.

"What would be the consequence, if a barrister were suffered to exercise his discretion, in stating what cases he would appear in, and what not? it would be arrogating to himself the office of a judge, and giving a previous decision on the case. Personal feelings ought never to weigh against public duty. I have treated with the contempt they merited, the sarcasms and calumnies with which I have been loaded; regardless of all that folly and all that malice can utter, I shall maintain, as long as life and sense remain, the equal right of every man in this kingdom to a fair trial.

"The defendant is charged with writing and publishing a book, hostile to the constitution of England.—The law of England knows of no such crime; it must be proved, in order to constitute

stitute his guilt, not whether the Attorney General, not whether you or I, approve the book, but whether, truly and bona fide, he composed and published it with the diabolical intention of provoking discord and dissention in the country. If he only thinks, that the constitution of England is not calculated to promote public happiness, he may differ in opinion with you and me, but he is not guilty of any offence against the law.

“Forms of government may at any time be discussed and scrutinized with the greatest rigor, corruptions or decay may be pointed out; in short, considerable latitude is to be allowed, in a free country, to writing and conversation, as long as we do not teach individuals to resist legal authority, and oppose the law of the land.

“The following is a sentiment from Mr. Paine’s book, to which, I believe, gentlemen of the jury, you, I, and every reasonable man, will readily consent. ‘If a law be bad, it is one thing to oppose and resist its execution, but very different to expose its errors, reason on its defects, and endeavour to procure its repeal. It is better to obey a bad law, reasoning at the same time against it, than forcibly to violate it, because breaking a bad law might lead to discretionary violations of those which are good.’

“If no man had been allowed, from the force of superior intellect, to point out improvements in our social system, how would the English constitution have attained that beautiful shape and prosperous establishment, which the Attorney

General thinks it profanation to meddle with or touch? When Mr. Burke asserts, that the people of this country are utterly and forever deprived of the power of changing their constitution, he claps a padlock on reason, he prohibits liberal discussion. The human mind cannot live under restraint; if men are permitted to communicate their thoughts, indignation flies off like fire spread on a surface, like gunpowder scattered, it kindles, it communicates. But under restraint, it is a subterraneous fire, whose agitation is unseen, till it bursts into earthquake and volcano.

“On the present occasion, gentlemen, you must guard your minds against the infection of popular frenzy; you must firmly elevate yourselves above the prejudices of human weakness; you must discover the mind of the author in his book, not in the rage and desperate cant of the times. The defendant and his book have been condemned by bell, book, and candle; by argument, by violence, by imputation, and by threats, in every little parish in the kingdom. Associations have been formed to burn his pamphlets, and hang his effigy; presses have been erected, and been working night and day, to counteract his poison (I hope they have not diffused it) and an author considers it as the great glory of his pen, to have circulated the indecorous lapses and private scandal of his life.—The result of all is, that the cause hath been prejudged, that the mind of no man, within the sweep of such a torrent, can be free.

“It has been said, by some of our

our loyal associators, that the great Harrington was as great a thief, and as obscure a ruffian, as Thomas Paine. They appear to have forgotten, that he was descended from the most ancient branches of our first nobility, that he reflected honor on the dukes, marquisses, barons, and knights of the garter, from whom he sprung. He was the faithful servant of King Charles the First, and of such undoubted honor, that he avowed republican principles, yet retained the confidence and affection of his master. In the shipwreck of his life and fortune, when the courtiers were fled or flying, in every direction, from the unhappy monarch, Harrington, in spite of death and danger, repeatedly visited him in the Isle of Wight; and although surrounded by parliamentary soldiers, took his last farewell, fell into his arms, and fainted on the fatal scaffold.

"After the King's death, he wrote the famous Oceana, in which he praises his virtues, laments his errors, and ascribes his misfortunes to the feeble nature of a monarchy.

"To win the affections of Englishmen, their reason must be convinced; it is principle only that can render loyalty sincere and vigorous. The sure secret of attaching the people to any form of government, is to convince them, that their interest and happiness depend on it. Constraint is the natural parent of resistance; where one side is tyrannical, the other will always be refractory. You remember Lucian's pleasant story: Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, familiarly conversing on the subject of heaven

and earth. A little matter of dispute arose, and while the god strove to convince the rustic by argument, he listened with profound attention; but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned hastily round, and threatened him with his thunder. 'Now,' says the countryman, 'I know you are in the wrong; if you were right, you would never appeal to your thunder.'

The pleasure of its perusal, is I trust an ample apology for the length of my quotation. In reply to our able and brilliant advocate, it has been observed, that the man who ridicules, and exposes a constitution, in its several branches, makes a dangerous and near approach to the assailant who openly resists, and opposes the laws it inculcates. That with respect to the general alarm, and inveterate prejudice roused against Thomas Paine, IT WAS NECESSARY TO OPPOSE ENTHUSIASM TO ENTHUSIASM, that in no other effectual way, could the great body of the people have been put on their guard against the fascinating omnipotence of his system, so admirably calculated to level the barriers of private integrity, and destroy social attachment. Doctrines which tell a footman he is as well entitled to the sideboard and drawing-room as his master; and the beggar, that rank and subordination are a violation of his privileges and rights. Against such doctrines, a more than common stimulus was required to excite resistance; a union of zeal, ardour, men, and money were necessary to counteract their wide spreading and magic influence.

The bitter seeds of malignity and discontent

discontent, from the unhappy, but unavoidable disproportion in the allotment of the good things of life; the bitter seeds of malignity and discontent are deeply sown in the minds of the lower classes of society, they wanted only the quickening productive hot-house of Thomas Paine, to call them into rapid vegetation, and the strong evergreen would quickly have overshadowed the land.

I hope and believe, that a hard hearted neglect of the middle ranks, the poor and the needy, is not one of the numerous sins of my life; I feel, and I thank God for the soothing reflection, I feel that it is not; but while it is evidently the duty, as well as interest of the great, the wealthy, and the exalted, to turn a commiserating and attentive eye to the wants and distresses of their fellow creatures, the more humble ranks should remember *they* also have important and indispensable duties to perform, that to suffer as well as to act with cool intrepidity; that to be calm and erect under misfortune, is the character of a patriot, a hero, and a christian.

It was attempted in a conversation, to settle a comparison between the merits of Paine and Mackintosh, as literary men; "Tom writes for the kitchen, Mr. Mackintosh for the parlour," was the decision.

The following circumstance, seems a proper addition to the present article; I understand it to be founded on fact. A meeting was held at Warminster to suppress the seditious publications, inter alia, it was proposed to burn an effigy of TOM PAINE; but to this,

many respectable farmers objected, as they had dealt with him for many years, and found him to be an honest man. The only TOM PAINE of whom they had ever heard, was TOM PAINE, the butcher of Warminster.

"My neighbours," said a member for a borough in the West of England, on hearing the story, "my neighbours do not read so much as their fellow subjects, and are therefore more loyal."

PEEAGE, an instance on record of its being refused, however incredible it may appear to those worthy commoners and their ladies, who long to decorate their coaches and sedans, with the fading splendors of a coronet.

In the beginning of the reign of King George the First, an article appeared in the London Gazette, specifying that Miles Wharton, Esq. was created a Baron, by the style and title of Lord Wharton. From a consciousness of the superiority of personal worth, from habits of retirement, or other motives, not handed down, this dazzling object of ardent desire to so many, was in the present instance, refused, or *not accepted*, and in the next week's gazette, the following advertisement was inserted.

"His majesty having graciously designed to confer the honor of the Peerage on Mr. Wharton; that gentleman is duly sensible of his sovereign's goodness and favor, but humbly begs leave to decline the high honour intended him."

The bed-chamber lords, gentlemen ushers, pages, and knight harbingers, shrugged up their pliant shoulders, at this reversal of a royal fiat,

fiat, and independent of losing their fees, considered it as contempt of court. Yet the very circumstances of the transaction I relate, prove, that the king or minister had chosen a proper person for the exalted and important rank of a peer of the realm; I cannot but consider him as the fittest man for an elevated station, who from the nature perhaps of the services expected, has the spirit, the independence, or the modesty to decline it; "præfulgebant Brutus et Cassius, eo quod eorum imagines non videbantur."

Those industrious levee-hunters, those assiduous attendants at the drawing room, and bed chamber, so often successful in court intrigue, are frequently, and indeed generally from frivolous and dissipated manners, the least qualified of all men on earth, for the posts or employments they solicit; while the unhappy individual, formed by nature and education, for a due performance of *any* duties he may undertake, but untaught to cringe, to flatter, and betray, is perishing by inches in some subaltern situation, or worn down with sedentary drudgery; the miserable substitute of a superficial principal, who is rioting on national wealth.

At a certain period of the disastrous American war, when our political horizon was black and cloudy on every side, who would have believed, that we were to be indebted for extrication from impending ruin, to a naval veteran, pining at the moment, in penurious obscurity, at Paris? and as I am told on good authority, actually obliged to a French nobleman, for enabling him, by a pecuniary pre-

sent, to return to England. I am convinced, that the feelings of my generous countrymen must have been warmly agitated by such a prophetic declaration! How great then would have been the general emotion, on hearing, that the conqueror of De Graffe, and the saviour of our West India islands, was superseded at the very moment he was destroying the French fleet, and recalled almost at the moment of a brilliant and decisive victory.

But for the fortunate application of the first Mr. Pitt, when secretary of state to Lord Northington, the chancellor; the patriotic opposer of general warrants, the venerable and indefatigable supporter of Mr. Fox's jury bill, in the House of Lords, the excellent Lord Camden might have lived and died up three pair of stairs in the Temple. "Can you procure for me a young man of sound knowledge in the law, of not very extensive practice, and I will make his occasional attendance at the office, worth his while, said Lord Chatham, *with an addition, worthy the notice of his son*; for I want a person of legal knowledge about me, that we may ACT CONSTITUTIONALLY."

Mr. Pratt was recommended, and a friendship commenced, which conducted him to the highest honours of the state, and still continues, with unabated affection, between their descendants.

PERFECTION, and Correct Conduct. Men too apt to expect it in females, while they indulge themselves in unbridled and abominable licentiousness.—See the latter part of the article, Widow of Ephesus.

PITT,

PITT, WILLIAM, second son of the Earl of Chatham, first commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, who studied, and I believe for a short time practised as a barrister at law; but it was not his fate to lose himself in the intricacies of modern jurisprudence, and retail his opinions for gold; a more splendid, and to the public, a more beneficial situation was reserved for him.

At a period of life, when most of us absorbed in dissipation, folly, pharo, and sensuality, are sowing with profusion, the seeds of repentance and remorse, which gradually springing up, embitter our future days; with a stoicism and application, which it is easier to deride, than imitate, he vigorously applied the whole powers of his mind to public business, and private improvement. With the youthful down still on his cheek, he plunged into the tumultuous sea of politics; setting equally at defiance, compromise, or competition, he prudently steered amidst the quicksands of party, weathered the stormy billows of opposition, and finally gained the wished-for port, where he reigns supreme, the favorite of his sovereign, the arbiter of his associates, and with a few exceptions, the idol of the people.

When we behold a young man thus occupying a post, which cabinet veterans, and hoary politicians have passed a long life, in qualifying themselves for, or in vainly attempting to attain; we are naturally induced to enquire by what superior merits, such superior, such uncommon objects have been attained.

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At a certain period of his reign, the situation of our sovereign, as to his confidential servants, was confessedly hopeless. He had experienced mortifications, various and severe; Lord North, considering the existence of a minister, as incompatible with the disapprobation of Parliament, had retired without a sigh: the Rockingham party, with all the merit of good intention, dissolved in its own weakness; Lord Shelburne was unpopular; the Duke of Grafton had felt, by woeful experience, that his only safety was in flight; and Mr. Fox had given personal offence, by defining the regal power, in terms too coarse for the sensitive texture of a royal ear, an offence which I understand is never to be forgiven.

Surrounded by ministers whose principles or conduct he did not approve, our gracious king anxiously looked around him for an Atlas equal to the burthen of ministerial responsibility; and a young man presented himself, in the prime of life, of popular name, correct conduct, and morals like his own, undebauched, but, like his own, sufficiently pliable for political manœuvre and cabinet intrigue. The affairs of the East India company having been long and desperately deranged, decisive measures were loudly called for, to remedy, by striking at the root of the evil.

To prevent speculation, to introduce accuracy, order, and rigid supervision, the bill of Mr. Fox was produced; but an incautious distribution of patronage, first exciting discontent in a certain cabal behind the curtain, an invasion of chartered rights was conjured
M up;

up; the royal opinion on a bill under parliamentary discussion, was diligently and indecently propagated; the weak were alarmed, the ill-designing set in motion, Lord Temple laid the train, the watchword was given, and Pitt and the constitution spread like wild-fire through the nation.

To survey minutely the political services of this minister of the crown, is not consistent with my plan, it will be sufficient to observe, that a personal dislike of his predecessors, rather than any eminent capacity, or extraordinary talents of his own, were the prominent and immediate causes of his early and rapid advancement. A concurrence of events, had deprived his majesty's servants of their master's confidence and support, and the rays of royal favor, collected in a strong focus, were happily centered in Mr. Pitt. These advantages he has improved, by what I consider his leading characteristic qualities; qualities diametrically opposite, and seldom united in the same person; immoveable firmness, and accommodating prudent pliancy. The first furnished him with steadiness and resolution to keep his seat at the treasury, against the sense of a majority of the House of Commons, which every other minister had been taught to tremble at, and shrink from; it also supported him firm and unshaken against a host of enemies, amidst the declamatory violence of the debates on the regency. In circumstances for which parliamentary records could scarce find a precedent, he was not to be subdued by popular clamour, he was unawed by the frowns of princes!

His accommodating pliancy, his yielding to and accepting advice and assistance from any quarter has been exemplified in every measure of his administration; by his Irish propositions, his tobacco act, and his dereliction of the Dissenters, who once so zealously supported him; by his evasion of a parliamentary reform, and his singular conduct in the slave trade, when every traveller knows that in the present state of things, a prime minister may carry any decent measure, if he really and seriously wishes it; I wish to speak of facts, equally avoiding invective and pænegyric.

Mr. Pitt appears to advantage, as a diligent improver of the plans of others, rather than an original discoverer of means himself, a man of expedients, a useful, but not a great minister; and better calculated for a country sinking under accumulating burthens, than a more splendid, or a more enterprising one.

"Mr. Pitt," (says the author of a declamatory invective) "has the address beyond any minister I ever knew, of disguising all his hateful measures, in an alluring, popular mask. Few men ever possessed in a greater degree, the glitter of tinsel, the gewgaw glare of foil so attractive to women and children.

"Though the path," says the same author, who addressed the Premier, during the regency debates, when he was hourly expected to resign, "though the path to greatness and glory is barred against you, as a statesman, nature and education have eminently qualified you for the bar. The court of King's bench, where your friend pre-

presides, opens its friendly doors, and you may sink with safety into a respectable barrister; with your brief, your tie-wig, and the fourth part of a hackney coach, you will be valued by solicitors and attorneys; by pompous diction, studied phraseology, and nicely selected words, you may sooth the slumbers of a puiſne judge, and mislead a petty jury." But the prophetic spirit of this writer failed, the king happily recovered, and our young Palinurus still grasps with tenacious hand, the reins of administration.

Much has been said on the extension of the excise, his favorite mode of securing the revenue, which Sir Robert Walpole, by popular clamour, was obliged to abandon; and few ministers in this country have been bold enough again to resume. It ought in justice to be observed, that the alarming state of our public debt, (most of which was incurred before the present servants of the crown came into office) rendered a strict attention to improving the annual receipt absolutely necessary; and I believe it is generally understood, that on many articles, no tax can, in any tolerable degree, be rendered productive, without the odious and unpopular interposition of the excise. It is assuredly a serious evil, a perplexing domestic grievance; but I fear it is a necessary consequence of national incumbrances, which puzzle the arithmetician to specify, and which no thinking man can contemplate without a sigh.

It cannot but excite our just resentment, when we observe the malignant and cruel industry with

which the opinions of Mr. Pitt on parliamentary representation, have been selected and presented to public view; opinions evidently formed at a season of his life, which had afforded no opportunity for trying them by the touchstone of age and experience. At that period, the keen ardor of hunting for popularity prevented his attending to a more useful species of political wisdom, in which, to do him justice, he has not of late years been deficient.

"The life, the liberty, the property of every one," said our mistaken minister, if we may credit the report of his adversaries, "are, or may be affected, by the law of the land in which he lives, and the right of electing the person who is to make those laws, is in every commoner of the realm, except infants, lunatics, and criminals. It is also a fact, that in many places, the members are actually returned at the pleasure of one man; and that the number of voters in this kingdom doth not amount to a sixth part of the whole, who are thus deprived of their right, and governed by laws to which they have not given their consent."

These traducers, who, by their ill-timed and vexatious republications, interrupt Mr. Pitt in his continental alliances, and his profitable loans; these traducers forget, that, in answer to their statement of the question, it has been proved, that a universal suffrage would render our form of government dangerously democratic, and would throw too preponderating a weight into a scale already gravitating, in an undue degree, on the

popular

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popular side. It has been added, that, according to the spirit and letter of the English constitution, the privilege of voting for county members naturally follows landed property; and that he who is invested with a freehold in the soil, is most likely, having, *bona fide*, a country to lose, to be a faithful and good subject.

Without assuming the ability of deciding on a point, which has exercised the ingenuity of modern times, and on which so much may be said; I cannot help remarking, as a literary curiosity, the following courteous letter from the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to John Terence Frost, at that time his confidential friend and correspondent; but, during a late period of alarm and universal terror, the subject of a proclamation in the Gazette, and a prosecution for seditious words. To those who, after reading the letter, may view with surprise such revolutions in friendship, principles, and measures; it may be necessary to premise, that the attorney had, at that time, evinced no symptoms of incivism, and that he was the trusty agent of Lord Hood, during the immaculate transactions of the Westminster election.

DEAR SIR,

I beg you will assure the gentlemen of the committee for prosecuting a reform in parliament, that my efforts shall never be wanting to support a measure, which I conceive to be essential to the independence of parliament, and the liberties of the people.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM PITT.

Thus, reform, in the hands of

our young Magician, becomes a second Aaron's rod, a harmless inanimate staff, or a stinging, hissing serpent, with which he keeps in awe the idolatrous Israelites of St. James's and St. Stephen's; and, as I am told, but can scarcely believe, sometimes their master.

On the subject of the present war, I have presumed, on several occasions, to give my opinion, that it might have been prevented by previous negociation and cool discussion; perhaps I am mistaken; but once engaged in it, I confess I see neither wisdom or policy in repeatedly declaring to a powerful enemy, that we are exhausted, and unable to continue the contest; I cannot reconcile such conduct in certain opponents of Mr. Pitt, however I may otherwise value them, with their experience as statesmen, or their feelings as Englishmen.

PLAYHOUSE, the profest diversion of the age, which flourishes, with renovated vigor and luxurious elegance, in defiance of timid, short-sighted moralists, and the more furious attacks of the puritan and methodist. In the ardor of mistaken, but well-meaning zeal, these declaimers forget, that a love of pleasure is a natural, and, if moderately and legitimately indulged, a rational principle, implanted, for wise purposes, in the breasts of us all.

That it is unlawful to laugh, and criminal to pretend to be happy, an impious idea, which describes the Almighty and benevolent Disposer of the universe as a tyrant, and man as the victim of a severe anticipating destiny, could only have entered an imagination clouded

clouded by calvinistic despair, and impervious to the soft rays of hope and mercy. But, supposing that the doors of our theatres could be closed, I fear that the divine and the philanthropist would have gained an inglorious and ineffectual victory, by driving the promiscuous multitude of a crowded metropolis to the sties of sensuality and drunkenness, or the recesses of secret sin.

Yet the merit of Joel Collier, and those who followed him, should not be forgotten; they attacked and drove from the stage those impious raileries and obscene allusions, injurious to correct amusement, and disgraceful to national taste, which tainted the dramas of the day, and too often fully the witty pages of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanburgh.

It would be easy, in the present instance, as hath been repeatedly observed in other parts of this collection, it would be easy from the abuse to argue against the temperate use of an innocent, and, properly conducted, a moral amusement; for does it at all follow from reason, or the nature of things, but rather from a negligent and corrupted police, that the avenues of our theatres must, on every side, be surrounded by the noisome and polluted dens of prostitution, infamy, and fraud? where women and wine are employed, by well-known desperadoes and their emissaries, as decoys to the gaming table, whilst plunder and suicide close the dismal scene.

The same argument might, with similar propriety, be alledged against Kings, because St. James's Palace, the residence of a prince

exemplary for purity of manners and decorous conduct, is almost elbowed by gamblers, pickpockets and impures; that if fire from heaven, as in the days of the patriarchs, should descend and destroy every house of infamy in the royal purlieus, our gracious monarch would almost have a desert around him.

But it was not to criticise on the drama, or moralise on its abuses, that the present article was introduced;—the public expectation has been strongly raised, and amply gratified, by the gorgeous decorations and bulky magnificence of our new-built theatres, which, leaving regal splendor and ecclesiastic grandeur at an humble distance, rival or outstrip the vast dimensions and graceful proportions of ancient art.

The Coup d'Œil is certainly striking, but, after the stare of wonder and the exclamations of panegyric are satiated and exhausted, when the critic and dramatic amateur are seated in the brilliant magic circle, to enjoy that for which most rational men visit a theatre, they will find, with regret, that comfort, and the pleasure of distinctly hearing what is said on the stage, have been wholly sacrificed to architectural grandeur and vastness of space; a space, which the woeful experience of past seasons has feelingly told the managers, is never, but on the rare occasion of some peculiar temporary stimulus, adequately occupied;

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door,
has repeatedly presented itself to the imagination as well as feelings of many a shivering spectator.

Mr.

Mr. Sheridan might have been taught, without paying so dearly for his knowledge, and without exhibiting the degrading spectacle of a half finished building (that unerring symptom of an empty treasury) he might have been taught, that there is a degree of space, accurately determined by reason and experience, beyond which the human voice, however artificially assisted, or violently strained, cannot with efficacy reach. For how much sooner the rapture of an immense receipt may seize the imagination, or tempt the avarice of a manager, he ought never to lose sight of the prior claims of the public, to comfort and amusement; or he will, as in the present case, be often obliged to exhibit his gilded lattices, his stuccoes, his pilasters, his processions, his cavalcades, his laughing tragedies and crying comedies, to empty benches; whilst the few who are so unlucky as to be entrapped by the gaudy puppet-show, will suffer mischiefs not easily remedied, from damp space unoccupied, and from freezing currents of air; and all they have in return, is a view of apparently dumb actors, whom they may like to see, but, with the exception of the fidlers, cannot possibly hear.

The public would have been to the full as well amused, and much better satisfied, had the theatres prepared for their reception been less gawdy and less stupendous, without levying additional contributions on their pockets; contributions which, in the present rage for sumptuous exhibition, they would have paid with less regret, had not the pleasure derived from

the drama, and the comfort of *bearing* a good play, been proportionately diminished, if not almost wholly destroyed.

POET LAUREAT, a title first invented by the Cæsars of Germany, perpetuated by custom or by vanity in the English court, and conferred at different times on the various and unequal merits of a Gower, a Skelton, a Dryden, a Cibber, and a Warton. From Augustus to George the Third, the Muse has too often been flattering and venal, "but it will be difficult to produce in any age or country, a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who is bound to furnish twice a year, a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the presence of the sovereign and his court."

The Delphic laurel, in the mythology of the Greeks consecrated to Apollo, and celebrated by the enthusiastic imagination of poets, and the garland of oak-leaves distributed to victors in the Roman Capitoline games, probably first suggested such a literary distinction, which with its various ceremonies, was continued to the reign of Theodosius, who abolished it, as a remnant of Pagan superstition.

After ages of desolation and barbarism, when few could write, and few enjoy the pleasures of good writing, this title, after due examination, was renewed with considerable splendor, in the tender and accomplished Petrarch, whose name, though his works have been consigned to oblivion, by certain modern critics, has a strong and just claim to gratitude and praise, for reviving by precept, as well as example,

example, the spirit and studies of the Augustan age.

Various and violent disputes have arisen on the subject of Laura; by some commentators, her existence has been denied, and by others, as strongly supported; whether she was or was not married, has also afforded ample matter for discussion. The Abbé de Sade, who glories in being her descendant, calls her the mother of eleven children, naming precisely the date of her birth, her marriage, her death, and the name of her husband, Hugues de Sade, a citizen of Avignon.

The identical object of a poet's love, sometimes existing only in his own heated imagination, and sometimes real flesh and blood, after so long an interval, cannot be easily ascertained. A laughable story has been circulated at the expence of Mr. Merry, on the faith of the author of the Baviad, who says, that the attention of this gentleman was caught by reading some pretty lines in a newspaper, to which a sonorous outlandish name was affixed, and that in the fervour of his imagination, he the next day addressed, in a sonnet, the author of the verses, whom he supposed a female, in the warm raptures of poetic love; but it unfortunately was discovered a few days after, that the writer was of the masculine gender, and if I mistake not, an African negro.

In the contest concerning Laura, as in many others, zeal and partiality too often supply the place of evidence and argument: both sides may be right in their assertions, concerning the person *they consider* as Petrarch's love, but *they* may be wrong, when their assertions are

applied to the real object of their hero's attachment. I confess I see no sort of disgrace attached to the poet or his mistress, from the mere circumstance of her being married, which the admirers of Petrarch, think it their duty so elaborately to refute, and so strenuously to deny.

I believe few men have passed through life without admiring, and sometimes celebrating female beauty and excellence, although possessed by another: but it must be extreme ignorance, or extreme malice only, that would convert every instance of such involuntary homage to feminine worth, into illicit intercourse. In such cases, the dangers of time, opportunity, and importunity, cannot be too often, or too strongly inculcated. But daily instances occur, in which, from the united force of friendship, interest, and religion, the nuptial vow has never been stained, even by what a late writer, irreverently calls, the innocent adultery of the eye.

The distinction of Poet Laureat, which Petrarch deserved and enjoyed, was conferred on Philephus a satirical generous, but distressed poet of the fifteenth century, whose Decades and prose epistles are not without entertaining anecdotes of his times; on Tasso who took refuge from calamity under the patronage of Cardinal Aldobrandini; on Querno the buffoon of Leo the tenth, and on Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius the third, who on being presented with a panegyric in verse by a poet who expected pecuniary recompence, gave him the following impromptu.

Pro-

Pro numeris numeros vobis Spe-
rate Poetæ,
Mutare est animus carmina, non
emere.

To which the writer with spirit,
perhaps with justice, replied:

Si tibi pro numeris numeros for-
tuna dedisset

Non esset capiti tanta corona
tuo.

To my fair readers who may feel the inconvenience of a dead language, it may be necessary to explain that the Pope in his two lines, expressed his determination to give verse for verse, that he would barter but not buy poetry: to this the disappointed expectant replied, that if his Holiness had never met with any other return, for the labours of his pen, the triple crown would never have encircled his head.

POPE, ALEXANDER, the most correct and harmonious of English poets, evidently, and, in the first instance, from his own confession, assisted by the rich melody of Dryden, and the strong imagination of Milton.

On a writer who has exhausted the copiousness of Ruffhead, the versatile refinement of Dr. Warton, the candid, well-informed criticism of Spence, and the acute precision of Dr. Johnson, little remains to be said; yet I cannot help acknowledging the pleasant and scientific manner in which the second writer after a pause of twenty years, has gradually undermined the untenable assertions contained in his first volume, concerning the genius and writings of the subject of this article. I only wish that Dr. Warton, and other men of genius like him, and his late bro-

ther, would often advance some ingenious paradox, for the exercise or the amusement of literary circles, and that the public might occasionally be gratified and improved, by such elaborate, and judicious recantations.

"Pope," says one of his bitter periodic enemies (speaking of Heloise) and ingeniously if not successfully answered by Miss Seward, "Pope has taken much pains to make a penitent Nun, speak the language of a prostitute." The assertion of this gallant champion, for the fair but frail recluse, is not without foundation, nor can such conduct be excused, by the fervid imagination of a poet, or the tempting opportunity such singular adventures afforded, to the creative mind of a man of genius, for glowing description, passionate language, picturesque imagery, and pathetic exclamation. For who can read the inimitable epistle of Heloise to Abela, without experiencing the alternate impulse of desire, pity, or rage, and lastly, the freezing languor of irrecoverable despair.

Yet, in strictness of fact, the poem is erroneous, for the unfortunate Heloise was not so wholly, so decidedly lost to the importance of fair fame, and the world's good opinion, as to decline marriage *on her own account*, or on the licentious principles of our poet; who I believe would have been an ardent rake, but for the mortifying impediments of a distorted form, and a tender constitution. "Nuptiæ non conveniunt cum philosopho." Wedlock and its cares are unsuitable to the life and habits of a man of learning, are the words of

of this accomplished woman, who was conversant in several languages, as well as mistress of that which is the most intelligible, and most forcible of all others, the language of the heart.

She considered, she sensibly considered marriage as inconsistent with the pursuits of her lover, who was ambitious of literary fame, and fired with the keen ardour of polemic controversy, the fashionable scholastic learning of his day, the entities and quiddities of the irrefragable Doctor, Duns Scotus, &c. Of these curious lucubrations of Abelard, evidently the productions of an acute, but misguided mind, a thick volume is extant, a species of reading, not very acceptable to readers of the present times.

This statement, strictly consistent with historic truth, but widely different from the sensual and voluptuous motives, so seducingly displayed in Pope's epistle, surely places Heloise in a most amiable and endearing point of view.

I may probably be thought over-scrupulous, and unreasonably severe, in wishing to remove the interesting and pleasing volumes of this author, from his usual shelf in the library. I may provoke the censure so often pronounced against the present age, that the farther advances we make in debauchery and excess, the more scrupulous and fastidiously nice we become in our taste and apprehensions; that before a life of abandoned infamy, we draw a thin and flimsy curtain of preposterous affectation, and faces hardened by the bronze of guilt, we plaster and dawb

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over with artificial blushes, the ineffectual semblance of innocence and sensibility. "A rank hypocrite upon record," (says a late writer) "a profligate, well known in every stew, and posted in the spurious chronicles of every parish in which he has resided, shall rouse the indignation of an audience, for a minute violation of public decency, or the most distant warm allusion in a play or in conversation, and shall condemn a book to obloquy and reproach, for the slightest deviation from strict decorum, while the prude and demirep, who join in chorus with their hero, abuse, yet enjoy the forbidden fruit."

Yet I cannot but think the passages, to whose avowed licentiousness of sentiment and irritating voluptuousness I have just alluded, as highly injurious to the manners of a rising generation, and incompatible with that unsullied purity, so desirable in female minds, and so very essential to the welfare of families. I once heard a modern Lorenzo, who is mentioned at the 54th page of the first volume of this work, a gay accomplished villain, who had killed his man, and debauched many women; I once heard him triumphantly declare, that it was his constant and regular system, in the prosecution of his amorous intrigues, to lay certain profligate, but well-written memoirs, as it were accidentally in the way; after they had produced their natural effects, he followed them up, by reading with due emphasis, significant gesture, and explanatory comment, this luscious poem, to his

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infatuated

infatuated victims, and he declared (initigated I hope rather by iniquitous vanity, than truth) that he *never* failed of success.

Pope has been lately accused of stealing largely, and without acknowledgment, from Theocritus and from Milton, who probably had been marauding before him: I can only apply on this occasion, what Charles the Second (with his usual nonfensical fishy oath) said of Dryden, on a similar accusation, "I wish our present poets *" would commit such agreeable thefts."*

POOOR LAWS. A particular defect in this complex system, relating to the arbitrary removal of paupers from parishes, in which they have not gained a legal settlement, has been lately the subject of important salutary regulation.

At a time when so much has been said of grievance, and so little done to remove it, I think it but justice, to a sensible and public spirited member of parliament, (Mr. East) to mention, with approbation, his bill for modifying, and, in some degree, repealing certain parts of a statute, singular for alternate and inconsistent traits of philanthropy, and hardness of heart. By the clauses lately repealed, a poor labourer, or an industrious mechanic, was exposed to the hardship of being ignominiously hurried, by the suggestions of selfishness, or malignity, from a spot, to which he was attached, by long association, and in which he was enabled to provide comfortably for his family. The remedy for such evils, as hath been before observed, "is to suffer every man

to exert his own labour and ingenuity, which are, in fact, the only real property, in whatever manner or place he thinks proper."

The following is part of Mr. Crabbe's poem, written in opposition to certain Utopian descriptions of primitive innocence, and perfect rural felicity; his sporting Curate, and the visit of the parish apothecary to a workhouse, though well drawn portraits, are, I hope, exaggerated, and not sketched from the life.

Speaking of the parish Poor House, "Here," says the poet,

————— Laws for ruin'd age
provide,
And strong compulsion plucks
the scrap from pride.
Here, on a matted flock with
dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines
his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup
applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates
in his eyes.
Anon a figure enters, quaintly
neat,
All pride and business, bustle
and conceit,
With speed that ent'ring, speaks
his haste to go;

—————
He bids the gazing throng
around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in
his eye;
In haste he seeks the bed where
mis'ry lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted
eyes,
And some habitual queries hur-
ried o'er,

Without

Without reply he rushes to the door;
His wasted patient, now too weak to crave assistance, mutely sinks into the grave.
The Curate is thus satirically described:

A jovial youth who thinks his Sunday's task,
As much as God or man can fairly ask.
None better skill'd, the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them, or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his bird he seldom miss,
And rarely fail'd to win his game at whist.
'Ere he arrives, the bitter scene is o'er,
The man, of many sorrows, sighs no more;
The happy dead remains from trouble free,
And the glad parish, pays the frugal fee.

In answer to Mr. Crabbe, it may be said, and indeed has been observed by Pope, though he forgets to mention that an ancient had said it before him; that the business of a writer of pastoral, is to select with judgment, the most agreeable and pleasant circumstances of a rural life, and to paint them in simple, but attractive colours. Were an author to determine to represent in his pastoral the real state of rustic manners and situations, and with truth and fact for his guides, minutely to describe the drudgery, oppression, and poverty, the low pleasures and multiplied pains, the laborious youth and neglected age of the

plough-man, the milk-maid, the cottager, the little farmer, and the peasant, his work would in effect be a satire of the severest kind; this task has been undertaken, and executed with spirit, in the poem from which I have made an extract.

To conclude, it falls to the lot of few country curates, to play their rubber at whist, keep a gelding, or associate with the squire; it is the happiness of few to enjoy or deserve, like Mr. Crabbe, the smiles of the great; the majority of these unhappy men pass their lives in penury, oblivion, and contempt; they toil and starve on forty pounds a year, while their principals, who have the trouble of coming down twice a year to receive their money, are either feeding luxuriously at the chaplain's table at St. James's, or slumbering in prebendal stalls.

POST, FREDERIC CHRISTIAN, a well disposed religious enthusiast, who by intermarrying with their females, and by attentively studying the customs and habits of Indians, and by personal integrity, exercised in the years 1758 and 1759, a powerful influence over the warlike tribes of Delaware and Ohio; nations, who though untutored in the arts and refinements of Europe, had proved themselves formidable enemies. The services of Post were highly important and well-timed, at a period when the prospects of England were gloomy and unpropitious; the devoted army of General Braddock, from too great security, that parent of danger, or from the predatory, harassing, and irregular mode of attack adopted by savages,

had, with their leader, been not only defeated, but almost literally cut to pieces; and it was become absolutely necessary to take some immediate and effectual means for counteracting the intrigues of France, who, by emissaries, by presents, by threats, or by misrepresentation, had seduced from our alliance the Shawanese, and other powerful tribes on that immense continent.

The expedition of General Forbes against Fort Duquesne was at this time also preparing; an expedition, in which difficulties and disasters, unknown in a German campaign, and dangers not to be guarded against by military precaution, were added to tardy levies, *an army on paper*, provincial disputes, slow payments, and a commander worn down by anxiety and disease, and obliged to give orders and attend his army on a litter. An enemy at one moment hovering or howling, the next, silently but assiduously watching every unguarded moment, to mark down from behind a tree, or to cut off by surprise every straggler; generally invisible, and for the most part inaccessible; while the feelings of a military man were irritated in the most vulnerable part, by his best men dropping around him, yet compelled by mortifying necessity, to bear the attacks of, but never pursue, a flying horde, who, at moments when exhausted nature was snatching a short interval of repose, rushing from precipices, thickets, and caverns, with hideous yell, diabolic features, and instruments of butchery, rather than death, were calculated to inspire horror

and dread in an extraordinary degree.

For these, and other reasons, I have long been induced to consider the expedition of Forbes as requiring, and actually displaying those consummate military requisites, so rarely united, *THE SUFFERING WITH PATIENT FIRMNESS*, as well as *ACTING WITH INTREPID VIGOR*, in a greater degree, than was exhibited by Wolfe or by Amherst. The events which immediately followed the victories of Quebec and Montreal, were, I confess, more rapid and decisive, and they have, on that account, been more warmly celebrated by historians, poets, and painters.

But to secure such advantages, or even to render the footing of the English at all permanent on the American continent, it was of the first consequence to detach the natives from their French allies, to mitigate resentment, and conciliate friendship; and after the war had for some time been raging, with inveterate animosity, where was the man to be found, who could be prevailed on to expose himself to the hardships of a long and perilous journey, through immense woods, infested with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, over morasses, swamps, and mountains; where the thickest brakes, most impracticable ravines, and regions least frequented, were to be explored, in order to avoid French scouts, and marauding parties of savages, whom to have met before any negociator had reached the Indian towns, and had a TALK with the chiefs, would have been certain death.

After repeated and large rewards had

had been vainly offered to the few who were qualified for the task, Christian Frederic Post, the subject of our present article, came forward, and, in an earnest manner, and with solemn gesture, spoke as follows. "If it please the Lord that I undertake the journey, and that I ultimately find favor in his sight, may I rest assured, that the national faith will be scrupulously observed in such treaty as I shall make? for it is with sorrow I declare, that by our treachery and fraud, the character of an Englishman is become a bye-word to the scornful, a reproach in the mouth of our enemies."

Such is the weight of personal character, or so well founded were the charges he made, that he was listened to with respectful attention, and assured that whatever engagements he entered into, should be religiously observed. After firmly rejecting every offer of compensation for an act which he declared, and was generally believed, nothing but God's blessing, and a conviction that it was his duty, could have prevailed on him to undertake; with little more than a few presents for the natives, a scrip and a staff, he plunged into the wilderness.

A strong, an enthusiastic, a rational reliance on Divine Providence, appears to have been his principal support under perils, which a European, with his English comforts about him, shudders only to read of. His cloaths and flesh torn by briars and thorns, half a night sometimes passed in a tree to avoid some real or suspected danger, and after descending, obliged to repose (I scarcely can

think sleep) 'till day light, drenched in rain, hungry, fatigued, and cold.

It is not necessary to dwell on adventures which, but for the known veracity of the man who related them, would scarcely be credited; after almost every species of difficulty and distress that romance has invented, or imagination can suggest, our intrepid traveller at length approached the confines of the Indian town; but the part he had to act on his arrival, was not without considerable hazard. He was sufficiently acquainted with the character of a savage, to be convinced, that if he did not first procure a fight, as well as a hearing of the Chiefs of the Tribes, he should instantly fall a sacrifice to the uncontrolled passions, and irritated resentments of angry individuals.

Such circumstances required coolness, intrepidity, and circumspection, as well as a certain portion of agility and strength of body. After accurately surveying the spot, he conveyed himself, unobserved, into a thicket, on a rising ground, near their habitations, and from this place watched till he saw the persons with whom he first wished to commence the TALK. The moment Christian Frederic saw a favorable opportunity, he undauntedly darted from his retreat, rushed towards the chiefs, to some of whom he was known, and threw himself into their arms and protection; a call sacred in the breast of an Indian, with all his excesses, and seldom or never violated. His presence soon excited curiosity and alarm, the savages quickly collected in numbers,

numbers, and the Shawanese, an exasperated and furious tribe, corrupted by Gallic presents, and recollecting that he was an English partizan, attempted to rush upon him with their tomahawks; but his hospitable and generous friends, who valued him as an old acquaintance, resolutely protected Pott from their weapons, received several wounds on their bodies, aimed at him, and after much persuasion, he was permitted to deliver his presents, and explain the object of his mission.

A tumultuous discussion took place, but the majority, partial to the character of a good man, known to be a religious observer of his word, finally accepted his offer, while their angry opponents, seceding to the opposite banks of a river which washed their town, to brood over their discontents, threatened, and even attempted, to assassinate the successful negotiator. A detachment on the point of setting out to harrafs General Forbes was countermanded, and the negotiation concluded, by the numerous tribes of Indians, who inhabit an immense tract of country, entirely abandoning the alliance of France.

Thus, a man of peculiar simplicity of manners, honest but unlearned, was enabled, by religious enthusiasm, knowledge of a certain kind, and by local habits, to render his country such services, as the most consummate military skill, united with erudition, accomplishment, and diplomatic dexterity, would have attempted in vain: he returned to enjoy the grateful acknowledgements of his countrymen, and the approbation of an

honest heart, but would never allow that he had performed more than an act of common duty, as a Christian and a man.

He concludes an account of his journey with a devout prayer, of which the following is a part. "Praise and glory be to the Lamb of God, which was slain for our redemption, which conducted me in safety through a land of perils, jealousy, and mistrust, where Satan, the prince of this world, has rule and government: blessed be the Lord, who hath preserved me under all dangers and difficulties, who was my guide through the wilderness, the mire, the thicket, and heavy darkness."

I could not help remarking, that in his different conversations with the Indians, I mean those who opposed his designs, the following shrewd but natural question, on the part of a native, evidently perplexed the sincerity and good sense of the envoy. "Why do the English and French come from their own countries to fight? can't they settle their disputes at home? You tell us, it is true, that the ground on which we hunt you have bought at a fair price, but remember, YOUR COUNTRYMEN ALWAYS MAKE THE POOR INDIANS STUPID WITH STRONG SPIRITS, WHENEVER THEY MEET TO AGREE FOR A PURCHASE."

POTT, PERCIVAL, an English surgeon, and a scientific writer, remarkable for the classic purity of his style, the scrupulous precision of his definitions, and unerring closeness of argument.

"His life," says a medical man, and one of his enthusiastic admirers, to whom I am obliged for
a good

a good part of this article, "his life was a national blessing, his death a national loss; he enlarged the bounds of art, human malady shrunk before him; he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame."

Comparisons have been said to be odious, yet, if by comparing the merits of those who have gone before, we are able to stimulate to useful exertion those who follow, why should comparisons be forbidden? Opposed to his cotemporaries, Gataker, Cæsar Hawkins, Bromfield, and Ranby, he was eminently superior in originality of thought, didactic perspicuity, and the simple graces of genius and taste, which are, when unadorned, adorned the most.

He predominated, early in life, in a profession, which has been said not to procure the members of it bread, till they have no teeth to eat it, particularly as a consulting surgeon, a path generally occupied by medical veterans; for fifty years he discharged, with fidelity and honor, the appointments of surgeon and lecturer to a large hospital, and during that period, in what quality, as a professional man or a gentleman, was he not remarkable for elegance, dexterity, and the rarely united powers of meliorating the rising generation by precept, and improving them by example?

Yet there were those about him, as there are, fortunately, about us all, to preserve vigilance, and suppress inordinate exultation, many *good-natured* friends, able, and no doubt willing, to mark down and proclaim his defects. Mr. Pott, on one occasion, was accused, by a cotemporary, who would

have been a good surgeon, and, from his abilities, must have succeeded, if he had not unfortunately been a *bon-vivant*; he was accused, by this second Rochester, in a moment of envy or irritation, of too pompous an affectation of the employment and association of the noble and great, to the total exclusion of the pleas of disease and poverty, the duties, the hospitalities, and the domestic endearments of life.—This accusation was glaringly contradicted by fact, for no man was better qualified to communicate, and no man received greater pleasure, at the table, the fire-side, or in professional conversation, than Mr. Pott. He was a fond father, a good husband, a successful cultivator of literature; in art an amateur as well as a connoisseur, two characters not always united. His pecuniary character is best ascertained by the life he led, the company he kept, and the fortune he left, which though competent and respectable, was less by one-third, than men with half his receipts have accumulated.

"If a patient ever presents himself to Pott," said the wit, after a second bottle; "if a patient calls, whom he suspects of not having a five guinea fee in his pocket, he always has his hand in the direction of his watch string, and the following, or some such speech ready cut and dried at his tongues end." "I must beg of you *my friend* to be as concise as possible, for I am to be at Lady Harrington's (the old Countess was at that time an excellent patient) I am to be at Lady Harrington's exactly at two, and am a very material evidence, in an important cause in
the

the court of King's bench, where I must be precisely at three, so that you see I have not a moment to lose." I am sorry it happened so," said a man of rather *unpromising* appearance, who from the eagerness of his enquiries, had been shown into the study, (at that time in Lincoln's-inn-fields) "for I am come post haste, in a chaise and four, which is only gone to change horses, to desire that you would instantly accompany me to Lord ——— who being thrown from his horse in hunting, has fractured his skull; and as I have the honor to be nearly related to him, I think it my duty to seek help where it can be the soonest procured. In spite of obstacles and entreaties, he rushed to the door, and left Don Diego, as you may suppose d—— by mortified.

Ridicule and buffoonery do not require truth and matter of fact, on which to raise their superstructures; this story, perhaps a fabrication of the moment, was well told, and calculated to raise a long and hearty laugh, at a tavern dinner. The company enjoyed the joke, admired the humour of the mimic, but like other men of a similar cast, he was admired and feared. This man, who with many good points, had brought cares on himself to drive ours away, was gradually neglected, avoided, and despised; and after a life of pecuniary difficulty, and shabby expedients, sunk into obscurity, dotage and oblivion.

PRATT, Mr. a pleasing prose writer, and, if he could have shaken off the idea of making books, a respectable and harmonious versifier.

This author, who often exhibits in the same page, such singular contrasts of brilliancy, and insipidity, and who is better known to the world under his assumed name of Courtney Melmoth, had been originally a clergyman in Northamptonshire, but yielding to the consequences of neglect or indecorum, seceded from the priesthood. All the intelligence I could procure on this subject, in a hasty journey I once made through a part of the country where Mr. Pratt had officiated, was, from a country female, who exclaimed, *that he had been a servile man among the women.*

His Emma Corbett, is a well drawn tragic piece, but of too melancholy a cast, for readers of weak nerves, whom I have often observed strongly affected by its perusal; he was accused by the partizans of the mother country, of putting all the argument in the scale of the assertor of American independence, the war on that continent being the ground work of his novel.

His Pupil of Pleasure, levelled against the destructive effects of the Chesterfield system, I have ever considered as a masterly performance; but he opens the campaign of his hero, in so fascinating a manner, describes his encounters, his victories, and his pleasures, in such high colouring, and paints certain scenes in a style of such irritating voluptuousness, before the catastrophe and punishment of so much villainy take place; that the antidote is said to have proved as destructive, as the poison, it was designed to counteract. With a view of correcting the errors of this

this novel, he afterwards published his Tutor of Truth.

Pratt never was popular.—It has been demanded, why? He was (at least ten years ago) pleasing in his person and manners; and at table, where there was Madeira for the complaint in his stomach, he had, for a woman's man, much interesting anecdote and ready information; perhaps he trod too closely on the heels of pompous plausibility, and affected refinement. With many literary, and many social accomplishments, how can we account for his being received, in certain circles, with an awkward kind of cautious reserve?

This I could only impute to his tendency to unceasing panegyric, on young men of a certain description, with lively imaginations, and well-lined pockets. On these affectors of literary association, he is said to have occasionally levied contributions, I mean in the fair way of debtor and creditor; for I acquit him of the infamy of gambling tricks, that modern fashionable shabby way, of making use of a friend. Pratt's conduct was rather the common, perhaps the justifiable finesse of a clever fellow, who could say good things, and praise the man, in prose or rhyme, who could not; but had plenty of guineas, almost the only commodity which the man of genius was without.

But there was, I believe, another more palpable cause for the suspicion which operated as a bar against poor Pratt getting on. In one of his early productions, *Benignus*, or *Liberal Opinions*, he had inculcated a doctrine, (God forbid that it should be literally true) that a

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humane, open-hearted, generous man, without a guard on his conduct, would, in his journey through life, be cheated, plundered, plucked, deceived, and, finally, rot in a jail; unless, he exerted against the false, selfish, mercenary, herd of dirty, or of splendid scoundrels, we meet at the corner of every street, some of their own low arts and manœuvres.

I will not swear to the words, as I quote from memory, after a very distant perusal; but this was nearly the meaning: I wish not to plead the cause of an hypothesis, which, carried to the extreme, would transform us all to misanthropes, and make us pass each other as wolves and tygers; but have I a reader, who, laying his hand *on the right place*, will seriously avow, that there is not in the world, as it goes, some reason for Pratt's axiom; like others, it must be taken *cum grano salis*.

It was, as might naturally be expected, lustily cried out against, as the doctrine of Machiavel, Rochefoucault, and Mandeville; it excited the howl of the precise moralist, and the snarl of the growling satirist, who abused and practised the deceit, and flew, open-mouthed, on the man who pretended to tell tales out of school. It is thus that the ravished coquette mentions the attacks of the libertine, whom she has incited, abuses, and enjoys.

In a supposed vacancy of the Laureatship, Mr. Pratt has been introduced as a competitor, by a modern rhymist, who thus describes the metamorphosis of the nobleman, appointed to decide on the various merits of the candidates, O and

and has the disposal of the post in question.

But 'ere the Court commenc'd,
a change was made,

A not unneedful change in
Sal'sb'ry's head;

For Court precedence, and for
etiquette,

A change of mourning, and a
ball room seat;

Precision nice in swords, and
coats, and bags,

A Lord's blue ribbon, or a
footman's tags;

For all these bagatelles which
courtiers say,

Must grace the man who wears
the golden key;

Poetic knowledge, criticism sub-
lime,

To judge of metre, and decide
on rhyme;

To weigh in scale exact, each
poet's merit,

Which few improve, and fewer
still inherit,

Such the rare gifts bestow'd
upon him now,

Soon as the Court breaks up,
his sapient brow

Sinks to soft smiles, nod, chat,
and ready bow.

Thus have I seen, oh were he
but still living,

To make us laugh, at which
such fools are striving;

Thus have I seen, king David,
king of actors,

Who rul'd, at Drury, goddesses
and hectors,

Give empires, crowns, and pro-
vinces away,

And pour out bounty, as he
pour'd out tea;

The curtain dropp'd, at home,
we all agreed,

He was a *little manager* indeed.

Without waiting to produce the various instances of Mr. Garrick's frequent and well directed benevolence and generosity, in contradiction to this sarcasm from the man of rhyme; I proceed to introduce, in his words, the subject of our present article:

Pratt next advanc'd
to speak;

Once Courtney Melmoth, (in
a youthful freak)

With honey'd flatt'ry, his long
practic'd trade,

His soft attack upon the peer he
made:

Illustrious son, of an illustrious
sire,

Whom poets worship, and whom
all admire;

In ev'ry feature of thy godlike
face,

Shines attic wit, true judgement,
sense and grace.

Oh, thou art all—'Arrest thy
cloying treat,'

The peer reply'd, 'the dose is
much too sweet;'

'Tis true, we love the soothing
voice of praise,

When well wrapp'd up in smooth
and artful lays;

But praise, like thine, is quite
another matter,

So undeserv'd, 'tis the severest
satire.

With hand, unskilful, to the
work you rush,

And dawbing trowel, not a fine
hair'd brush;

Mere lamb or veal, or beef,
disgust the glutton,

Ragou'd, he'll swallow ram for
Banstead mutton;

With raptures swallow, like a
sharp-set wit,

Of

Of what, plain-dress'd, he had
 not touch'd a bit.
 Thus, pleasant Warren, when
 he gives a pill,
 A gilded coat he orders o'er it
 still;
 However good the purpose it
 perform
 It must be given in a proper
 form:
 Or the sick patient nauseating
 throws,
 Full in the doctor's face, the
 mawkish dose.
 And yet, of merit, small is not
 thy share,
 In Freedom's cause you urge the
 generous war;
 Thy well-turn'd verse, with gently
 pleading strains,
 Lulls the poor captive, in his
 galling chains;
 The Negro sees the cruel over-
 seer,
 Soften his look, unbend his
 brow severe.
 Thy landscapes too, peculiar
 merit have,
 Where Fancy gilds the scenes
 which Nature gave;
 But recollect, nor let it be
 effac'd,
 Descriptive poetry fatigues at
 last,
 When neither facts or nar-
 rative are trac'd.

Speaking of Emma Corbett, the
 writer from whom I quote tells
 him, at least the Chamberlain tells
 him, it is a work;

— Your future fame which
 firmly seals,
 While every eye the soft suffu-
 sion feels.
 Pleasure's warm pupil, who for
 Stanhope reget,

Tho' knowledge of the heart
 pervades the pages;
 Tho' meant against Lord Chef-
 terfield to tell,
 Splits on the self-same rock you
 paint so well.
 As to religion, touch not that
 again,
 Tho' meaning well, you hurt it
 with your pen;
 And like Soame Jenyns failing
 in your end,
 Injure the cause you essay'd to
 defend.

PRATT, EDWARD, an offi-
 cer in the service of the East
 India company, and half brother
 to a venerable and illustrious peer
 of the same name, who since my
 former impression, has quitted the
 scene, to enjoy the rewards of pa-
 triotism and public spirit.

This singular character is pro-
 duced as a remarkable instance of
 unconquerable taciturnity, and te-
 nacious accuracy of memory.
 Though by no means an avaricious
 man, he always preferred the up-
 per floor of a house for his resi-
 dence, on account of its tranqui-
 lity; and regularly, without depart-
 ing once from his rule for twenty
 years, while on shore, dined in a
 room by himself, at a tavern, con-
 suming daily throughout the year,
 a solitary bottle of port, without
 intoxication. He was seldom heard
 to speak, but no circumstance,
 however urgent, could prevail on
 him to break silence at whist, the
 favourite amusement of his life;
 and at the conclusion of each rub-
 ber, he could correctly call over
 the cards, in the exact order in
 which they were played, as well
 as the persons from whose hands
 they fell, and enumerate various
 instances

instances of error or dexterity in his associates, with practical remarks.

This exertion of the retentive powers, though exercised on a trifling occasion, was often doubted, and as often ascertained by considerable wagers, or *argumentum ad crumenam*, the favourite, and where both parties have money, the decisive argument of the present age; better qualified for drawing out a purse, than producing acute reasoning, or elaborate investigation. So averse was Mr. Pratt to using his tongue, that he chose to forego many little satisfactions and comforts, rather than be at the pains to ask for them: the endearing chit chat of friendship and affection, the social small talk of domestic life, the lively intercourse and spirited conversation of polished circles, which the sons of solitude sometimes relish, and are often best able to join in and enjoy, he sedulously avoided, perhaps was unqualified to taste.

In his voyages to the east, he might be compared to the Asiatic mute, or the visionary quietist, whose eyes and thoughts are immoveably rivetted by inspiration, madness, or emptiness, to the region of the navel: he often doubled the Cape without opening his lips; and on a certain occasion, the ship having been detained by a long calm, to an English sailor far more distressing than a tempestuous sea: the anxious and dispirited crew were at last revived by the wished-for breeze springing up.

A few days after the welcome tidings of land were proclaimed from the top-mast; while the officers and ship's company were con-

gratulating each other on the approaching comforts of terra firma, the features of Mr. Pratt were observed to alter. "I knew you would enjoy the thoughts of land," said the first officer, to our special original: "I saw it an hour before the careless ragamuffin aloft," were the first, the last, and the only words he uttered during the voyage.

He, who for months has been either pent up in the foetid exhalations of a ship's hold, the disgusting closeness of a dog-hole between the decks, or been drenched, melted, or frozen on the shrouds or a quarter-deck, will join in surprize, and is best qualified to estimate such unnatural, such stoic apathy. This general costiveness of speech, such unsocial reserved behaviour, probably originated from ill treatment on his first voyage, and a subsequent, hasty, unfavourable opinion of his associates, the boisterous sons of the waves: an ill-founded, an ungenerous prejudice, in which he was supported by a sensible and learned writer, whose Goliath faculties were at times debased by the puerile infatuations of a pigmy.

I prefer a prison to a ship, said Dr. Johnson, for you have always more room, and generally better company. This illiberal sarcasm, from a man who knew and taught better things, deserved, and in certain circles would have experienced the chastisement of a cane, could a man have been found, sufficiently bold to encounter the formidable quarter-staff of the moralist, which was once sufficiently terrific to silence the gallant, but not the justifiable menaces of Mr. Macpherson, who attempted to throw

throw his sword into the critical balance, which admits only sound argument, and a clear statement of facts.

PRESENCE OF MIND. In the hurry and horror of a popular insurrection, or any other urgent calamity, how few of us are able to possess a collected mind?

The populace of Paris, inflamed by resentment, and probably stimulated by apt emissaries, had resolved to destroy the house of the unfortunate Monf. D'Espremenil, a gentleman unhappily marked from the commencement of the Revolution, for the recency of his nobility, (I believe of a date scarce exceeding twelve years), and his avowed prominent opposition to the establishment of a Tiers Etat.

As the decisions of a mob are generally executed as rapidly as they are conceived, the frantic multitude hastened to the spot, but were surprized and silenced on their arrival at the devoted house, at being addressed from an upper window, in the following manner: "Whose house do you propose setting fire to?" "The infamous D'Espremenil's," was the answer. "Then it cannot be this house, for I bought and paid for it but a few years since, and he was only the tenant. Would you burn the furniture? It is the upholsterer's: Would you destroy his wife? She is the property of the public: Would you kill his children? They may be your own."

This singular address was efficacious, and the croud returned to the Jardin de Palais Royale, that focus of the French Revolution, from which it has since taken its name.

PRESSING, a mode of procuring mariners for public service in cases of emergency, violent, alarming, and often dangerous; bearing hard on a useful body of men, whose exposure to the war-ringing elements, seems to render additional calamity unnecessary, and apparently inconsistent with the genius of a free government.

Yet this harsh proceeding, so contrary to British liberty, seems a prerogative inherent in the crown, from general immemorial usage, grounded on common law; and though not directly, and in express terms, authorized by any particular statute, is recognized by many acts of parliament, which it is not reasonable to suppose would mention a practice, illegal and repugnant to the principles of the constitution, without some mark of disapprobation.

War is confessedly a great evil, and pressing, one of the mischiefs that accompany it, but it is a maxim in law, as well as sound policy, that private mischiefs must be submitted to, for the prevention of national calamity, and a greater calamity cannot be imagined, than to be weak and defenceless at sea, in time of war. I will not harass the reader or myself, by a long and pompous recitation of acts, from the petitions, as they were then styled, of the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the Third, to the statute of the Second and Third of Philip and Mary, which "layeth a penalty on watermen, for obstinately withdrawing and hiding themselves in secret places and out- corners, 'till the time of pressing is over-passed."

I come at once to that auspicious

ous period, the revolution, when the principles of liberty were understood and asserted. During the reign of King William, as well as that of Queen Anne, persons under certain qualifications, and of a certain description, were exempted from pressing, under proper precautions, to prevent abuse. These exemptions, clearly and incontestibly pre-suppose and prove the expediency, the necessity, and legality of pressing, as without such remedies or protections, the law considers every seaman as liable and subject to an inconvenience, unavoidable in a maritime country.

This subject, which was thought important by that great constitutional lawyer, that honest man, Sir Michael Foster, (to whom I am indebted for the little I know relating to it) will, I hope, be considered as not wholly unworthy the attention of general readers, stripped of technical phrase, and legal jargon; as it may tend to the quieting of men's minds, when they shall be convinced that this temporary invasion of personal liberty, after other various and ineffectual methods of manning the navy have been repeatedly tried, is necessary for the welfare, and even the existence of the state, and that it is the law of the land; observing that the question of pressing freemen or landmen, is not at all affected by this declaration.

I should hope that this undisguised statement of a question, which has often afforded matter of declamation to superficial dabbles, would stimulate all who are immediately or remotely concerned in commanding, or supplying the wants of the British navy, to exert

themselves, in alleviating the hardships, and administering to the comfort of English seamen, who perhaps at the moment of return from a long and perilous voyage, are thus exposed by the hard law of inexorable necessity, to be suddenly dragged from the dearest objects of love, and domestic affection, to seek for wounds and death, amidst the raging of tempests, and the noise of many waters. Their share of prize-money, notwithstanding certain laudable improvements lately enforced, is confessedly small and inadequate to their toil and danger, while that of the commander in chief, is enormous, beyond all reason and proportion.

While the crown is thus confessedly authorized to raise mariners for the navy, on great national emergencies, and under urgent necessity, I am inclined to think an action might be brought with advantage, by an impressed man, against a minister, who on every idle occasion, of obstinacy, whim, or caprice, was fitting out armaments, at an immense national expence, and to the injury and oppression of commerce and private individuals: armaments too often commencing in puerile bluster and menace, and ending in the most humiliating submission and disgrace.

PRICIPLES and Manners of the Times, an Estimate of; a once popular work of Dr. Brown, a favourite, and, with all his splendid endowments, a fulsome flatterer of the Bishop of Gloucester; indeed, on a certain occasion, they were called Robin Hood and Little John; and on another, the Lion and Jackall.

In

In a style highly animated, and in elegant language, but with a considerable degree of the Warburtonian arrogance, Dr. Brown draws a melancholy picture of the decline of public spirit and private virtue; he does not call it an abandoned, wicked, profligate age, but a vain, a luxurious, a selfish, and an effeminate one. From these, and other circumstances, he prophesies national ruin and disgrace; but the splendid successes which soon followed, and the commercial prosperity of Great Britain attaining a height unexampled, the Doctor was pronounced a false prophet; his book lost its credit, and the writer, some years after, fell a sacrifice to despondency, from the disappointment of certain expectations he had formed from the munificence or the gratitude of the Czarina.

This modern Censor, this second Cato, who is said to have enjoyed many of the pleasures which he so severely lashes, seems to have forgot, that the same charges have been brought against every nation, which has attained wealth and power. Who will, who can, or who ought, to prevent a man, up to his neck in rouleaus and India bonds, from gratifying his inclination for elegance, splendor, and refinement? I have, on another occasion, pointed out two families in this country, in which, if neither a contested election, a gambler, a spendthrift, a zealous party-man, or an endower of hospitals, should occur for three generations, it will be as calamitous a circumstance for England as can possibly happen; however opposite to moral rectitude, ruinous to the indi-

vidual, or unfortunate to his offspring, it may prove.

The oft' repeated advantages of such a disposition, in diffusing comfort and accommodation to artists, handicrafts, and mechanics,

Health to the sick, and to the hungry, bread, is an argument which it is not easy to answer, yet, perhaps, unsafe to indulge in its utmost latitude.

Whilst the good sense of the present age yields to and acknowledges the expediency of gratifying human foibles, and while the fascinating temptations of wealth are indulged with a due regard to morality and decorum, we have, perhaps, attained the salutary medium between unsatisfactory thriftiness and exhausting dissipation; and, as is clearly the case in a thousand instances before our eyes, the superfluities of the rich man will be often directed to the laudable channels of charity and benevolence.

Forty years have almost elapsed since the following picture of the manners of the English capital was sketched; how far it is applicable to our present circumstances, it is not my business or inclination to decide.

"The first and principal article of town-effeminacy, is that of dress, which, in all its variety of modern excess, is too low for serious animadversion; yet in this, must every man, of every rank and age, employ his mornings, who pretends to keep good company. The wisest, the most virtuous, the most polite, if defective in these exterior and unmanly delicacies, are avoided as low people, whom nobody knows, and with whom one is ashamed to be seen.

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"No man of fashion can cross the street in which he lives, to dine, without the effeminate covering and conveyance of a chair. Wherever he goes, he meets the same delicacy; warm carpets are spread under his feet, hangings furround him, doors and windows, nicely jointed, prevent all possibility of entrance to the rude external air. Vanity lends her aid to the unmanly spectacle; splendid furniture, a sumptuous sideboard, a train of attendants, an elegant and costly entertainment, for which earth, air, and seas, are ransacked; expensive wines from the Continent, and the childish vagaries of a whimsical desert, are the supreme pride of the master, the admiration or envy of his guests.

"Luxury is not idle in her province, but shares with her sister Vanity, in the labours of the day. High soups and sauces, every mode of foreign cookery, that can quicken taste, and spur the lagging appetite, is assiduously employed.

"A knowledge of books, a taste in arts, a proficiency in science, was formerly regarded as a proper qualification for a man of elevated condition; but reading is now sunk into a morning's amusement, 'till the important hour of dress arrives, a gentle relaxation from the tedious rounds of pleasure.

"But what kind of reading must that be, which can attract or entertain the languid spirit of modern effeminacy, and prevent the insupportable toil of thinking? Weekly essays, novels, plays, and irreligious pamphlets, together with a general hash of these, served up in some monthly mels of dullness,

are the meagre, literary diet, of town and country.

"The principle of honour is either lost or totally corrupted, our ambition is trifling, our pleasures are unmanly. In such a general defect of religion and honour, can we expect to find a place for the love of our country? Shew and pleasure, and the means of procuring them, are the main objects of pursuit. The clergy need not blush that they have fallen with the fame, the manners, and the principles of their country; the worthy part of them cannot aspire to truer glory, than to have become objects of contempt to those who are the contempt of Europe."

It may be curious to contrast this character of his countrymen, whom Dr. Brown has thus severely depicted, as in the last stage of degeneracy, with his singular picture of our Gallic neighbours.

"The French have virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses, respectable, inconsistent, and apparently incompatible with each other. Effeminate, yet brave; insincere, yet honourable; hospitable, not benevolent; vain, yet subtle; splendid, not generous; warlike, yet polite; plausible, not virtuous; mercantile, not mean; in trifles serious, gay in enterprize; women at the toilette, heroes in the field; in conduct decent, profligate at heart; divided in opinion, in action united; weak in manners, strong in principle; contemptible in private life, in public, formidable."

Dr. Brown's work excited much severe criticism, and in his attempt to defend himself, he was accused
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of false reasoning, sophistry, vanity, and presumption; he affected to treat his adversaries with contempt, but was extremely chagrined and mortified. They asserted, that the state of the kingdom was a complete refutation of his book; that sunk, as he had described it, in effeminacy, cowardice, and selfish sensuality, it had chastised its enemies by sea and land, and that the literary character of the age had been rescued from the scurrilous sarcasms he had poured forth, by works which would be perused with pleasure, when his gloomy declamations would be lost and forgotten. Such is the power, the soothing power of self-approbation, that the Doctor triumphantly deduced, from the effects of *his book*, the public prosperity.

"If I may hazard a remark on the conversation talents of a Frenchman," says a late writer, "I would praise them for equanimity, but censure them for insipidity. Originality of thought, and vigorous expression, are so entirely excluded, that characters of ability and inanity nearly meet on a par. Tame, elegant, uninteresting, and polite, they converse without instruction, and depart without offence.

"Where there is much polish, you have little argument, and if you neither argue or discuss, what is conversation? Good temper and easy manners, it must be confessed, are the first ingredients for sociable chat, but wit and knowledge must break into some inequalities, or conversation is like a journey on an endless *flat*."

To certain Gallic republicans, with whom I lately associated, this sketch is wholly inapplicable; there

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appeared to me more danger of these gentlemen, with all their powers and all their endowments, lapsing into an opposite extreme.

PRIOR, MATTHEW—for a curious species of domestic œconomy, and his reasons for practising it, see Elwes, John.

PROFESSION, or Business, a dependence far preferable to the splendid, but deceitful sunshine of court patronage. See Williams, Mr.

PRUSSIA, FREDERIC, KING OF, his scrupulous observance of the property of his subjects, in two instances.—See Arnold, John.

PSALMANAZAR, GEORGE, a man of learning, a cunning impostor, and one of the writers employed in compiling the Universal History, a task which he appears to have executed with sufficient skill and fidelity.

This adventurer, who attracted in his time, no small attention, was first noticed by a Colonel Lauder, in the garrison of Sluys, at which place, a wanderer from his parents and country, and under the pressure of extreme poverty, he had enlisted as a private soldier. But he industriously and artfully circulated a strange story, that he was a native of the Island of Formosa, converted from idolatry by certain missionaries of the society of Jesus, and that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of the Japanese, whose hatred has been described as particularly virulent against Christianity in all its forms.

The singularity of his relation, and the apparent simplicity of his manners, induced the Colonel, and Innes, his regimental chaplain, an unprincipled profligate, to take

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him

him under their protection; he accompanied them to England, and was soon after introduced to the Bishop of London, who listened to his account with pity and implicit faith, became his patron, contributed generously towards his support, and rewarded with considerable preferment, Innes, who was aware of, and had early detected the cheat, but considered it as a convenient step to patronage.

The artful conduct of the stranger, in producing and speaking a language, alphabet, and grammar, purely of his own invention, and his eating raw meat, roots, and herbs, soon rendered him an object of public notice, and occasioned much curious disquisition between many characters of the first rank in church and state. The keen-eyed scepticism of the Doctors Halley, Mead and Woodward, rescued them, however, from the charge of blind credulity, in which many of their respectable contemporaries were involved; these gentlemen had cried down Psalmanazar as an arrant rogue, from the beginning. Yet, what pretence, however vain, what absurdity, however palpable, need shrink from enquiry, or dread detection, in a city, where that genius of nonsense, Dr. Graham, Mayerfisch, and animal magnetism, have met with zealous disciples, and warm encouragement?

The most sanguine hopes of the impostor, could he have silenced the accusation of his own heart, appear to have been crowned with success, and he derived liberal contributions from the pity, the curiosity, or the folly of mankind, who considered it their duty, as Chris-

tians and as men, to protect an unfortunate fugitive, who had suffered in the cause of truth.

He drew up, in Latin, an account of the Island of Formosa, a consistent and entertaining work, which was translated, and hurried through the press, had a rapid sale, and is quoted, without suspicion, by Buffon; whilst his adherence to certain singularities in his manners and diet, gathered from popular opinion, or from books, considerably strengthened the imposition, for the carrying on of which he was eminently qualified, by possessing a command of countenance, temper, and recollection, which no perplexity, rough usage, or cross examination, could ruffle or derange.

His memory was at the same time so correctly tenacious, that after the exercise of habit, in verbal arrangement, on being desired to translate a long list of English words into the Formosan language, they were marked down without his knowledge, and his credit was considerably corroborated by his correctly affixing the same terms to the same words, on the questions being repeated, three, six, or even twelve months afterwards. In this manner his imposture had been first discovered by Innes, but this disgrace to his cloth suppressed what he knew, and joined in the fraud, from sinister motives.

By favour of the Bishop of Oxford, who proved a warm advocate in his cause, Psalmanazar was enabled to improve himself in his studies, and convenient apartments were provided for him in one of the colleges at that university. To impress his new neighbours at this place

place with proper ideas of his intense and unceasing application, it was his custom to keep lighted candles in his room during the night, and to sleep in an easy chair; that his bed-maker, finding his bed untumbled (and not failing to repeat the circumstance) might not suppose he indulged in so unphilosophical and illiterate a refreshment, as going to bed: he would also occasionally lament the noise and interruptions of certain young men in an adjoining apartment, who preferred the joys of wine and good fellowship, to solitude and midnight studies.

On his return to London, he drew up, at the desire of his ecclesiastic friends, a Version of the Church Catechism, in what he called his native tongue, which was examined by the learned, found regular and grammatical, and pronounced a real language, and no counterfeit. By these and other conciliating arts, the supplies of his patrons continued liberal, and he was enabled to lead an idle, in some instances, when he was thrown off his guard, an extravagant, and, it is to be feared, occasionally an immoral life: he was accused of engaging in amorous intrigue with certain females, more distinguished for rank and wealth, than purity of manners, or correct conduct.

As the person of our Formosan was far from being attractive, his becoming a favorite with women, who boasted, that the flower of the army, the law, and the church, were at their command, may appear remarkable. But, when once the sacred modesty of nature has been o'erleaped, there seem to be

no bounds to the extravagant eccentricities of female whim and caprice. One of these female knights errant, who afterwards appeared in *another character*, is said to have declared, in her usual lively way, "I positively shall never be easy, 'till I have been introduced to this strange man with a hard name, who has been converted by the Jesuits, fled from Japan, and eats raw meat in England."

But many of his friends were offended by such conduct, the critics, and, among others, Dr. Douglas, "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks," could not rest, 'till their doubts and incredulity were justified; they pointed out various absurdities, and many contradictions, in his narrative, as well as in his declarations, he was gradually lowered in the public esteem, his early benefactors silently withdrew their support;—the fraud was generally understood, and the capricious *cultibility* of the public, which is so eager at first to swallow barefaced improbability, was soon converted, by a natural process, into the malignity of irritated pride, and the mean resentment of mortified vanity; while those who had originally given warning against imposture, did not forget to increase the confusion of their opponents, by ridicule and sarcasm.

The situation of this degraded man became critical; detected, and almost deserted, his subsistence was precarious, but having displayed in his assumed character, considerable abilities, and having cultivated an extensive acquaintance with a class of men, who

have been pronounced the best patrons of literary adventure, he was employed by the booksellers in a periodic publication, and lastly in the accurate and useful, but dry and laborious undertaking of a Universal History, a considerable portion of the antient part of which, was committed to his care.

He did not, during his life, in any formal manner, proclaim his imposition, and could never be prevailed on, to disclose his real name and country (supposed to be the south of France) that he might not disgrace his family; yet he did not scruple confessing his fraud to confidential friends, with tears and compunction. His repentance was sincere, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who used to say, that the sorrows of Psalmanazar, in speaking of his deception, were heartfelt, strong, and energetic, like those of Peter, after the denial of his Saviour, when he went out, and wept bitterly. It was no common grief, arising from blasted hopes, but a real hatred of himself for the crime he had committed, and a dread of that punishment he was conscious he deserved; a punishment which contrition and Divine mercy only, were able to avert. His frame on these occasions was shaken and convulsed, his face drowned in tears, and his utterance choaked with sobs; a spectacle which no feeling man could behold without emotion, or deny to such anguish, the merit of sincerity, and the probable reward of Divine acceptance.

QUAKERS, a religious sect, who, deriving their origin from wild enthusiasm, roused into action by intolerance, and con-

firmed by persecution, exhibit a wonderful example of the impotence of severity, in its endeavours, to crush private opinion.

They have been accused of heresy, deism, and of explaining away the most important Christian doctrines, by unwarrantable allegory, or exposing them to ridicule, by arbitrary literal interpretation. The charge of deism they deny, affirming that they believe the scriptures; but as the exercise of a man's own judgment, is the only true Protestantism, they claim the right of understanding it in their own sense; neither can they agree, that the accusation of enthusiasm is applied with more propriety to them than to the church of England, or any other Christian church, as all alike hold the necessity of divine illumination and supernatural assistance in fulfilling the will of God. They believe the miracles and propitiatory death of Christ; nor have they any strong objections to the externals of Christianity, but they vehemently assert, that *none* of these are able to save, without the practice of virtue, and a spirit of obedience to that internal law of God written in mens hearts, and enforced by the gospel.

It is to be lamented, that a class of men so laudably distinguished for a correct discharge of their duties as members of society, as fathers, husbands, and friends, should, in certain trifling minutiae of dress, speech, and manners, counteract the salutary effects which their example, in many respects so impressive, would make, if they mixed a little more in the busy haunts of men, and could prevail on themselves to yield, in certain

certain non-essentials to the innocent customs, and harmless prejudices of their fellow citizens.

I should hope that such a pliancy of disposition would diffuse a desirable portion of their excellent manners amongst us, and that while *they* caught a spark of that which gives zest to life, *we* might be induced to imitate a conduct which man respects, and God approves. It is scarcely necessary to remind them, that our Saviour often reproved the recluse unaccommodating pride of the Pharisees; that he benevolently associated with all ranks, presided at a wedding supper, and from his unfettered condescension, was reproached as a friend, of publicans and sinners.

This society attracted the notice, and deserved the praise of Voltaire, who, during his residence in England, familiarly visited several of their leading men, among the rest, a Mr. Andrew Pitt, of Hampstead, who had the wisdom and moderation to know when he had enough, and retiring from trade with a good conscience, and a sound constitution, passed the remainder of a well-spent life, in a faithful discharge of the social duties, and in preparing for another world.

If I mistake not, he was the person who waited on the late Prince of Wales, his present majesty's father, to solicit him in favor of a proposed application to parliament, for relieving Quakers from the payment of tythes.

"As I am a friend to liberty," said his Royal Highness, "and particularly so to toleration, I heartily wish you success, but

make it a rule never to direct my friends, or even to vote myself in parliament, lest it might influence others: for I consider it as my duty, to leave every man to act according to his own conscience." To this declaration, which, if the Prince had ascended the throne, he would have found it very difficult to have observed, our Quaker replied; "Your notions of civil and religious liberty afford us the greatest satisfaction, and the gracious manner in which you have answered us, gives as much pleasure, as we should have received, from having attained the object of our wishes."

RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS. Certain productions of the pencil of that great painter on sacred subjects, so called.

"These pictures," said a certain political character, once distinguished for his anti-monarchic virulence, but now a favorite at St. James's; "these pictures were purchased with the public money, by King William, who loved and understood the fine arts, and possessed the feelings of a man of taste, as well as the sentiments of a hero;" A description of our great Deliverer, I confess somewhat different from the opinion I had conceived of him. With all his merits as a warrior and a statesman, the King, as I have been taught to think, neglected or despised the elegant productions of art and imagination; painting and poetry were under few obligations to him.

"He built," continues the same gentleman, "a suite of apartments for their reception at Hampton Court, and the English nation was permitted to contemplate their beauties,

beauties, without difficulty. They remained in that palace until the present reign, when they were removed to a late *Baronet's smoky house, at the end of a great smoky town*, being first mangled, that they might fit their present improper," (observe, it is the keen economist, the money-getting Chamberlain, who speaks,) "and ignoble situation." The Royal Procrustes sagaciously observed, they were too long, and must be cut shorter."

"They are entirely secluded from the public eye, though purchased with the public money before the accession of the Brunswick family. And while the Kings of France and Spain open their collections for the pleasure and improvement of their subjects; Englishmen are prevented enjoying the sight of what may be called, the pride of our island, a national treasure, and by no means private property. Surely a bad compliment to a generous people, who, under prodigious public burthens, allow their Prince an immense income."

The editor thinks it no more than justice to suggest, that he apprehends the honourable gentleman is mistaken in saying, that the pieces in question are shut up from public inspection, as he understands that any person whose inclinations induce him, may be favored with a sight, *if he is provided with half-crowns, will remember thoroughly to clean his shoes, and ask no improper questions.*

While speaking of the arts, the same gentleman observes, "I cannot but lament, that an opportunity was lately lost of improving public taste, and decorating a mag-

nificent structure, (St. Paul's) with the most valuable works of Sir Joshua, and other eminent painters, owing to the absurd gothic prejudices of a tasteless prelate (Dr. Terrick.) It is thus, that learning and science have ever been opposed by stupidity and superstition."

I observe with pleasure, that the doors of this cathedral have been opened to the merits of Dr. Johnson, and the philanthropy of Mr. Howard.

To obviate an implied censure of the conduct of a great personage, in the above extract, which I am inclined to think will not appear in the honourable author's next edition, as his antipathies have taken *another turn*. I shall conclude with a well-founded compliment to George the Third, from a late excellent historian: "The merit of discovery has too often been stained with avarice and cruelty; an honourable exception is due to the virtue of our own times and country. The voyages undertaken, by command of his present Majesty, were inspired by the pure and generous love of science and mankind; adapting his benefactions to the different stages of society, he has founded a school for painting in the Capitol, and has introduced into the islands of the South Sea, those vegetables and animals most useful to human life."

These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.

Nothing was wanting to have compleated such splendid benevolence; but a liberal, free, and unreserved communication of *all* the original curious drawings and sketches of these, and certain other voyages,

voyages, printed and published at the Royal expence, and given to the public at a moderate price. Those who may not clearly comprehend the hint, I refer to the latter part of the article assigned to Mr. Bruce, in a former volume.

RATHBOD, King of Friesland, in the seventh century of the Christian æra, a Pagan, and originally a persecutor of Christianity, but almost converted, by Wulfran, Bishop of Sens, whom he promised he would consent to be baptized, if, previous to the ceremony, he would give him a satisfactory answer, to an important question; to which the prelate, in his zeal for procuring so illustrious a proselyte, readily agreed.

On the day appointed, the priests and the people assembled, and a splendid procession worthy a royal convert took place. When arrived at the sacred font, for it was not 'till the baptism had partly commenced, that the king proposed his question; fixing his eyes sternly on the bishop, he thus addressed him: "I adjure you in the name of Almighty God, that God, who, you say, sent his only son to die for all mankind; I solemnly adjure you to inform me, if, in consequence of my baptismal admission into the Christian church, I should hereafter visit that Heaven which you have promised to the faithful, whether I shall meet the spirits of my departed ancestors, those heroes who have greatly lived and greatly died; those illustrious chiefs, whose examples it has been my pride to follow, and in whose footsteps I would willingly tread?" "I will not deceive you, sir," replied Wulfran, with more sincerity

than worldly policy, "but God hath reserved to himself, only a certain number of elect; the princes of whom you speak, as they died without baptism, will certainly be damned. But for your comfort, your royal descendants, with a long train of noble Frisians, who shall believe and be baptized, will be hereafter your associates in the realms of everlasting bliss." "I cannot admit your inhuman and irrational system," replied Rathbod, withdrawing his foot which was already in the water, "I prefer the ancient opinions of my forefathers, whose valour and heroic achievements, deserve a better fate, than that infernal fiery gulf, which you describe."

With these words the royal sceptic retired, leaving the bishop to lament his want of orthodoxy, in thus giving way to the feelings of nature, and the convictions of reason.

RESURRECTION MEN: An irreverend and indecorous appellation, given to an odious and unpopular occupation, to ruffians, who waking only when others sleep, and stalking through the midnight gloom, invade the last retreat of the wretched, and plunder the church-yard of its lifeless inhabitants, whilst the drunken watchman and the well paid sexton, slumber, or will not hear.

Such are the natural effusions of outraged decency and wounded sensibility, which, if certain late accounts are to be credited, have sometimes been shocked by the clay-cold corpse of a wife, a sister, or a friend, torn from the grave to which it had been lately consigned, and presented, mutilated

lated and disfigured, to the recognizing eye of sympathy and affection.

O'er scenes like these I would willingly throw a veil, but human wants, and human policy, sternly demand the following question. In the various diseases and accidents to which we are all exposed, do we, or do we not, expect professional men prepared by study, and expert from practice, to afford us apt assistance? To this question, I believe, most readers will give an immediate answer. If then we require as we have a right to do, if we require substantial help, does it not seem inconsistent to place difficulties in the way of those who endeavour to qualify themselves for the task?

While our fleets and armies are laid in certain instances, to have suffered more from their surgeons than from the enemy, humanity and expedience loudly proclaim, the necessity of facilitating and diffusing by all possible means, medical and chirurgic improvement, a purpose which may surely be accomplished, without indecent violation.

I am informed, from good authority, that an Act of Parliament, devoting *every* malefactor, publicly executed, to dissection, would furnish sufficient opportunities for useful experiment, and anatomical investigation, besides adding an additional and useful terror to the punishment. Should such an Act take place, I see no objection to increasing the penalties of those nocturnal disturbers of the dead; but till that period is arrived, let not zeal hurry us into injustice, and induce us to expect from professional men, a species of know-

ledge not very easily attained, while we punish the only method by which it can at present be procured. We might as rationally blame a Barrister for faltering on a point of law at Westminster Hall, though we had ourselves prevented his reading the brief, and otherwise preparing himself to defend our cause.

With respect to the complaints of a want of knowledge in our navy and army surgeons, I submit to those, whose province it more peculiarly is, to determine and direct such matters; how far it may be expedient in government to pay some public lecturer, *already established*, (for God deliver us from new places and pensions) who should instruct, gratis, those who would register their names, and places of abode, and bind themselves by bond to serve their country when called on; securing them at the same time by the tie of a slender annual allowance, as a retaining fee. This mode, and not committing public examinations to *old women*, would, probably, secure many a gallant soldier and sailor generously bleeding in his country's cause, from the wounds of rashness and the maims of misguided ignorance.

RETIREMENT. Past experience, and present examples, evidently prove that few men, however ardently they may wish for it, that few men are qualified, for that situation of all others the most trying to human virtue and resolution, *the having nothing to do*, though it is a state which the majority of mankind look up to with envy and expectation.

"Solitude," says a facetious writer,

writer, "is often necessary, and sometimes agreeable; but I cannot help thinking that retirement is considerably improved, by now and then having somebody to tell, how pleasant and comfortable a thing it is."

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, a subject, on which I am told, a candid and explicit recantation is expected from me.

Yet with all its evils, and all its terrible effects, from which nature and revolting humanity turn their weeping eyes, I am still of opinion, that the great interests of mankind *have* received, and *will* receive from this event, benefits and advantages, outweighing in a proportion beyond calculation, all the calamities which have accompanied it.

The labour of breaking the stubborn foil of superstition, of eradicating the thorns and thistles of prejudice, levelling the unaccommodating inequalities of aristocracy and usurpation, and scattering the precious seeds of wholesome doctrine, too often, alas, moistened with tears and blood, was a sacred duty, an arduous task, imposed on the present generation; but the rich, the glorious harvest, will be reaped and enjoyed by millions yet unborn.

For these and other reasons, I am of opinion, that the subversion of the French monarchy, is an object which the philosopher may contemplate with improvement, the sincere Christian with comfort, and the statesman with salutary deduction; for I cannot agree with a certain versatile agriculturist, who has converted the ploughshare into a two-edged sword, with which

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he attacks his former political associates, I cannot agree with him, that *any* country *warned* by France, and staggering like her under splendid but degrading corruptions, will rest tranquil and contented; I cannot believe that *any* people will submit to the duplicity and corrupt counteraction with which every salutary measure was publicly agreed to, but privately defeated, during the first meeting, and for a certain period after the dissolution of the National Assembly.

I will not offend by allusions to the American war, or to the avowed but unproved necessity which roused the British Lion against the Gallic Republic, when every purpose of a bloody and ruinous war might have been fully answered, if cool discussion, and amicable negotiation had been adopted, instead of malignant reserve, and insolent hauteur. I will not describe how rapidly Holland, Brabant, Liege, and the Palatinate were overrun; I must not compare the voice of liberty, to the blasts of those miraculous horns, at whose approach the devoted walls of Jericho fell down,

I hope, and indeed believe, that most Englishmen, of *all* parties, lament the massacres of Paris, whether invited by insidious intrigue, or produced by ill-timed opposition; yet, after disentangling fact from harsh epithet, and separating truth from the aggravations of keen resentment, the future historian of France will be compelled to declare, that the inhabitants of that kingdom were irritated to suspicion, madness, and excess, by vipers fostered in her own bosom, and conspiring with
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a host of external enemies; that the severities exercised on her sovereign, her nobles, her priests, and her citizens, were acts of self defence, previously meditated, and in many instances of assassination, actually practised against herself; that, after all the outcry, their numerous executions are in fact no other than the usual punishments inflicted, at various times, by all new governments on rebellious subjects, and generally considered as legal and justifiable methods, for confirming recent authority, *by the powers that are.*

I would do every justice to the intrepid zeal, and unconquerable attachment of the Princess de Lamballe; I deplore the excesses of an exasperated people, who in her case anticipated judicial process, and outstripped the penalties of legal execution. Yet it is a fact well known to those who *profess* a different opinion, that this unhappy woman was engaged in the most perfidious; and if they had succeeded, the most bloody stratagems; that she was repeatedly cautioned against her imprudent conduct, by the deceased king and queen; and that on one occasion, she was called by this last of the French monarchs, the Coblenz Plenipotentiary: I lament her death, which was instantaneous and momentary, though it has been otherwise described, in the florid style of Mr. Burke's Eulogy on the Death of the faithful Miomandre, Miomandre who lived, *and whom Mr. Burke knew to be alive at the moment he wrote.*

Time, and a superintending Providence, can alone determine, if the hopes of the emigrants and

their allies, apparently more depressed than ever, will again revive; but whatever be the event, whether Paris is destined to be a well-organized Republic, a scene of convulsive democratic anarchy, a desert, or a despotic court; from what has passed, deductions may be drawn of high import to the peace and interest of mankind, in all countries, and under all institutions.

Every well meant effort to reform state abuse, is highly laudable; but we should cautiously and seriously examine whether the means we use, may not produce mischiefs more fatal, than those we are endeavouring to remove. In wielding that immense machine, the people, let us beware that we do not crush when we meant only to correct, that in sapping despotism, we do not prepare a breach for anarchy and confusion, and introduce a still more degrading species of slavery. An enraged multitude of fierce passions, unbridled appetites, and unenlightened understandings, like other evil spirits, is easily raised, but with difficulty quelled; and the same fire, which in the furnace of a skilful chemist extracts gold from ore; if mismanaged by ignorance or ill design, will blow up the most costly materials, and involve the artist, his house and apparatus, in irretrievable ruin.

Kings, and their descendants, may also learn a useful lesson, that governments were first instituted for the welfare of the people, and not for the mere purposes of revenue, the corrupt intrigues or profuse amusements of a court; that becoming soldiers, we cease not to be

be citizens and men; that standing armies, so long the pride of monarchs, the terror and exhauster of their subjects, may, by the natural process of reason which converts machines into men, ultimately prove revolutionary weapons.

Administrations in every kingdom, may likewise be taught from this impressive spectacle, that public business is generally conducted in a manner lavish and expensive; that sinecures are numerous, and the salaries of placemen enormous beyond all bounds of propriety, either with regard to the nature of the duties performed, or the unpropitious state of national finances; that there is a degree of rational magnificence and decent splendour, fairly compatible with expediency; but that every country should observe a proportion between its income and its expenditure; and that it is desperation, little short of madness, for the princes and public functionaries of any nation to redouble their expence, and vie in tawdry tinsel, trappings, and superfluous frippery, at a moment when distress pervades almost every rank of life; by such conduct, the ease and comfort of millions of useful members of society, are too often sacrificed to the pomp and luxury of the inglorious few; by a system equally iniquitous and inconsistent, nations become at once, and by the same means, splendid and wretched.

That portion of mankind, dignified by title and descent, or enriched by fortune, will also see the necessity of procuring the respect of their fellow subjects, by a

more diligent attention to the duties of their stations, by intellectual improvement and winning accommodation, by private rectitude, public decorum, correct conduct, and moderate enjoyment;—left, driven from the silken pavillions of dissipation, excess, and lawless passion, they may be compelled, in some adverse moment, to exclaim, with the miserable exiles of Coblenz; OUR WOMEN AND OUR SUPPERS HAVE UNDONE US.

There is, also, another claim which the French revolution will have on mankind, in all countries and in all ages; after the weeds and poisonous herbs which have sprung up in the rank soil of licentiousness and chimæra, are eradicated and dispersed; after a purification of her atmosphere, by tornados, storms, and convulsions; when France shall be permitted, by the removal of external irritation, to return to *practicable expediency*, I hope and trust, not to the fatal, pestilential, still air of despotism; there are well-founded hopes and assurances, that popery will be entirely and everlastingly overset to its foundation. To destroy a corrupt, *unchristian* superstition, which, at various periods, has deluged the world with blood, which enfeebles and incapacitates the human mind, for a calm enjoyment of the comforts and blessings of civil and religious liberty, is surely an important and praiseworthy service.

Gracious God! then shall those scoffers at the eternal wisdom of thy Providence, be put to shame, when true religion, neither defiled by craft and mockery, nor debased by selfish establishments, with peace

and freedom in her train, shall succeed to ages, alternately disgraced by childish credulity, suspicious doubt, and ferocious carnage.

From the mental palsy of abject slavery, nothing but a strong, a powerful stimulus, could ever have roused the Gallic nation; the stimulus of a revolutionary spirit.

In contemplating the tragic effects of this severe Herculean remedy, effects evidently exasperated by internal enemies, corrupted by *foreign gold*; I have sometimes paused with emotions of pity and horror.—I could not help considering the agitated republic, as an immense ship (that apt and favorite simile of antiquity) as an immense ship, assailed by the whirlwinds of Austria and Prussia, the howlings of the emigrants, the boisterous billows, the concealed rocks, and devouring quicksands, of domestic tyrants and internal insurrection.

The conductors of the revolution finding their number considerably diminished, by the flight, the delinquency, and the punishment of many of their original coadjutors; who, terrified by the perils of the deep, attempted retrograde measures, in a situation, where exertion and getting on could alone ensure life and public safety: these undaunted commanders, sensible of the importance of their voyage, and observing the ship's company terrified and depressed by the rage of contending elements, opened the cordial intoxicating stores of political information, public spirit, and revolutionary principles. The exhausted seamen, drinking deep, and swallowing, with avidity, the restorative draughts, returned with

new and wonderful supplies of strength and spirit to the post of danger. The buffetings of winds and waves were not able to overpower enthusiasm like theirs, with resolution and reason presiding at the helm; and, if the relater is not egregiously mistaken, they will ultimately steer their vessel to the wished-for port.

This, and other events, are still in the womb of time; but, unfortunately, the magic effects of the Circean cup they drank of, still affect the sailors, and when the causes for which the miraculous infusion was given, have almost ceased (for the boreas of Prussia has been hushed to a *golden calm*) their constitutions, unused or not adapted to such potent ingredients, incur the risk of suffering from their effects, calamities almost equal to those they have already shaken off. Such, alas, is the imperfection of human effort!—such the price at which the most valuable of our blessings must be purchased!

So bitter, alas, so deadly, at times, has proved the revolutionary bowl, that a candid and unprejudiced observer of the present state of Europe, after a pause of wonder and a sigh of regret, is almost tempted to think, that, under most circumstances of national grievance, it would be better to sit down contented under common evils, than incur the risk of increasing them by crude speculation, plausible theory, and ineffectual resistance.

Past experience, and present example, confirm a melancholy truth, that teasing imperfection, and inveterate abuse, have gradually wound themselves into the heart
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of, and imperceptibly marred, the noblest institutions. Yet how often has the statesmen, how often has the philosopher, confessed, that in shaking off Egyptian bondage, we have only exchanged the clay, the straw, and the task-master, of some unrelenting Pharaoh, for the perils of the deep, the idolatrous delusions of popular infatuation, the famine and wilds of the desert, from which the miraculous interposition of a God of Israel, is alone able to extricate and guide us.

But, in pursuing such precautionary reflections, we must be careful not to fall into the opposite extremes of passive obedience and non-resistance; the happy medium it is easier to imagine than point out; there is a state of lawless liberty, of popular freedom, unbounded by wholesome restraint, and degenerating into depravity and licentiousness; a war with decency, clean linen, and small cloaths, to which I should prefer the condition of a galley slave, chained to his oar. There is also a vile degrading degree of tyranny and oppression, which checks and pallies every virtuous emotion, and every active principle; in such a wretched deprivation of all which gives zest to life, insurrection would be the most sacred of duties.

In these observations on the French revolution, and its probable effects, I will not, I have not denied, the various, the deplorable disasters, with which it has been accompanied; I have not endeavoured to palliate or conceal the errors or the crimes of its agents; false assertion, and partial suppression, are unnecessary, and unworthy of

a good cause, which to gain advocates, needs only to be known. I have not, I flatter myself, I have not, like Mr. Burke, clothed an unprincipled female, of athletic form and loose manners, in the gaudy colours of the rainbow, and the cestus of virtue, love, and the graces. I have not descended to the unmanly scurrillity of branding the lower orders of society, or all who differed from me in opinion, with the opprobrious names of swinish multitude, atheists, and a cut-throat rabble; I have not disgraced the decorum of a legislative assembly, and the manners of a gentleman, by adopting the phraseology of Billingsgate, by calling the minister of a great country, a thief and a pickpocket, though at the moment, the person calumniated was remarkable for urbanity of manners, correct conduct, and unblemished life, and far superior, in literary and political abilities, to the hot-headed minion who defamed him. I have not decorated a good-natured Silenus, a glutton, and a bon-vivant, wholly occupied in the sensual gratifications of his bed, his pullet, and his bottle; I have not clothed such an animal in the dignified garb of philosophy and wisdom.

I have paid no regard to those vile, those interested declaimers, who describe the English as a dissatisfied and seditious race, whom no king can govern, and no God can please. That serious evils and abuses, which easily may, and undoubtedly ought to be redressed, certainly exist, most good, most disinterested men agree; for I equally despise the selfish, the obviously selfish outcry of pensioners, tools,

took, and hangers-on upon rich sinecures, under whatever name or sanction they may assemble, as I would zealously resist the preachers of sedition, anarchy, and confusion.

A few honest efforts towards relief would instantly soothe all complaints; and I could produce to Mr. Pitt the heads of an act of parliament, I trust and hope no very unconstitutional remedy, which would silence every clamour. Indeed, some decisive public proof of a disinterested attention to the present distressed circumstances of all ranks of society, seems necessary on the part of government; such conduct, whether the reins are held by the partizans of a Portland, a Pitt, a Hawkesbury, a Fox, or a Lansdowne, (for it is no longer a question of faction or party, but of absolute political necessity, which cannot be evaded) such a measure would operate far beyond the weak expedient of alarming proclamations, and the invidious interference of petty suspicion, which, I fear, will produce or aggravate the mischief it proposes to prevent.

To a class of reasoners, who, I believe, with the best intentions, set themselves against public amendment, on the ground that we are a flourishing, wealthy people, happy at home, and respected abroad; that alteration cannot make us better, that we should let *well* alone; I answer, that to the affluent, the elevated, the great, and the competent, who are gayly floating down the tide of fame, fortune, and success, the present, without alteration, is certainly a comfortable and desirable system; but my

contented friends should recollect, that the majority of mankind, perhaps scarce one in fifty, come under this description; and that justice should induce us, as well as self-interest, to pay some attention, and make some provision for the comfort and satisfaction of so considerable a number of our fellow creatures, pining under the united pressure of penury and hunger.

“What would these troublesome, these mistaken men, be doing?” said a Bishop of Salisbury, in a former reign, sitting at his table, profusely covered with the various produce of the seasons, “what would they be doing? I am at a loss to guess at the hardships they experience, or what evils are felt by the church. *Things* cannot be better than they are.” He washed down the chagrin he felt from the temporary interruption of a proposed application for the relief of the inferior clergy, in a bumper of Burgundy, while a wretched curate, whose descendant is now at my elbow, less than six miles from the episcopal palace, and surrounded by a numerous offspring, was endeavouring to keep soul and body together on six and thirty pounds a year.—The inferences to be drawn from this episcopal anecdote, touch us too nearly to require application.

The contemplation of twenty-five millions of *slaves* converted into men, has, I fear, hurried me at times into unbecoming warmth of expression; the animating, the electric nature of my subject, must plead my excuse. But whilst I submit, without repining, to the various

various corrections bestowed on this compilation, from which I hope to profit; I presume it is not necessary to refute Mr. Burke's assertion, that a country on the verge of bankruptcy, and labouring under the complicated excesses of a despotic military monarchy, venal courts of law, a degenerate nobility, rioting in privilege and exemption, and a corrupt, oppressive ecclesiastic establishment, had already a good government. The reverse to the declarations of this illustrious backslider from genuine whiggism, will, I believe, be found a self-evident proposition. Shall I notice the popular prejudice, which I hope is gradually diminishing, that an admirer of the *new model* in France, as a great personage generally calls it, must of course be a preacher of sedition, violence, murder, and confusion, and an enemy to the *form* of the English constitution, which Mirabeau once called an absolute monarchy, burthened and expensively incumbered with a complex republican machinery.

I cannot agree in opinion with this ingenious but corrupt Frenchman; for, I thank God and our forefathers, the King of England is restrained by the omnipotence of law, that a certain portion of our members of parliament are representatives actually chosen by the voice of the people, and that the evanescent privileges and exemptions of our nobility, with a few proper exceptions in their judicial and legislative capacities, are, as they ought to be, little more than nominal; that the exertion of our ecclesiastic code, is languid, and I hope nearly counteracted by

the good sense and spirit of the times; that notwithstanding the shameful inequality of church revenue, men of merit are occasionally rewarded. But what is more important than all, the constitution of this realm, contrary to that of France, which required over-setting from its foundation, THE CONSTITUTION OF THIS NATION, CONTAINS WITHIN ITSELF, APT, PROPER, AND SAFE REMEDIES, FOR ITS OWN EVILS AND DISEASES, were they seriously and honestly applied without seditious purpose, or what is to the full as injurious, the stale, unmanly, but oft practiced state juggle, of imposing on and cheating the people, by holding forth to them visionary impracticable theories of reform, without a wish or design, that they shall ever be really and substantially put in practice.

On this awful and highly interesting subject, I beg leave to impress on the mind of Mr. Pitt and his coadjutors, from whatever quarter, expediency and state policy may have collected the variegated groupe, that the English people are well convinced, a minister, in the present parliamentary system, can never be successfully opposed in any tolerably decent measure, if he sincerely has it at heart. With such convictions, which neither sophistry, plausibility, or the violence of Mr. Burke, can overthrow, I earnestly intreat the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Dundas, without wishing to interrupt the festivity of a Wimbledon, or a Downing-street dinner, I earnestly intreat them to consider with what emotions of repentment we shall hear them say, "We proposed

posed such and such measures, but they were carried against us by a large majority."

But whilst we congratulate our continental neighbours on the triumphant progress of reform, we may perhaps, be permitted without offence, to turn an anxious eye to the state of Great Britain, and enquire if *our* invaluable freehold has been injured by fraud, invaded by violence, or refined away by the quibbles of chicane: it surely is our duty to examine, if imperfections produced by corruption or decay, may not be removed; if improvements, suggested by the active spirit of modern investigation, may not be safely introduced by the prudent hand of patriotism, animated by zeal, corrected by moderation, and guided by good sense.

In taking such a survey, it cannot be denied, that many late measures, and many exploded positions supported by Mr. Reeves, and other government writers, are glaringly inconsistent with the liberties of Englishmen, and the boasted freedom of the British Constitution.

But it has been said in reply, that a licentious and seditious spirit had gone forth, probably a poisonous fume from Mr. Burke's *Alembic of Hell*, which it was necessary to counteract by the powerful antidotes of rigid enactment, vigilant precaution, and by strengthening the hands of government, and indeed all good men, against the rapid and ruinous inroads of principles, which engendering into action, threatened to loosen the bands of society, and break down the barriers of law, property and security.

Whilst I confess I have not seen the necessity of such measures, I will not deny the merit of good design, to those who have; perhaps *something* was proper, yet I hope and trust, that when that occasion shall cease, the means which have been employed will cease also; that when peace, "*illa illa quam sæpe optavimus*," when peace shall happily revisit the land, she will bring justice and mercy in her train: and that Englishmen will then be restored to privileges, which nothing but stern necessity and public safety paramount to all considerations, should ever have invaded, and which ought never to be yielded up without alarm, jealousy, and fear.

At that auspicious period, it will be worthy the attention of our governors to decide on the business of public melioration, and at once remove a plausible source of declamation, irritation and discontent; and I conclude an article, I fear already too tedious, by exhorting ministers to let their practice and professions go hand in hand. I need not point out to men who exhibit frequent instances of sensibility, as well as political acumen, the glaring, the absurd inconsistency of an advocate for frugality and economy, being loaded with a plurality of places, sinecures, and pensions; such men should prove the sincerity of their intentions, by imposing a self-denying ordinance on themselves; I will not deny the various, the important benefits rendered to this country, by many of his Majesty's ministers; but no services, civil, military, ecclesiastic, or judicial, by any man, can fairly entitle a public

public functionary to more than three thousand a year. When noble lords, and eminent commoners recollect from what sources, and from whom the various humble units must be collected, which form their incomes, I am at a loss to guess how a liberal and humane man can sit down with a quiet conscience, easy and contented, with receiving from an exhausted exchequer, seven, eight, and in some instances, TEN THOUSAND POUNDS a year.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, President of the Royal Academy, almost against his will, and a painter, as eminent for the masterly exercise of his pencil, as the candour and benevolence of his character.

Our worthy knight, who died since my former volumes, produced a train of servile imitators, who, if they would have been satisfied in their efforts to attain his excellencies, would not have excited contempt: but, their copying with culpable industry, and despicable exactness, his *obvious errors*, reminds us of the base flatterers of Alexander the Great, who, without one pretence to that monarch's heroism in battle, and moderation in victory, selected an obliquity of one of his shoulders, as the servile object of their imitation.

These puny insects of the brush, these murderers of oil and canvas, should recollect, that nothing but the President's superiority of genius could excuse that *varno-mania*, which of late years so unhappily possess him. These drivellers should be reminded, that, in *their* compositions, an unweildy mass of paint cannot disguise impotence of in-

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vention, nor an ocean of glaring varnish, make us forget a total want of effect.

Long and loud are the complaints, that the pictures of Sir Joshua; like other earthly blessing, are *transitory*, and of short duration. May I be permitted, but with due submission, to suggest an opinion on the subject. The painter was unwilling, that the unnatural made up *things*, the gewgaws of modern quality and fashion, that the fallow, unsocial sadness of the haughty nabob, the unmeaning visage of city dullness, with a long list of sharpers, horse-jockies, gamblers, and buffoons, should be handed down to posterity by his immortal pencil; as an artist and a good natured man, he could not without offence, turn away any one from his door.

Blending therefore, on his pallet, a due proportion of politeness to others, with some regard for his own posthumous fame, to these *mistaken creatures*, who forget that oblivion and non-existence is *their* only heaven, he affords the short-lived satisfaction of materials like themselves and their memories, temporary, glittering, and perishable. To day in the drawing-room, to-morrow in the garret, or the dungeon of the broker.

But beauty breathing on the canvas, and worth, which we venerate or lament, shall be handed down to after times.

The speeches of this artist to the Royal Academicians, contain much ingenious theory, and much useful practical advice; and the notes which he communicated to his friend Mason, for that gentleman's translation of Dufresnoy, R. evince

vince much classical erudition, and prove him to have been no superficial studier of the antient schools.

His struggle, when among the pretenders to taste and virtù, between his judgment and his politeness, has been admirably hit off by Goldsmith, in his poem of Retaliation.

When they judged without taste,
he was still hard of hearing,
But when they talk'd of their
Raphaels, Corregio, and stuff,
He pull'd down his trumpet,
and took out his snuff.

Every friend of the fine arts will lament the loss, and previous mental depression of an able man, who, without splendid talents, would have conciliated the love and esteem of mankind, and remarkable in his day for innocent hilarity, and attic hospitality.

Of this amiable man, who died since the publication of my former edition, Dr. Johnson once observed, "He is the most invulnerable man I know; if I were to quarrel with him, Reynolds is a man of all others I should find it most difficult to abuse."

It would be a curious and instructive species of modern anecdote, to know and to relate the history and the fate of an apartment, and its contents, allotted by Sir Joshua, to pictures, which had been never paid or sent for. I understand they were numerous; such a narrative would involve in it a lesson for human vanity, which, in the thoughtless delirium of dissipation, exhausts itself in the expensive whims of superfluity, forgetting the solitary comfortless hour of penury, which fast approaches.

Were I admitted, into what I once called, this Paradise of Fools, my eye would instantly be fixed, by the portraits of a family, who once blazed in a meridian of fashionable splendor—a family, the residence of which, it would be now difficult to determine; shifting probably on expedients, and existing in fordid obscurity, in the worst room, of the worst street, of some shabby town, in a cheap province on the continent.

RICHARDSON, Mr. a printer, and a man of genius, whom I have been accused of treating irreverently, in Smollett's article, by the doating admirers of Grandison and Clarissa.

I have not, I confess, changed my opinion; and it appears evident, that our ingenious writer, a man, in other respects, of strict morals, relaxed, as in life is too often the case, somewhat relaxed the stern integrity of his principles, in the two-fold capacity of author, and proprietor of a press. When writing in his closet, he did not forget the compositor over his head; and, while he indulged the bewildering prolixity of his novels, extended beyond all bounds of patience or propriety, he did not lose sight of the profit, and sterling value, of so many pages of letter press.

As the charge raised against me on this subject, has been brought forward by a female advocate for Richardson, I cannot do better, than produce an instance of a fair critic, of considerable repute, who, in a great measure, agrees with me in opinion.

"Richardson," says the writer I quote, a French woman, and a lively

lively writer, "Richardson is a worthy man, but prolix to a dreadful degree. Clarissa, the beautiful, the all-perfect Clarissa, has a brother and sister, who resemble her in nothing; their characters are a union of roughness and folly, spite, obstinacy, and impertinence; her father unnaturally cruel; his wife perfect in the doctrines of obedience to her husband, but despotic to every one else, though both governed by their son. Two uncles, and an aunt, the counterpart of their mother, a pert waiting-maid, and a villainous canting hypocrite, form the domestic grouse.

"Lovelace is a shocking libertine, with, at first, a few rays of goodness, but these totally discordant with the latter part of his conduct. His obliging Miss Harlowe, to whom he is introduced, by an improbable mistake, to refuse the offer of his hand, is managed with much address, as is also the art with which the rake turns the abuse and ill usage of the family, to advantage, in forwarding his intercourse with Clarissa. Of all these events, Miss Howe, the sprightly friend and correspondent, is informed."

This Lady, with the seeds of a vixen, and the dispositions of a termagant, strongly budding forth in her character, has the effect of exhibiting virtue in its most uninviting form, and calls to our recollection, the expression of an unhappy woman, precipitated from honour and affluence, to contempt, penury, and disgrace; but celebrated in the annals of modern galantry. Irritated by some slight inadvertency or neglect, she ex-

claimed, "I will be undone, if I is only out of spite."

"Miss Howe's humorous fallies on the unaccountable folly of the Harlowes, are happy; her vivacity and spirit of resistance, are well contrasted, with the meek pliability of her friend.

"After a long and tedious series of letters, which tire our patience, without interesting our feelings, Lovelace makes use of the blind violence of the Harlowes, and the wretched Soames, to entice Clarissa into the snare of an elopement.

"Here the author apparently forgets himself; he makes Mrs. Harlowe, whom he has described as a good mother, as well as a good woman, guilty of the barbarity of pressing a much loved daughter to a marriage with a man she loathes and detests. Can any praise be due to such a parent? Is *she* to be guilty of an odious crime, to please an austere and tyrannical husband? Ought not Mr. Richardson to have made Mrs. Harlowe stand forth, as every sensible woman, as every good mother would, and ought to have done, on such an occasion, to prevent so much harshness, violation and coercion?

"Such, I aver, would have been the language of nature and reason, from which no good writer should depart. Perhaps the author wished to shew the danger of a temper too yielding and submissive; I believe he might have spared himself the trouble, *these are not commonly the faults of women; (it is a Lady who speaks.)* Here and there some may be found subject to them, but

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I apprehend it is an imperfection, which will not spread very far.

"After Clarissa had quitted her father's house, it was the first design of Lovelace to put her virtue to the test; but in the overwhelming and well described transports, produced by gazing on so much beauty and merit, and reflecting, that she had put herself into his power, the right string of his heart, in other instances, an abominable and abandoned one, is powerfully touched; and he offers immediate marriage, which she rejects with disdain.

"For this Miss Howe, like a sensible woman, severely censures her, and adds, emphatically, that she really has no choice left, but to marry Lovelace; that she will be unfortunate indeed, if she is not able to reform his manners, but that she has put herself under the irrevocable necessity of becoming his wife, *for that it is better to be unfortunate, than dishonoured.*

"Here," continues the French Lady, a good casuist as well as critic, "here is the great fault of Richardson's romance. A girl who quits her father's house with a lover, should certainly take the first opportunity of making him her husband; we are accountable to God for our virtue, and to man for our reputation. If the manners of Lovelace were depraved, there was the more immediate necessity for such a proceeding, as a censorious world would never allow, that *such* a man, had respected the honour of any woman in his power. The hope to reconcile herself to her parents, was ridiculous; after the step she had taken, they could only regard her,

as a daughter whose honour was lost.

"Should I ever so far forget myself, as to run away with a footman, I would rather be accused of meanness in marrying, than of vice in continuing with him, out of a state of wedlock; he should place me with creditable people, who could answer for my conduct, or make me instantly his wife. I find nothing which is not preferable to the loss of reputation, except the crime which occasions it. Now there is no crime in a base alliance, and still less in such a one as Clarissa might have made. The only answer she gives to these, and many other similar arguments of Miss Howe, is, that he is not pressing enough."

But a woman who has eloped, must not be too squeamishly nice as to etiquette, more particularly in rendering justice to herself, on a point so necessary and essential. I have heard of a Lady, who, on an expedition to Gretna-Green, vowed vengeance against her lover, for venturing on an innocent kiss as they passed over Berwick-bridge; and, irritated by his indecorous conduct, in this particular alone, actually returned unmarried to England. Here the innamorato, turned the tables against her, circulated a report, that he found her so forward and cloying on the road, that he was surfeited, and repented of his bargain; and the unfortunate woman, in spite of a good skin, and twenty thousand pounds, lived repentant, and died an old maid.

RIGBY, RICHARD, a Suffolk fox-hunter, a bon-vivant of social habits, and convivial talents, and

and lastly, Paymaster General; an appointment, the emoluments of which, during the American war, with his other appointments, amounted to upwards of fifty thousand pounds a year; at an interval, when English princes, nobles, commanders, and senators, were wandering incognito, in mendicant obscurity, over the continent; and the honour, revenue, and commerce of Great Britain were bleeding at every pore; while surrounding nations beheld our situation with stern hostility, or selfish indifference; and I exult in reflecting, that since this alarming period, we have not been without opportunities of repaying their ingratitude, as political ingratitude ought ever to be repaid.

The early life and habits of Mr. Rigby, were not calculated to enforce economy; according to the fashionable or the foolish manners of the age, mortgages, money-lenders, Sudbury dinners, and White's Chocolate House, had made deep inroads on his paternal estate, originally respectable, and derived from a mercantile foundation in the city, before he had perfectly attained the age or art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to deplore his imprudence, in abject dependance, or the teasing expedients of an empty purse, had not the turf, which helped to diminish, afforded him an opportunity of redeeming his fortune.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Bedford, had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper and unfair interfe-

rence at their races, and as it was by no means safe or easy, effectually to punish a man, fortified by rank, privilege and wealth, they at last determined to bestow on this illustrious offender, manual correction. The over-bearing conduct of the Duke, in some matter relating to the starting of the horses, and their weights, in which he had no kind of right to interpose, soon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purpose; he was in a moment separated from his attendants, surrounded by the party, hustled, and unmercifully horle-whipped by an exasperated country attorney, with keen resentments and a muscular arm. The lawyer persevered in this severe, but wholesome discipline, without being interrupted by his Grace's outcries and repeated declarations, "that he was the Duke of Bedford," an assertion, which Mr. Humphries, the assailant, positively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himself in so scandalous and unhand-some a manner:" the matter soon circulated over the course, and reaching Mr. Rigby's ear, he burst through the crowd, rescued the distressed peer, completely threshed his antagonist, and protected the Duke off the ground.

A service so essential, at a critical juncture, and at the imminent peril of his own person, naturally called forth in the Russel family, every exertion of gratitude and friendship. Mr. Rigby became so distinguished a favourite at Bedford-house, and with the Dutchess, that he acquired the name of
Bloomsbury

Bloomsbury Dick, and was soon after chosen member for Tavistock; nor did their powerful influence forsake him, 'till he was appointed to the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown. During the viceroyship of his patron, he also enjoyed several posts in Ireland, but shared the Duke's unpopularity, and is said on one occasion, to have narrowly escaped with his life, from public indignation, by being conveyed on ship-board in a hoghead.

From the first onset of his fortunate career, no revolution of parties ever threw him back, and his passage through life, 'till his last illness, is said to have been interrupted by few of those distresses and inquietudes, which in a greater or less proportion, fall to the lot of most men; this circumstance was strongly corroborated by a countenance descriptive of festive conviviality, and a heart at ease, which he used to declare, he could only attribute to never having been married. Yet, an indifference towards women is a crime I mean not to lay to his charge, he indulged this passion in a latitude culpable, and somewhat extraordinary in a corpulent epicure, a professed amateur of the luxuries of the table, in whom the pungent irritations of love are supposed to be sheathed, and rendered in a great degree inert, by masses of fat. According to the Spanish proverb, a votary of Bacchus cannot long continue a favourite of Venus, as high living, however it may stimulate for the moment, is proved, by the experience of ages, to be a producer of listless

satiety, an enervator and relaxer of our fibres.

The writer of this article has often been in company with two of Mr. Rigby's acknowledged natural children, and has often had occasion to remark, that three of the handsomest women he knew, were the wives of men, provided for by the liberality, or gratitude of the paymaster of the forces.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that he continued a firm and consistent supporter of government during the American war; assailed by so many thousand bright arguments, where is the man who could resist their influence? Though by no means an orator, or frequent parliamentary speaker, he was generally heard with attention, when he thought his communications either useful or necessary to the business; and by keeping to the question, which our long-speech-makers are so apt to forget, as well as by a correct acquaintance with the "*Lex et Consuetudo Parliamenti*," great deference was paid to his opinion on points of order.

When a debate became personal and acrimonious, as is too often the case in popular assemblies, it seemed his peculiar province, to cool party violence, and he possessed the art of recalling banished good humour, by some ironical sally or humorous turn. With these innocent weapons, I have seen him moderate or subdue the impetuous, overwhelming torrent of Mr. Fox's invective, the noisy, unconvincing dissonant vehemence of Lord Mulgrave, the declamatory virulence, strong passions, and unfounded

founded assertions of Mr. Burke, the keen personal acrimony of the Luttrells, and the unblushing veracity, but unconquerable resentments of Mr. Dundas.

In the zenith, and high tide of preferment, Rigby was not always able, or inclined to repress the mortifying insolence of prosperity, too often the perverse and ungenerous companion of wealth: his pecuniary accumulations, whatever disgrace they conferred on government, for permitting such lavish waste, could not possibly be mentioned to his reproach, as they were at that time, and had long been considered, the fair and customary perquisites of his office; he was often generous, and always hospitable. But how many instances occur, of men as void of genius as of honesty, who, enabled by fraud, servility, and cunning, to scrape money together, value the rest of mankind, only in proportion to their possessions, and consider narrow circumstances, or an unsuccessful life, as damnable defects in any character, however exalted by personal worth, or mental acquirement.

In a conversation on the subject of a motion made by a noble lord, for accommodating the Commons in the House of Peers, the subject of this article laid himself open to a severe retort. "It has for a long time," he observed, "it has for a long time been matter of surprise, that their lordships pay so little respect to the House of Commons; there is not so much as a seat to separate us from *other strangers*; *I myself*, when a noble earl (Lord Chatham) made his last speech, was behind the bar,

crowded and pressed on by pickpockets." He forgot there was in that crowd, men elevated by talents, rank, and hereditary fortune, far above a little country squire, the elevated minion of lucky accident, who owed every thing he hoped for, or enjoyed, to strength of body, and by no means to transcendent ability, or attainment.

"I did not know," replied a gentleman, offended at his inconsistent aristocracy, "that I was hemmed in by pickpockets, below the bar of the House of Lords, 'till the honourable gentleman ascertained the fact; but I now perfectly recollect, that I was very much crowded and jostled by the Paymaster General of the Forces." The latter felt the justice, as well as severity of the reproof, and gave a proof of his good sense, by immediately asking pardon, shook hands with his censurer, and confessed the unguarded impropriety of what he said.

The man, who from a scanty income, and the coarse meal procured by daily labour, shall contemplate with a sigh, the brilliant revolutions of fortune, and princely income of Mr. Rigby, may perhaps cease to repine at the distribution of the good things of this life, which a state of future retribution, alone can fairly balance; yet the paymaster often confessed, that the early part was by far the pleasanter of his life, when, from the fatigues of the chace, and the pleasures of a jovial crew at table, he retired with glee to his bed, and after a well-slept night, could not always exactly say where he should dine the next day. "I was then
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far happier," he observed to a friend at Bath, "than feasting at Whitehall, or carousing at Mistletoe: I had not, it is true, a thousand acquaintance, who praised my dinners, drank my wine, and abused me behind my back; but then I possessed a few really disinterested friends, whom I fear wealth and elevation have deprived me of, and what, alas, have they given me in exchange: a mind soured by suppressed suspicion and ill-disguised misanthropy, the hateful effect of too intimate a knowledge of mankind; appetites jaded by satiety, and a debilitated body sinking into the grave, from a complication of diseases, produced by luxurious living."

The heir, who may pant after such accumulations, and who may anticipate in fancy, the rapturous methods of enjoying, or of dissipating such a fortune, may also learn to chastise the indecent ardour of impatient hope, when he is told, that the inheritor of the Mistletoe estates and property, had scarcely settled the exhausting and complicated accounts of his uncle, before he was reduced, by a shocking accident, to a situation, which rendered death rather to be hoped for than feared, and reduced a young man of vigorous habits, strong health, and fine spirits, to languor and imbecility for years, and probably to the uncomfortable state of a Valetudinarian, for the remainder of his life.

ROBINSON, ANASTASIA, an opera singer in the reign of Queen Anne, and afterwards wife of Lord Peterborough, who is said to have rode more miles,

and to have killed more post horses than any traveller in Europe.

This military veteran was first attracted by the melody of her tones, or the charms of her person; and conceived, as is the case with too many of his profession, that he could not resist flattery, presents, and attentions, when accompanied, as in his case with a recommendation, to females generally irresistible, the reputation of a conqueror, which he had attained by his rapid, but unavailing successes in Spain.

His illicit purposes were however suspected, and happily counteracted by the prudent fore thought of the lady, or the affectionate vigilance of her parents. But in this clandestine attempt, so much goodness of heart, and unaffected modesty were discovered, that the peer could not help persuading himself, that Miss Robinson was qualified to make him happy as a wife.

He well knew that such a step (particularly at his age, for he was thirty years older than Anastasia) would not fail raising a laugh at his expence; and though he had faced death and danger in their most terrific forms, without fear, he shuddered at the idea of being ridiculed.

How many of us, in situations far more trying and momentous, have yielded to the same insatiable dread; and for want of a grain of firmness, which would enable us to defy the insidious taunts of knaves, and the unmeaning laugh of fools, how many of us have shipwrecked our fortunes, and destroyed our peace.

But

But the magic impressions of beauty, youth and innocence, were not to be effaced from the old man's heart, by prudence or by pride; after a long struggle, he resolved to make some sacrifices to both, by the romantic, but awkward expedient of a private marriage, to which the lady and her friends consented with reluctance.

Wedded, but still retaining her maiden name, she lived many years with Lord Peterborough, but naturally felt a degree of degradation, though not of infamy, in thus submitting to the solitudes of matrimony, particularly with an old man, without, at the same time enjoying the pre-eminence, and other little allowable distinctions of a Countess.

Perceiving and feeling for her situation, the Earl, with a gallantry which has been considered as characteristic of his profession, determined that nothing *he* could bestow, should be wanting to complete the happiness of the woman he loved. An early opportunity was taken, during the season at Bath, for the servant, previously instructed, to announce that Lady Peterborough's carriage was waiting, when without farther ceremony, she received the congratulations of the company.

Swift's description of Lord Peterborough has been often quoted.

A very skeleton in figure,

His meagre corps, tho' full of vigor,

Would halt behind him were it bigger.

ROCHEFOUCAULT,
FRANCIS, DUKE OF,
a vigorous opponent of Cardinal
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Richlieu, and a philosopher, perhaps better known to my readers, as author of the celebrated *Maxims and Reflections*. With a cynical, perhaps a soured disposition, he has given us a picture of mankind, neither favourable or flattering to human vanity, which retiring with disgust and indignation, from descriptions of its own meanness and obliquities, views with ecstasy and approbation, the soothing and romantic reveries of certain dexterous casuists, who gratifying our pride, too often at the expence of truth, draw men rather as they ought to be, than as they really are.

A long, a studious, a daily perusal of the duke's maxims, certainly is not calculated to elevate our notions of man, or to soften the clashing intercourses of society; perhaps a blind implicit adoption of his principle, is not likely to render us happier in ourselves, or more satisfied with others; especially, if like the common herd of readers, we superficially and voraciously read without digestion, and carry his doctrines far enough only to, embitter, but stop short when a further progress, and a more profound investigation, might harmonize an apparently hateful system, and render it a firm, immoveable pillar of morality and revelation.

On this ground, I cannot but think, the torrent of prejudice and invective, which has been so copiously poured forth against this writer, as exaggerated, and tending rather to raise alarm, than to amend or improve. The antagonists of the duke, appear to have been irritated by selfish resentment against
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his officious intermeddling, and lifting the deep-seated remote motives of human conduct; their anger appears to have been excited by his busily prying behind those crazy scenes, and intricate recesses of the human drama; by his exploring those unfrequented spots, which they conceived, none but themselves were authorized to visit, and give accounts of.

Self-love, says Rochefoucault, is the great main-spring, the powerful and universal stimulus to human action of every kind, and in every case; if there be an individual who denies this position, who can support his reasoning with one tolerable argument, and will confess, that his own life and conduct are directed in every instance, contrary to the position of our ingenious Frenchman; I should wish to take a view of such an heterogeneous non-descript animal, whose stoical benevolence is produced by apathy, who pursues means without motives, and is in constant action, without keeping fight of, or hoping to attain any ultimate end.

Another argument in favour of the duke's assertion, which has raised so much groundless alarm, another argument, which the longer I live, I feel a stronger conviction of, inclines me to Rochefoucault's opinion, however it may seem to tell against him, it is, THAT MAN, WHO TO THE UTMOST OF HIS POWER, AUGMENTS THE GREAT MASS OF PUBLIC OR INDIVIDUAL HAPPINESS, WILL, UNDER EVERY INSTITUTION, AND IN SPITE OF ALL OPPOSITION, BE THE HAPPIEST OF ALL MEN HIMSELF.

This decisive sentiment, this touchstone of morals, religion, and humanity, at London, Geneva, Hindostan, Paris, or Rome, this *sine qua non* of all that can or ought to be said, written or sung, in my opinion appears to clear the ground of all bewildering perplexities. By the application of this great principle, which is or ought to be the foundation of all the nurse, or all the priest can teach; the benevolence and charity of a good man, may be termed rational and laudable selfishness, a life of piety and virtue, the shortest and most direct road to genuine self-interest, and the subject of this article, contrary to what he has been generally considered, a friend of mankind, a sage philanthropist, and a practical christian.

The duke, who had displayed considerable personal courage at the battle of St. Antoine, who in understanding and rank, was superior to most men, could never summon sufficient resolution, to speak five minutes in public, without the greatest confusion of countenance, as well as of argument. Much has been said of his lines on the Dutchess of Longueville, in which I am at a loss to find greatness of sentiment, or beauty in expression: that he would set God and man at defiance, to please a woman of light character, who rendered her beauty subservient to party purposes, affords no proof of the purity of his patriotism, or the delicacy of his goddess. His *Memoirs of Anne of Austria*, though *not equal to Tacitus*, possess considerable merit.

Dr. Swift may be numbered with the few, who have been bold enough,

enough, avowedly to defend Rochefoucault:

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew

From nature, I believe them true;

They argue no corrupted mind
In him,—the fault is in mankind.

But, if the ground on which I have presumed to defend the duke, be tenable, I cannot agree with the Dean, who eagerly catching at every thing in support of his peculiar system of misanthropy, which hated the species, but loved individuals, goes farther than the maxims, which merely describe, while he condemns as a fault, what I cannot but consider as a rational and fair motive to human exertion.

I knew a merchant of good repute, and by no means of a contemptible understanding, who imbibed early in life, a violent dislike to Rochefoucault, which extended to all who read or admired his writings; this worthy man indulged, what I cannot but call his juvenile prejudice, so far, that the first time he was introduced to any person, he made it an invariable rule, in the course of conversation, to introduce the name of our writer, and if the new acquaintance professed to approve, or to have often read him, the cautious citizen either abruptly quitted the company, or gradually broke off all intercourse with so dangerous a character.

As it is more than probable that this crude collection may fall under the eye of a man, whose judgment I once valued, and whom I still love and esteem, I wish him

to consider the uncomfortable effects of his strange and irrational singularity. By a deprivation mutually injurious, the disinterested few, who detest disguise, and consider hypocrisy as the most degrading of crimes, lose his society; whilst a plausible, but artful crew, aware of his foible, circulate the necessary previous hint round their own circles, and wrapping their selfish purposes in the specious gloss of demure manners, and sentimental philanthropy, gradually entangle this man of prudence, sound sense, and as he himself thinks, of timid precaution, in the toils of wild enthusiasts, prating sophists, and designing knaves.

ROCHESTER, WILMOT, EARL OF, a man of wit, and considerable poetic genius; but, chusing subjects, which few ought to peruse, and on which the public could not decently give their opinion, he blasted the laurel, and obscured his real merits.

A fertile imagination, strong judgment, and splendid powers, were exhausted, in enlivening a circle of buffoons, coxcombs, and drunkards, and celebrating, as a goddess, some drab or prostitute of the night. His excesses in women and wine hurried him to an untimely end, after the doubtful and precarious resource of a death-bed repentance, when he acknowledged, that in eagerly pursuing the phantoms of pleasure, he had, for many years, lost the real substance.

Much of his satirical writing, though produced in a state of intoxication, was just and well-timed, whether levelled at the abandoned profligacy, the uncon-

stitutional enormities, or the wretched state policy of his master, Charles the Second. The real character of this king, he well describes in a few lines, as one,

Whose word no man relies on,
Who seldom said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

If a man of Rochester's strength of intellect had, to witty reproof, added the energy of good example, how useful a friend might he have proved: but after his death the king pursued the same courses which had destroyed his favourite and companion.

Charles the First, with many amiable qualities, fell a sacrifice to the exasperated temper of the times; but his son, without one of his virtues, and a much greater state delinquent, found the art, by winning familiarity, to lull the murmurs, of a people, still smarting from domestic discord.

Had the madness of the Steuarts (for I can give it no other name) possessed a little method with it, we might at this time have been an enslaved people; and we are, in a great measure, indebted to the unaccommodating bigotry of James the second, for the blessings of the glorious revolution.

The libidinous writings of lord Rochester were a source of much pain and compunction to him, in his last hours, he reflected on the injuries he had done mankind, perhaps to a thousand generations, by compositions, which, however seriously he might repent of, he could not possibly recall; he may be said to have wasted his strength in strenuous idleness, and I cannot help applying to him some of his own lines:

Tell me, thou base disgracer of
thy name,
False to thy honour, fatal to
thy fame,
With what officious zeal didst
thou obey,
When vice, disease, and scandal
led the way?
By what mistaken magic didst
thou prove
So true to lewdness, yet so false
to love?
Thus, some rude roaring bully
in the streets,
Will Hector, cuff, and jostle all
he meets;
But, if his king or country ask
his aid,
The rascal skulks away, and is
afraid.

ROE, SAMUEL, a Bedfordshire Clergyman, and Vicar of Stotfield, in that county, a zealous antagonist, and an inveterate enemy to every one who presumed to differ from the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church of England.

Mr. Roe appears to have been that inconsistent, but not uncommon character, an enthusiast against enthusiasm, and without any extraordinary capacity or attainments might have lived without notice, and have died without remembrance, had he not signalized himself by a proposal for preventing the farther growth of Methodism, a proposal as full of genius as it was of humanity; but this amiable and benevolent man shall be heard in his own words: "I humbly propose to the legislative powers, when it shall seem meet, to make an example of Tabernacle Preachers, by enacting a law to cut out THEIR TONGUES, as well as the
tongues

tongues of all field teachers, and others, who preach in houses, barns, or elsewhere, without apof-tolical ordination, or legal authority."

"No christian," says an ingenious writer, who possesses the happy art of conveying much useful truth, as well as wholesome correction, in the guise of humorous or ironical sarcasm, "no Christian can object to so mild, so meek, and so effectual a method of *silencing* Schismatics. Yet, such is the imperfection of all human devices, we foresee an obstacle that may ultimately tend to render this promising scheme abortive, through the difficulty of carrying it into effect. The nation, alas! is so over-run with Dissenters of one denomination or other, and their preachers are so numerous, that we should despair of procuring hands enough to put the law in execution. It may even be questioned, whether one man could be met with in the three kingdoms, or even among the scalpers of America, who could be prevailed on to be TONGUE-CUTTER, *except the reverend Vicar of Stotfield*; and what could even *he* do alone, however zealous and active in the cause? Besides is *he* immortal? Would not the duration of his valuable life become very precarious, from the nature of his office, and the revengeful disposition of mankind? Would it not be vain to look for a successor to such an appointment, whenever the place should be vacant, for where could we hope to find another Samuel Roe?"

It is to be hoped for the honour of human nature, in this instance,

as in many others, that the zeal of the Enthusiast in theory, was greater than his practical malignity; and that the persecutor, who in the phrenzy of religious rage, persuades himself, that severity towards infidels and heretics is a wholesome and acceptable service; it is to be hoped he will, at some relenting moment of his life, console and pity the poor Samaritan whom he hath been crushing with the iron rod of orthodoxy; and confess with a sigh, that reason and argument are the only proper weapons for suppressing mental error. The Protestant, who pretends to restrict and fetter the sacred rights of conscience and private judgement, insolently assumes the prerogative of God, and imitates the papal superstition, in the bloodiest and most absurd of its usurpations.

RUSSEL, TOM, fellow of New College, Oxford, and author of a collection of sonnets, published since his death. Several of his juvenile compositions have been omitted by the editor of these *elegant trifles*, which would have done poor Russel, no discredit.

This young man, who (to use his own words) brought cares on himself to drive ours away, gave early proofs of intellectual excellence, and poetic tendency: this latter disposition could not escape the keen eye of Dr. Warton, who has been accused of converting Winchester school, into a hot house of rhymers. His school exercises procured him considerable applause, and when he went to the university, he was considered as a youth of much hope.

The advantage of forming useful

ful and splendid connections, is the hackneyed argument advanced in favour of a public system of education. But the views are so obvious, and the ridiculous failures of interested selfishness, so frequent, that a man who is observed insidiously to select for his acquaintance, the rich and great alone, is instantly described as *a dead shot at a yellow hammer*; from the circumstance of young noblemen having a golden tuft on their caps, with some other ornaments, and immunities, at once injurious to, and incompatible with, impartiality and good discipline.

Can we be surprized if a young ambitious mind, like that of Russel, was deluded from the rugged paths of study, by the fascination of elegant society, and the golden dream of a wealthy patron? If in some instances, he courted too assiduously the company of *particular circles*, it ought to be observed, that one so able to communicate, as well as receive, was always welcome, and that few men came into company, better qualified to please, or to instruct.—but

Great men use a wit, as a rake does a whore,

When their end is obtain'd, they see him no more.

—— and Russel with all his talents, endearing qualities, and correctness of taste, was *jostled* out of his friends memory, by horse-jockies, valets, and gamblers, before my Lord reached Dover, on his way to the Continent.

But the memories of Oxford tradesmen, the cellar-man, and the attendants of the junior common room, were more retentive, and my reader will hear with con-

cern, that after much anxiety, and much trouble, this amiable man died of a broken heart. The writer of this article cannot but drop a tear to the memory of one, with whom he has passed many a useful, and many an agreeable hour, (hours, alas! to return no more) in the mutual, but unsuccessful effort, of alleviating anguish, which can cease only with life, palliating evils, and softening prospects, over which the strong hand of death alone, is able to throw a veil.

I cannot mention the university, without suggesting a wish, that parents would not be so eager to educate their sons in those seminaries, without a perfect knowledge of the necessary expence, and the dangerous situation of a young man on his first entering a college. And it were well, if heads of houses, unless they wish to see their walls deserted, it were well, if they would not leave the new comers, who have been long, and ardently panting for liberty, a prey to rapacious tradesmen, or to what is still worse, the licentious excesses of their own passions; surely it becomes them to enforce compliance, or reform abuse, and to guard the rising generation, for whose fate they are answerable, against the bewitching snares of vice and dissipation, which every where surround, and invite them. We may then venture to send our sons, without a certainty of their morals, health, and fortune, being irretrievably destroyed.

In a declamatory, but not ill-written pamphlet, which a disappointed candidate for a fellowship once shewed me in manuscript, called,

ed, "Oxford dissected, or that university displayed in its proper colors," I remember his saying, that to a certain college, every member was a benefactor, for that he brought with him, money, good sense, learning, morals, and a constitution; but was sure to bring nothing away with him. As I could not with propriety subscribe to the assertion, I advised from friendship for the man, or from reverence to Alma Mater, to suppress the work, which, a few months after, with its author was swallowed up by a storm in crossing the Atlantic.

"I am aware," says a declaimer at my elbow, who defends well regulated stew; "I am aware of the prudent regulations, and cautious police established by proctors and vice-chancellors, but while they will not suffer iniquity, or carnal indulgence, to appear in any decent shape: they forget that Oxford is surrounded by the lowest and vilest sties of illicit passion, where filthy vulgarity robs sensuality of refinement, its only, its bad excuse, and where a loathsome disease, poisons the springs of life."

My satirical friend, with whom (however I may value his abilities) I do not always feel disposed to agree in opinion, concluded his harangue, by observing, that he divided the young men of the present day, into two classes; first, your pleasant, accomplished, sensible, undone bon-vivants, without morals, health or fortune, admired, pitied, and neglected by every body:—The second, your strange, eccentric, out-of-the-way mortals, who are dull and unfashionable enough to preserve their estates,

characters, and constitutions unimpaired, but think themselves perfectly at liberty to indulge in odd whims, unaccountable fancies, and strange singularities; "to conclude, I prefer the latter with all his imperfections on his head."

To this sentence, from which many of my readers will dissent, he might have added, that the rare, the desirable character in the present age, is the man of plain good sense, and education, of uncorrupted manners, whose sensibility is not too delicate, or feelings too refined for the common, the useful, and the necessary duties of a son, a husband, a father, or a friend; who does not from affectation, or cowardice quit the post allotted to him by Providence, nor wander from the beaten turnpike road of life, through dread of the bustle of competition, or the snares of ill-design; dangers from which no man has a right to claim exemption, as most of us possess ability and resolution to oppose these chimeras of human life, if we chuse to call them forth. From the scarcity of such characters in the common transactions of mankind, the first and most sacred duties of society, too often fall into the hands of coxcombs, rascals, and fools.

"Take a knife with a common edge, and it will do your business better," said Swift to his friend Lewis the under secretary, who was attempting to divide paper in a very awkward manner, with a fine delicate edged expensive penknife.

RUTHVEN, JOHN, Earl Gowry, a nobleman of Scotland, and before James the Second ascended

ascended the throne of England, contriver of an intended assassination of that singular character; a transaction to which many writers, from a dislike of the pedantry, principles, and nasty propensities of James, have given a disgraceful turn, or wholly denied.

Yet after as fair and impartial an investigation as a detester of the Steuarts, but a lover of truth, is capable of, I am compelled to declare, that the weight of historical evidence is in favor of Gowry's conspiracy, an opinion in which I am supported by a late respectable biographer, whose elaborate and acute investigations of disputed points in history, are much more creditable and convincing, than his political pamphlets. The existence of the plot has also been rather invalidated by a species of bon-mot put into James's mouth, but which in fact he never spoke; it was a farcasm uttered by a discarded courtier, animals so often metamorphosed into violent patriots. "They are fair lands," said the ex-placeman in a whisper, "and Gowry would make a bonny traitor," is the expression to which I refer, occasioned by the king's looking attentively over Ruthven's grounds, in one of his rides.

The subject of this article was also brother to one of the plump wives of Rubens, whose protuberant beauties have been handed down to posterity by the uxorious pencil of her husband.

King James, on a certain occasion, as he hunted, was requested by Alexander, a brother of Lord Gowry, to accompany him to the family seat at St. John's Town,

near Perth, where he said he had stopped a stranger of suspicious appearance, with a quantity of foreign gold under his cloak. The story was disregarded by the king, on account of the stupid manner of the relater, and from a conviction, that he had no right to intermeddle with the property of a subject; no treasure, unless found in the earth, appertaining to the monarch. But as he followed the chase, the gold was still in his thoughts, and having reason to suspect that large sums of money had lately been sent from France, to foment commotion, he resolved to see the man, and endeavour to find out the purpose of a stranger, so unaccountably laden with wealth.

After killing a buck, which led them a long chase, the king informed Alexander he would accompany him, and directly rode forwards without mounting a fresh horse, telling the Duke of Lenox, and the Earl of Marr, that he was going to Perth, to which place, these noblemen, and others, followed him, as well as the fatigued condition of themselves and cattle would permit. James reached Lord Gowry's some time before them, Ruthven all the way strongly remonstrating against acquainting others with the secret; his earnestness in this particular, with a certain disturbed wild cast of his eyes, inclined the king to suspect, either a treasonable intention, or that the young man was disordered in his senses. With such fears, and such reasons for fear, he entered the castle with Gowry, who had gone out with fourscore attendants to meet him; his majesty
having

having only three of his own servants with him, had outstripped the rest. After some delay, dinner was served, the royal suite, as they dropped in, standing round according to custom; the earl, pensive and dejected, at the end of the table, repeatedly whispered messages to his men, and sent them out of the room; and was remarked by all, to do the honours of his house, in an embarrassed ungraceful manner.

A dinner was provided for the courtiers, in another room, to which Gowry conducted them, and the king was left alone with Alexander, who during the whole time had stood behind his chair; as soon as his brother went out, he whispered to his majesty, that now was the time, but that none of the gentlemen must, on any account, attend. James then suffered himself to be conducted up a narrow winding stair-case, through several chambers, the doors of which, his guide locked after him; then crossing a gallery, and mounting a second stair-case, they found themselves in a small study, the door of which was instantly locked; a fellow of an ill countenance, armed with a dagger, rushed forth from behind the hangings, and Alexander clapping his hat on his head, and his sword to the king's breast, told him he was his prisoner, and if he attempted to cry out, or make his escape, he would plunge the weapon into his heart.

James, who had no other defence than his hunting horn, gave himself up as a lost man; he however expostulated with Ruthven and his associate, on the horror of shedding their sovereign's blood,

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from whom, the former in particular, besides the reversal of an attainder, and the family estates, had received many favours; he told them, that murder never went long unpunished, that if his children and loyal subjects failed, the Almighty would raise up stocks and stones to avenge his blood. Alexander, stamping his foot, cried out, "Does not the death of my father rise up in judgment against you?" "I was then a minor," replied the king, "but I well remember, he had strict justice rendered unto him, and fell by the laws of his country."

"*His majesty's marvellous eloquence, with which it has pleased heaven so plentifully to endow him,*" had, by this time, unmanned the fellow in the study, who stood trembling, and disconcerted, while the sweat hung in large drops on his face. Alexander at length, casting his hand out in a desperate manner, cried, "There is no help for it, you must die," and directly made a push at the king, which, suddenly turning his body, he put aside with his hunting horn, and instantly seizing the hand which held the sword, he grasped it firmly, and darting his other hand at the assassin's throat, he brought him to the ground.

While the king was in this perilous situation, Gowry, was entertaining the courtiers below, when a servant, previously instructed, entered the hall, and told them, his majesty had left the castle by a postern gate, was mounted on horseback, and on his way homeward; they directly rushed out together, but Lenox, chancing to ask the porter at the gate, how

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long his majesty had departed, he affirmed that he was not yet gone; the earl looked angry, called his man a liar, and said he would soon know the truth; he then went back to the hall, and shortly returning, assured the noblemen, his majesty had been so long rode out, that unless they were expeditious, they would find it very difficult to overtake him: they then called for their horses.

James, in the mean time, having his antagonist at an advantage, dragged him to the window, which he ordered the man, who stood silent and passive, to open; not being able, while he secured Ruthven, to force more than the right side of his head, and right elbow through the casement, he cried, in a loud voice, "They are murdering me! they are murdering me!" Lenox, Marr, and others, were passing under the window at the moment; and when they heard and saw the alarming situation of the king, drew their swords, told Gowry he was a false traitor, and would have cut him in pieces, but for the interference of his servants: Both parties rushed into the castle in confusion; some attempted to reach the room from whence the voice proceeded, by the way his majesty went; others followed Gowry, who had the advantage of a private stair-case, and knew all the bye-ways of the house.

The king's attendants, Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, were however happy enough to reach the spot first, and soon dispatched Alexander Ruthven, whose last words were, "my brother is to blame." In the confusion, the man with the dagger fled, and

Gowry, with seven servants armed, the next moment entered the room; a contest, which lasted twenty minutes, ensued, but it pleased God, notwithstanding such disparity, to give victory to the smaller number. The earl, receiving Ramsay's sword through his heart, expired without a groan; and his servants, covered with wounds, and exhibiting courage and attachment worthy a better cause, were driven to a gallery, where, being faint with loss of blood, they were thrown over the ballustrade of a lofty stair-case.

Soon after the victory was decided, Lenox, Marr, and others, joined them, having occupied the whole time, in battering down, or bursting open the various doors, the assassin had secured: as soon as they found his majesty unhurt, the whole party instantly fell on their knees, to thank God for his happy deliverance. The town people, alarmed by the death of Gowry, their Provost, at first tumultuously surrounded the house, but on being told of the foulness of his treason, and after his majesty had pleasantly harangued them from the window, they departed in peace. Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, were ennobled, and enriched with presents: bonfires, and other public demonstrations of joy were general; a procession was made to the Market Cross, at Edinburgh, where a public thanksgiving was offered, and a sermon preached on the occasion.

RUTTY, JOHN, a physician, a quaker, and a well-informed writer on medical subjects, of whose private life a posthumous publication

tion has been given, in the form of what he calls a Spiritual Journal. This production, from singularity or coarseness of expression, and from the minute strictness of its diurnal scrutiny, has afforded an opportunity to the fastidiously delicate and gay, of treating with ridicule, one, who appears to have been a sincere christian, and a conscientious discharger of his social duties.

In this severe retrospect of his daily life and conversation, he enters occasionally into trifling, and sometimes into ludicrous details, of contests between the flesh and the spirit; condemns with the rigor of an ascetic, the innocent gratifications, and some of the harmless pleasures of life; scarcely suffers a hearty dinner, or a convivial meeting to pass, without bestowing on himself the epithet of *swinish*; whilst an undue warmth of temper, occasioned by constitutional sensibility, and irritated into warm expression by pert, obstinate or ignorant people about him, he severely reprobates as *snappish* and unchristian.

For these and other reasons, the editor of his Spiritual Journal, with a becoming solicitude for the reputation of his author, thought it necessary to prefix a certificate of the moral rectitude, active exertion, and decent deportment of Dr. Ratty, attested by many reputable members of his society; in order to remove any improper impression, such a perpetual strain of self-accusation, might produce on the mind of his reader.

Yet, after all the strokes of railery, humour, and sarcasm, it is only by such regularly repeated

reviews, by such accurate and impartial examinations and decisions of that internal tribunal, which God and Reason have established in our bosoms, that correct conduct, or christian humility can be obtained. I cannot however defend our sensible but enthusiastic quaker, for his perpetual attacks on human sciences and art, a dexterity in which he must have taken some pains to acquire, but which he takes so many opportunities to depreciate, if not vilify. He appears to have forgotten, that a physician, at least the knowledge of a physician, is from God; and arrogantly wrapped up in his reveries on the utility of misfortune and disease, as keeping us sober and moderate, and on the principle of Cowley, that

“Man’s dark cottage, batter’d
and decay’d,

Lets in new light through chinks
which time has made.”

he irrationally, and I think impiously forgets, the numerous instances in which we are indebted to the ingenuity of human effort, for comfort to ourselves, and ability to render kind offices to others. If the suggestions of some passages in his Diary, were to be established as rules for human conduct, unoffending innocence and open-hearted honesty would suffer equally with, and from the effects of, guilty indiscretion.

He appears not to have recollected that one great and important employment of the Saviour of the world, was communicating health and spirits to the infirm and dejected, and commanding the crippled and diseased to take up their beds and walk. The consistency

of Ratty's system, like that of other systems, which are repugnant to human feelings, was happily and frequently broken in upon by the benevolence of his heart, and the pride of professional eminence. Peculiarly situated as he was, his life appears to have been a perpetual, and sometimes a painful struggle, between fanaticism, and good sense.

If the compensations of prejudice, should prove *not* to be ample, though Mr. Burke endeavours with such eloquence and toil to prove they *are*, how extremely dear do we pay for a costly and cumbersome harness, which fetters the fairest of our intellectual exertions? What pains do we bestow on the texture and expansion of an artificial veil, which shuts out light, and diffuses a dark cloud of doubt and anxiety, over the day-spring and meridian of life, of knowledge, and of joy?

SACKVILLE, Viscount, originally Lord George Sackville, an appellation, which he exchanged for the name and estate of his paternal aunt, Lady Betty Germaine, a baronet's widow, of Drayton, in Northamptonshire, an acquaintance, and, as appears from several of her letters, published in his works, a sensible correspondent of Swift. Lord George was created a peer in the present reign, an elevation, productive of no small surprize at the time, and the subject of much severe altercation between certain distinguished characters.

This favourite of the sovereign, but never of the people, was accused, by his enemies, of sacrificing on the plains of Minden,

several thousand men, to a mistaken principle of national etiquette, or the mis-conception of orders, clearly and explicitly given, owing to the agitation of fear. After indulging himself on his defence, in declaiming against party malice, to which he imputed his disgrace, he still insisted on the orders not being intelligibly delivered; and as soon as he knew what he had to do, and a regiment which impeded his marching had moved, that he attacked in front, with all possible speed. But a court martial, by which his lordship was tried, differed from him in opinion, and he was declared incapable of serving in any military capacity whatever.

His conduct very much exasperated the late good old king, who with his own hand, struck his name from the list of privy counsellors; and was heard to declare with emotion, and his usual warmth of temper, (a generous, but quickly subsiding warmth) that if he had not been a king, and the offender his subject, he would certainly have challenged him. Colonel Sloper remarked on the field of battle, his lordship's embarrassed and confused appearance; yet I can scarcely impute his conduct to cowardice, which, though in a soldier an unpardonable failing, is not a crime, (for we have not all, the nerves and intrepidity of a hero) besides, in a duel with the late Governor Johnson, he appears to have acted with sufficient calmness and composure.

One path to fame being thus for ever closed against him, with a resolution, perhaps a magnanimity, which few men in similar circum-

circumstances would have possessed, he plunged into the stormy sea of government and politics; where, notwithstanding royal smiles, and the friendly, elaborate, but unsuccessful panegyric of Mr. Cumberland, he experienced defeat and disappointment. He was secretary of state for the colonies, during the American war, and on one occasion, prognosticated success, with an emphasis, not common in his method of speaking. His adversaries, of whom I think he had a greater portion than falls to the lot of most men, cried out with exultation, that Minden and Saratoga, would be everlasting monuments of his courage as a general, and his abilities as a statesman.

During the unfortunate interval, of which I speak, certain national debates, were conducted with a violence, heat, and perseverance, which a conviction of their high importance, and a sense of national calamity, could alone inspire: the same period was also remarkable for a war, which, from choice or necessity, was conducted by men, who, as senators, had earnestly argued, and regularly voted against it. I could not help remarking the conduct of a certain general, who with some glaring inconsistencies, was not without many valuable qualities; I could not but remark his haranguing the house of commons, at the moment he was a prisoner of the enemies of his country, and against whom, he should not have accepted a command, with the principles he professed. This parliamentary phenomenon, did not bring to my mind Regulus, when he quitted the senate of Rome, on his return

to Carthage; the "*torvus humi posuisse vultum*," would have been wholly inapplicable.

In the course of certain parliamentary debates, on appointing commissioners of supervision, to India, the attack of this noble Lord, (then a commoner) on an oriental delinquent, was eloquent, keen, and effectual. The voice of truth boldly pointing out undeniable fact; covered with shame a front not easily disconcerted.

"The honorable gentleman," said Lord George, "has been told by a witness, whom he called to answer his own purposes, he has been honestly told by his own evidence, that two thirds of his wealth were extorted by an arbitrary and oppressive tax on the miserable and exhausted natives of India; I appeal to all who hear me, if the actual perpetrators of cruelty and injustice, are proper or likely persons to correct those mischiefs, which their own iniquities have produced; will those persons refund their wealth, who, taking advantage of influence and power, have extracted by the rude gripe of oppression, the luxuries and superfluities of their table, from the scanty pittance of the poor Hindoo?"

The eyes of the whole house were rivetted on the convicted offender; a short struggle took place in his breast, between anger and remorse, but the weight of guilt preponderating, he sunk in confusion on his seat.

SALLUST, a Roman historian, of genius, rank, and wealth, but of loose manners, and luxurious habits, of whose valuable writings,

writings, a small part only are extant at this present day. With a considerable depth of philosophic reflection and moral energy, occasionally clouded by pedantic affectation, singularity of style, and eccentric verbal arrangement, he has been accused of eloquently declaiming against those fascinating indulgencies, which he enjoyed and practiced himself, with singular felicity, elegance, and taste.

In another part of this collection, I have lamented how often great talents were united with suspicious purity of morals; I ventured to suggest an opinion, that how much soever we might abhor the flagitious conduct, we ought not, on that account only, to deprive ourselves of the advantageous helps of great ability. If no exertions, I might also have added, if no exertions are to be allowed in ethics, criticism, and satire, 'till we have authors without fault, and writers without blemish, the world, the press, and the pulpit would have been deprived of many a splendid, many an elegant, and many a useful production. Such an index expurgatorious, would have denied admittance to Lucan and Sappho, to Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Tibullus; to Dryden and Steele, to Churchill and Sterne, to Wilkes and Junius. But whilst justice is due, under certain restrictions, to the energies of genius, the first great bulwarks of civilized society are not to be battered down, the interests of virtue and religion are not to be sacrificed on the profane altars of unhallowed libertinism, prostituted powers, and guilty ingenuity. Future ages will contemplate, with

love and veneration, the mild manners, the correct domestic conduct of Cicero, Addison, Arbuthnot, Tillotson, and Locke; while the depraved principles, and ruinous career of many a favourite of the nine, and many others, high in literature and modern renown, but contaminated by vicious enormity, will be handed down to posterity with indelible marks of infamy and disgrace. He, who to the skilful admonitions of vigorous intellect, shall add the more powerful influence of good example, erects his edifice on a rock, against which the storm shall rage, the rain descend, and the winds struggle in vain.

To a country Lady, who having heard much of Sallust, and was very desirous of being made acquainted with his writings, I once read by a winter evening's fireside, part of his interesting account of Catiline's conspiracy, in such English as an unpremeditated perusal would afford; but at that part of the narrative which speaks of a lady who danced better than a modest woman ought to dance, my reading was suddenly interrupted. "Excuse me," cried my female friend, an accomplished woman, and celebrated as a graceful dancer, a circumstance, which, till the instant, I did not recollect, "excuse me," she cried, with that animated softness, inspired by wounded sensibility, which tigers only, or men like tigers, are able to resist, "Is not the expression of your Latin writer rather exceptionable? Can there possibly be any indecorum in aiming at perfection in an art which gives a zest to polished life, improves social

cial intercourse, and in the Mosaic Ritual, constituted a part of the national worship."

Embarrassed between politeness to my fair friend, and my own inviolable regard to truth, "Not positive moral turpitude," I replied, "but I am not without fear of its ultimately leading to some of the bye-roads. I am aware of the futility of arguing from the abuse against the moderate use of pleasure, that the same knife with which we cut a chicken may be applied to our throats; yet, it cannot be denied, that luxurious feasts, midnight dances, and licentious spectacles, are too apt to inflame the passions through the imagination."

Indeed it is more than probable, that a man, seduced by beauty and personal accomplishments, to chuse his wife from circles, enlivened by constant diversion, and devoted to music and dance, must not be disappointed, if his partner for life should prove averse to the hours and discipline of a well regulated family. A little previous consideration of this circumstance, and a conviction, that the pleasantest and most fascinating companions, are not always formed for wives and mothers of families, would prevent many a ridiculous domestic disclosure in the King's Bench, and at Doctor's Commons. So many husbands would not then be tempted to the tête-a-têtes and petits soupers of Marybone and Soho, and many a heart-ach would be saved in Corn wall, and beyond the Tweed.

SANTEUIL, JOHN BAPTISTE, a Latin Poet, chiefly on religious subjects; born at

Paris in 1630, and painted in the lively, but indistinct characters of Bruyere, who, by over-charging his colouring, and multiplying the folds of his drapery, renders his pieces so confused, that the great outline and projecting features of his portraits are sometime wholly lost.

La Bruyere describes him under the name of Theodas, "at one moment, complaisant, easy, and docile, simple, credulous, playful, a child in grey hairs; the next instant, violent, choleric, passionate, and capricious; shrieking, jumping, and rolling on the ground, rattling like a fool, and thinking like a wise man, yet with all his buffoonery, contortion, and grimace, a good man, a pleasant man, an excellent man".

Santeuil was a regular canon of St. Victor, patronized by Bossuet, but never proceeded beyond deacons orders: this, however, did not prevent his doing the duty of a parish church, on a day that the priest could not be found; he had scarcely mounted the pulpit, before he forgot himself, and was confused; after a pause, he retired, saying "I had a great many things to say to you, but it is needless to preach any more, you would not be the better for it."

Being once mistaken by a pious devotee for a confessor, she had disclosed a long catalogue of frailties, before the mistake was discovered; "I will instantly go and complain of you to the prior," said the enraged lady; "In the mean time," replied the poet, "I shall make the best of my way to your husband," an answer, which was the signal for mutual peace.

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A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary's, without giving his audience any satisfaction. Santeuil who was present, said, "He did better last year:" "You must be mistaken," said a bye-stander, "for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year;" "that is the very reason," he replied.

A gentleman complained that he had been cheated by a monk: "I am sorry," said Santeuil, "that a man of your years does not know the monks; there are four things in this world you should always guard against, the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, but against a monk, on all sides."

Bossuet reproaching him for the irregularity of his conduct, said, "Your life is not very edifying; if I was your superior, I would send you into some little cure, where you might count your beads, and say your breviary:" "Were I king of France," replied Santeuil, "I would banish you to the isle of Patmos, and your employment should be to write a new Apocalypse." He died in 1697, of a violent cholic: the page of a great man came into his room a few minutes before his death, and said that he was sent by his highness, to enquire how he was; Santeuil, turning up his eyes to heaven, in the agonies of death, repeated twice, "Tu solus altissimus," and instantly expired.

SAVANAROLA, a popular friar of Florence, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and what may appear singular in a dominican at that period, a violent and enthusiastic democrat, who for a long time, and with success,

preached resistance against papal and aristocratic usurpation in his native city; while the populace, listening to his discourses with ardent attachment, and taught by him, the difference between liberty and licentiousness, recovered many of their long lost privileges and rights.

Possessing a greater share of acuteness and general information, than was common in the religious orders, he foretold from his knowledge of the state of Europe, an invasion of Italy, which afterwards took place; for this, and other prophetic declarations, which were for the most part verified, he was pronounced by his followers, a saint, and worshipped as a holy man, favored with celestial communications.

To refuse honour and adoration, how much soever we may despise those who bestow them, is a temptation which human vanity, or human policy has been seldom able to resist. From Alexander to Augustus, and a train of successors, who converted this species of refined flattery, into a powerful engine of dominion, a thousand examples might be given; in a moment of weakness or ill design, Savanarola acquiesced in the insatiation, and agreed to impute that, which in fact was human sagacity and common sense, to divine impulse, and the holy spirit.

The Pontiff, who had been offended beyond forgiveness, by opposition to his encroachments, saw and eagerly seized the opportunity thus afforded, for working the ruin of a demagogue, he detested and abhorred; he accused him of a blasphemous assumption of apocalyptic

tolic powers; and cited him to answer to this heavy charge. The people murmured at the prosecution of their favorite, but were threatened with the thunders of the Vatican, if they did not join in punishing a man, who had impiously (I presume he meant without *papal* connivance) who had impiously pretended to supernatural communication.

Terrified by anathemas, and threats of eternal punishment from this viceregent of Heaven, the timid and credulous crowd gradually abandoned the man they had so lately adored; he was seized, delivered over to their common adversary, and after the forms and mockeries of a trial, put to the torture, hanged and burnt.

This short article is introduced, for the consideration of those persons, who, in the warmth of honest zeal, generously come forward in aid of patriotic, and sometimes violent measures, under which they generally are the first to suffer. "In case of a popular revolution," said Mr. Fox, on a late occasion, "I have good reason to think I should be the first sacrifice."

Another useful deduction may also be drawn from a consideration of the present subject; in receiving assistance from public men, we must not listen too readily to the interested suggestions of their adversaries, against them; an individual may in private life be wretchedly faulty, yet as a patriot, and an active citizen, he may render his country good service, and recommend just and necessary measures.

Many instances in the political
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and literary world might be pointed out as strong cases in point; two in particular have been frequently introduced in different parts of this collection; with all their flagrant enormities, it perhaps would be difficult, in the whole English History, to produce individuals to whom the country is more obliged.

Had the Florentines been mindful of this useful truth, they would not have given up a man who had rendered them such important services, to the tigers and vultures of the Vatican; who, in the same proportion, that they have departed from the genuine purity of Christianity, have improved in worldly cunning, and deep casuistry. Taking advantage of the irritated prejudices, and blind bigotry of superstition, they artfully destroyed one of their most powerful antagonists, by the hands of that very people, for whom he had procured the few privileges they enjoyed, and which they were soon deprived of, after the removal and destruction of their able partizan. "It seems in all countries," says a late writer, "a common artifice with oppressors, to employ, on every occasion, the malignant passions of the people against themselves."

SCAURUS, MARCUS EMI-
LIUS, an eminent Roman, who deriving his second name from the mental accomplishments of one ancestor, and his third appellation from the personal deformity of another, deduced the origin of his family in common with that of the Cæsars, from Numa, and the first founders of the infant Commonwealth.

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But a race which had repeatedly given to their country, Consuls, Dictators, Tribunes, Censors, and Pontiffs, which had contended with Hannibal, his bloody victory at Cannæ, and finally subverted in the person of Scipio, the foundations of Carthage; was reduced to poverty and insignificance in their descendant, the father of the subject of this article, who, in the humble business of a dealer in wood and charcoal, had acquired by minute diligence, and the patient accumulation of petty profits, a sum, which in the present rate of English currency, cannot be valued at more than three hundred pounds; a fortune which wholly unequal to the cravings of luxury, and the waste of profusion, raised its frugal and honest possessor above want and dependence.

"This sum, and ten slaves, was the whole of my inheritance," says Marcus Emilius Scaurus, in the memoirs of his own life, which though they merited the praise of Tacitus and Cicero, excepting a few fragments in an antient writer, are no longer extant, "and I chose," he continues, "the profession of a public pleader, in order to make myself generally known:" three declining generations having so completely buried his family in obscurity, that it had for some time been thought extinct; and on entering into life, he was considered as a stranger of mean extraction.

He is praised by Cicero for courage and perseverance, notwithstanding his defects in elegant language, and a want of assurance in his mode of delivery, which are generally considered as necessary

requisites in a public speaker; yet I am not certain, that such disadvantages are not over-balanced by that interest and affection, which we feel for embarrassed diffidence, while the efforts of impudence are often rendered ineffectual, by insulting audacity, or proud unconcern. Success, and a better acquaintance with mankind, enabled him to remove these obstacles, and the army being the great road to preferment, Scaurus united, according to the custom of his country, the profession of a soldier, with the practice of a pleader. After two campaigns in Spain and Sardinia, he obtained the *Ædileship*, which had been generally sought for the purpose of procuring popular applause, by magnificence and show; these were incompatible with the state of his finances, and he was content without expensive spectacles to fulfil with diligence the duties of his office, which superintended the police of the city. His faults had hitherto escaped the public eye, and it was not till he offered himself a candidate for the consulship, that he displayed his predominating character, which had been concealed by the policy of a young man, anxious to secure the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

A contested election has been said to afford a man many opportunities of hearing every thing that can be advanced against him: on one of these occasions, a person who offered himself to represent an English borough, put the following question to his wife, after a twenty years marriage: "What scandalous story do you think my adversaries have been circulating this

this morning on the buffings?— they insulted me in various ways, and with other taunts, exclaimed, his wife wears a glass eye:” fixing his own at the same time stedfastly on the countenance of his better half.

“It is too true,” replied the lady, dropping her head in confusion, “it is too true, but I was always afraid to mention the circumstance, lest it might diminish your affection; how our good friends, the mob, should know it, I can’t imagine, for no one but myself and the oculist, who has been dead many years, were acquainted with the secret.”

Having obtained the consulship, in which he was considerably assisted by the estate of a wealthy citizen, bequeathed to him by a will which involved him in a law suit; our ambitious Roman threw off the mask, and though his worst enemies could not deny the ardor of his zeal in the service of his country, it was considered only as a secondary motive to his own aggrandizement; his deportment was haughty, his temper unforgiving, and a love of money the ruling passion of his soul.

Passing on a certain occasion by the tribunal of a Prætor, who engaged in the administration of justice, neglected to rise when our Consul passed, he ordered the Licitors to drag him instantly from his seat, and tear off his robes: he strictly enforced the laws against luxury; and abolished a regulation enacted by Gracchus forty years before, which deprived of a vote, all who could not produce a male child, or were not possessed of

property to the amount of fifty pounds.

From domestic reform, he led the Romans to victory over the Ligurians, who inhabited that angle between Italy and France, which descending from the Appennines to the Tuscan Sea, is the seat of the modern Republic of Genoa. To obviate the unhealthy effects of inundation and stagnant water, he caused a canal to be cut from Parma to Placentia, which converted an uncultivated and unwholesome marsh, into a fertile district; and such was the severity of his military discipline, that a farmer, on whose ground the troops were encamped several days, was surprized on visiting an orchard which stood in the midst of the camp, to find his fruit untouched. Crossing the Pô, he made himself master of the hilly country round Trent, took Forum Julii and Aquileia, and traversing the shores of the Adriatic, penetrated into the countries to which the modern names of Istria and Carniola have been given, never before visited by the Roman arms; but his career of victory was embittered by family misfortune, having severely reprimanded his son, before the troops, for a want of courage or conduct; terrified by guilt, or mortified by the anguish of oppressed innocence, and harsh correction, the young man put an end to his life.

Triumphal honours were decreed to Scaurus; he was named by the Censors, Prince of the Senate, an honour, which though not actually investing him with any new authority, was attended with considerable influence; one

of the privileges was a right to speak first on any public question. The Patricians were at this time engaged in a business not very honourable to Roman virtue. The intrepid but perfidious Jugurtha, not satisfied with a third part of Numidia, bequeathed to him by his uncle Micipsa, King of that country, and a faithful ally of the Roman people, was endeavouring to deprive the children of his benefactor, by fraud or by violence, of their inheritance; an attempt, in which he was too successful. After destroying Hiempsal, one of the sons of Micipsa, the crafty African sent immense treasures to Rome, for the purpose of bribing the senate, who wavered, and amusing the people, who were warmly interested for the injured grandsons of Masinissa. Having secured a majority in the senate, he attacked Adherbal, the surviving son, defeated him, and pursuing the fugitive prince to Cirthe, laid close siege to that city, which was his capital, and stood on the ground now occupied by Constantina, in the piratical kingdom of Algiers.

Scaurus, on this occasion, was suspected of corruption, but acted with considerable caution: it was not easy to gratify his avarice, and at the same time retain the goodwill of the people, who, in political contests, make up in bulk and number for the minute portion of power each individual enjoys; to use the expression of an ingenious writer, he found it difficult to chuse, between his interest and reputation. The descendant of Scipio spoke violently against

Jugurtha in the senate, and being appointed to command the African army, crossed the Mediterranean, and summoned the Numidian to appear before him. But his vigor was relaxed by humiliating messages, or the more powerful influence of gold; after much of public concession and private intrigue, in which the interests of a traitor, and the preserving Scaurus from blame, were equally balanced, the Roman general returned, without rendering any effectual assistance to Adherbal; every resource being exhausted, that unhappy prince was obliged by famine to capitulate to his inhuman and ungrateful conqueror, who put him to a cruel death.

A proceeding more disgraceful cannot be imagined, or more mortifying to a people not wholly lost to the feelings of nature and justice; the murderer of his benefactors family, and the artful defier of Roman authority, would have gone unpunished, but for the Tribune Memmius, an inveterate enemy of the Patricians, who compelled the senate to send a second army into Africa, under Calpurnius and Scaurus, who were both deceived by the humble declarations, or purchased by the gifts of the tyrant.

It is not consistent with the nature of my work, to enlarge on the corruptions of the senatorial order, or the artifices by which Jugurtha was enabled repeatedly to elude public indignation; his memorable farcaim on Roman venality, when he left the city, to which he had repaired, and endeavoured to excite public compassion, by

by abject deportment, and a degraded appearance, are known to most readers. The circumstance in these transactions which first attracted my notice, is, that Scaurus, the whole of whose conduct appears to have been tainted with venality, should have been able to preserve the confidence of the people; they were probably dazzled by his wealth, his military success, the glories of his ancestors, and his plausible manners, or intimidated by his predominating spirit. "Your friends and defenders," exclaimed Memmius in a speech to the people, and with Scaurus evidently in his eye, "your friends and defenders die unpitied and unrevenge; Gracchus and Fulvius were led to execution, and the prisons crowded with their followers; but on those who make a traffic of public authority, who sell the power of the people, and the honour of our armies, the first offices of the commonwealth are bestowed; they enjoy triumphal honours, and disgrace that simplicity of manners, once the honourable characteristic of a Roman; with haughty demeanour, and measured steps, they insult us as they pass the streets, by an elaborate display of magnificence and wealth; to have put to death a Tribune of the people, or to have proposed an oppressive decree, to such men is matter of exultation."

Opimius, the friend of Cicero, Cato, a nephew of the immortal Scipio, Calpurnius, Galba, and Albinus, all of consular dignity and illustrious family, were at last, by the patriotic or the malignant industry of the Tribunes, punished by fine, banishment, or imprison-

ment. Not satisfied with his own safety, Scaurus occasionally pleaded in their defence, and, on one of these trying occasions, is said to have been embarrassed by a coarse allusion of Memmius, who, observing a funeral, interrupted his harangue, by saying, "Don't you see what is passing in the street? you are only losing time here, when, perhaps, some advantage might be made of the will of the deceased."

A remarkable instance of dexterous resolution and firmness of mind, occurred in the decline of his life, when from a love of money, that growing vice of old age, though other appetites decay, he was accused of a treasonable correspondence with Mithridates King of Pontus. For the same crime, two of his friends, contaminated by the venality of the times, were driven into banishment, and Scaurus was advised to prevent disgrace by a prudent and voluntary retirement.

Worn down by years and infirmity, at the age of eighty, he insisted on being conveyed in a litter before an assembly of the people, who were strongly affected by the venerable appearance of the hoary descendant of the Scipios, and perhaps had been previously softened by a well-timed application of that precious metal, whose magic touch so few of us are able to resist.

Raising himself a little from a reclining posture, he thus addressed the listening multitude:

"Romans, one Varius, a Spaniard, of obscure birth, a man of yesterday, accuses Marcus Emilius Scaurus, who led your fathers to victory

victory and renown, of having received a bribe from the King of Pontus. Marcus Emilius, Prince of the Senate, denies the charge; which of us do you judge most worthy of credit, I will abide by your decision?" Ten thousand voices immediately proclaimed him innocent of the charge. His accuser was driven ignominiously from the spot, and, sinking under a real or pretended agitation of spirits, the successful orator was followed to his house with long continued bursts of applause.

In perusing the pages of antiquity, I have frequently considered, with attention, the character of Scaurus; uniting the various qualifications necessary for exercising civil, as well as military duties, with reputation, he renewed the glories of his family, and rendered essential service to his country; but his virtues were obscured by a love of money, which the narrowness of an early fortune might have somewhat excused, but avarice increased with his possessions.

In various trying passages of his life, the Roman people (if I may be allowed an allusion) were a many-stringed instrument, in the hand of a skilful master; by the harmony of tones, or the dexterity of a fine finger, he rendered them subservient to political purposes. Like the royal musician of Israel, he evaded the rage of powerful enemies, to whom many of his contemporaries, equally rich and equally venal, fell a sacrifice; he escaped the fury of democratic Tribunes, and exasperated rivals, by a dexterous management of those strings, which, when pro-

perly touched, the human heart, or the human hand, are so formed, as to vibrate in unison with them.

In this rapid sketch of an eminent Roman, I flattered myself I had equally avoided the malignancy of one of his personal enemies, an eloquent historian, and the lavish encomiums of another, his profest panegyrist; but all my care has not preserved this article from censure. I confess, I have ventured to differ in opinion with a respectable modern, and, but for his perpetual allusion to present political circumstances, an agreeable writer. Scaurus being chosen Prince of the Senate, seems to be considered, by this gentleman, as a *proof* of his pre-eminence in virtue; the state of the empire, and the manners of the Patricians at that period, demonstrate the fallibility of such reasoning.

The success of Jugurtha, a murderer and an ungrateful usurper, determine the state and purity of public principle at that time; and after allowing to Scaurus every merit of a highly endowed magistrate, and an active general, I find it impossible to acquit him of conniving at and being corrupted by the crafty Numidian; I have allowed him the praise of greatness of mind, in his answer to the charge of Varius, but, with all my *supposed tendencies*, I cannot consider the tumultuous resolutions of a fickle multitude, fed from his table, as decisive proofs of his innocence or guilt.

With all his faults, aggravated by malignancy and envy, and his virtues, highly coloured and overcharged by friendship, Scaurus appears to have been that compound

compound natural character, every day met with in life, a mixture of weakness and magnanimity. Able and willing, on most occasions, to perform his duty, to act or to suffer as a public man, he rendered his great abilities subservient to private interest, and, as is common in old age, grew too fond of pounds, shillings, and pence.

SCOTT, JOHN, a member of the English House of Commons, a major in the East-India service, and an indefatigable partizan of Mr. Hastings. I wish not to interrupt his incessant application to the labours of the press, I would not deprive the newspapers of well-turned profitable paragraphs, nor the public, of spirited pamphlets; it is my design merely to remark, his constant and elaborate efforts to prove, that the late Governor General, is a man of small fortune, and that the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel have for many years, ceased to be sources of Asiatic wealth.

"There is not," says the Major, with much good sense, but with evident obliquity of design, "there is not a more mistaken idea, than that which has been so industriously circulated and believed, that enormous fortunes are rapidly and easily made, by the Company's servants in Bengal. I have in my hand, an accurate and authentic list of five hundred and eight persons on the civil establishment, who have been appointed in the last twenty-two years; of these, one hundred and fifty are gone to a land, from which they never can return; thirty-seven are at this time in their native country, in general with moderate fortunes; and

of the three hundred and twenty-one now (1784) in Bengal, the chances are against the majority of them returning to England, with more than a competency.

"Of the military gentlemen, who have acquired immense wealth, the number is inconsiderable.—Twelve hundred officers have been appointed in Bengal, during the period above mentioned, but I am convinced that not more than fifty of those have returned with a comfortable subsistence. For myself, I trust that seven thousand pounds, will not be considered as a very unreasonable reward, for sixteen of the best years of my life, devoted to the service and climate of Asia; I know only of five, who have brought home more than twenty thousand pounds; many have arrived in England with less fortunes than mine; but too many worthy individuals, disabled by wounds, and ill health, are receiving a bare subsistence from Lord Clive's military fund."

The official integrity of Mr. Hastings, as a public man, it is not my wish to impeach; but the mediocrity of his finances, notwithstanding the artful manoeuvres of his male, as well as female agents, for good and substantial reasons, I beg leave unceremoniously to deny.

I acknowledge, I readily acknowledge, the civil and military talents of the Governor-General, his strong and various claims on the Company for meritorious service, and his splendid patronage of arts and learning; but were it permitted in certain cases, (which I thank God it is not) to put interrogatories in Lord Mansfield's favourite

favourite way, and take depositions on oath; I could clearly and satisfactorily prove, from official documents, oral evidence, and confidential correspondence, that Mr. Hastings, before he set foot on the ship, which conveyed him to Europe, was possessed by himself, or in the name of others, of money and effects, amounting to more than three hundred and eighty seven thousand pounds.

After Major Scott's repeated avowal of his sacred regard to truth, it would be unfair to doubt his assertions, respecting his own pecuniary acquirements in India; for the honour of a soldier is delicate, and like the reputation of the dictator's wife, should be as untainted by imputed, as it is free from real guilt: but if the statement he gives of his own finances, is correct, I venture to pronounce him a very improvident man. With only such a fortune as he mentions, his mode of life, his seat in parliament, and other habits, which, for fear of producing a blush on his diffident cheek, I shall not mention, surely prove him inconsiderate, rash, and imprudent.

With his gentlemen on the Civil, and even some on the Military Establishments of India, who he says have returned (heaven reward their disinterested views) with what he calls moderate, or inconsiderable fortunes, it has at times been my happiness, or my misfortune to form an acquaintance. They have for the most part been social and hospitable, eager rather than ready to observe and keep up the intercourse and civilities of modern life. But I have too often felt my wealthy neighbours break in on

the comforts of my paternal spot: the luxuries, and sometimes the common articles of my table, necessarily frugal from the unpropitious circumstances of the times, have been monopolized, or raised to an enormous price; my slumbers have been interrupted by midnight Bacchanals. An adjoining vale watered by a sedge stream, and bordered on one side by a wild copse, the favourite spot of my early life, for exercise and contemplation, have been cleared, grubbed up, distorted or improved by the tyrannic hand of taste, strengthened by wealth, but not always directed by judgment.

Two neighbouring boroughs, which for more than a century had silently and implicitly obeyed treasury mandates, or yielded to the natural influence of the principal families and property of the county, have been tempted from their allegiance, by the profits of a contested election, which circulating and diffusing the gold of my Asiatic friends, has split them into contending parties, while political animosity, and mercenary cabal, distract what was once termed by a popular poet, the realm of peace.

But for the nocturnal assiduity of a poacher, whom I am compelled by my neighbours to encourage, I should never taste a hare or a trout. The primitive manners, and exemplary œconomy of my solitary old domestic, are scandalized by the riotous vices, and lavish profusion of the liveried menials around us; while our ruddy milk maids and lusty country girls, are seduced from fresh air, rude health, innocent mirth, and rural tranquility, by valets, grooms,

grooms, or their masters, to the winter abodes of infamy, smoke, sin, and sea coal.

To conclude, I cannot agree with the subject of this article, on the inconsistency and hardships of the proceedings against Mr. Hastings. In the present disposal of human events, private convenience must ever yield to public advantage; and I cannot but think the impeachment of Mr. Hastings, independent of its event, or his conduct, as a transaction, highly conducive to the welfare and good government of our Asiatic possessions.

In a country, from which, as it has been before observed, "every man wishes to depart as soon as he can with his whole fortune, and for which, the moment he reaches Europe, he is perfectly indifferent; in a country secured from the eye of its masters, by a distance of ten thousand miles," it was judged necessary and expedient, to impress the inexorable omnipotence of the English laws, as a lesson to future Governors and Commanders. Its salutary effects, I understand have been already acknowledged and felt, by the concurring testimony of natives as well as Europeans.

SECTARIES, a recipe for silencing them, but not *exactly* according to the Birmingham Dispensary; see Roe, Samuel. Of the abhorrence in which certain oriental sects hold each other, a curious instance is given by a French missionary, in his Travels to Tartary.

The Persians and Turks, though they both profess the Mahometan faith, indulge themselves in a mortal and holy aversion on the subject of certain minute observ-

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ances, with respect to washing before they pray; both agree that the prophet commands ablution, but the mode has afforded matter of debate and of bitter controversy. The Turk puts his hand into the water, and taking up some in his palm, holds his arm obliquely upwards, and lets it run to his elbow. The Persian turns with horror from such profane heresy; and in the warmth of orthodox zeal, taking water in his hand, carries it to the opposite elbow, letting it run down his arm, and drop from the end of his fingers: both parties, at the same time, pronouncing damnation on each other, for deviating from the proper method.

Before we ridicule or censure such absurdities, let us be careful, that as Christians and Englishmen, we are not bigotted to trifles, equally silly and unimportant.

SERBELLONE, FABRICIUS, a disgrace to the military profession, patronized and employed against the Protestants of Avignon and Orange, by Pope Pius the Fourth, and that unfeeling Emperor, Charles the Fifth.

This infamous Satellite of the Vatican, blots the present page, only for the purpose of recording an execrable refinement of cruelty, united with religious rancour, worthy the monsters who employed him, and highly gratifying to his own brutality of manners, and thirst for blood.

Having, as he imagined, exhausted his invention in search of new modes of torture, by suspending in chimnies, impaling, and roasting by slow fires, the unfortunate wretches who fell into his hands, and by other means too

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shocking

shocking and too indecent to recite: at the instigation of Satan or his prime ministers, at St. Peter's and Vienna, he procured a number of Geneva Bibles, and folding the leaves into long and narrow slips, he larded with them the bodies and limbs of his miserable victims, previous to his committing them to the flames. Adding insult to injury, he told them, in the agonies of death, "That he knew it was an edition of the Bible they were attached to, and he was determined they should have enough of it."

Such have been the enormities of those who fancied they were doing God service, and fulfilling their duty, under a gospel which preaches love and good-will towards man. Such are the effects of blind bigotry and inflamed zeal; such the consequences of practising the *externals*, the *mummeries*, and the *cereemonies*, without imbibing the spirit of Christianity.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

I record with sorrow, that Serbellone died a natural death in 1566. The world has for centuries been deafened with the deed of Brutus in the Capitol. Was there no kind dagger, no friendly hand in compassion to violated nature and oppressed humanity, to rid the world of such a monster. The Dictator, with all his faults, was a *man*, he possessed many endearing and amiable qualities, and as the sequel proved, had adopted a conduct, best calculated for the base degenerate dregs of Roman corruption.

SERVIN, Monsieur, a young Frenchman, of good extraction, who attended the Duke of

Sully on his embassy to England, in the year 1603, at the pressing request of his father, a remarkable and earnest request; it was, that he would try to make him an honest man, which induced that great minister to search into his character.

He found him of a genius so lively, that nothing could escape his penetration, and of a memory so retentive, that he seemed never to forget; well acquainted with philosophy, mathematics, and fortification, and excelling particularly in religious controversy, and polemic divinity: to these qualifications were added a knowledge of the dead, as well as the modern languages, and a peculiar talent at mimicry, which, with great musical and vocal skill, rendered his company highly agreeable; he was of a well made vigorous form, expert as well as graceful in most manly exercises.

But the same man, thus highly endowed, was false, cruel, and cowardly; a sharper, a drunkard, and glutton; and, notwithstanding his rank in life gave him a right as well as opportunity to associate with the first characters for rank and fame, he delighted in the vilest of company, in sensuality without refinement, which, with other base pursuits, cut him off in the flower of his age, and he lastly died in a brothel.

Servin, whose character I suspect has been embellished by the invention, or darkened by the resentments of Sully, at once a miracle and a monster, is an additional proof, that happiness does not consist in a possession of the greatest personal and external advantages,
but

but in a right use and application of them; and, when we consider, that of him to whom much is given, much shall be required, mediocrity of talent is rather to be desired than splendid ability and high attainment.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, a member of parliament, a dramatic writer, an acute politician, and a grandson of the friend and intimate companion of Swift; a situation which Dr. Sheridan found in every respect not the most desirable, as the Dean appears to have considered himself authorized by genius or predominating presumption, to convert many of his respectable contemporaries into butts, for the exertion of his talent at ridicule and satire, not sanctioned in every instance by the awards of justice and of truth.

A fresh testimony of the defects of this work, in taste and judgment, will probably arise against me, when I profess that the *School for Scandal*, for original invention, useful application to the purposes of life, and interesting combination of incident, is not in my opinion, that production, for which Mr. Sheridan will be most indebted for the establishment of his posthumous fame. The plot evidently and as I understand from the author's confession, avowedly borrowed from his mother's once favourite novel, *Sydney Biddulph*; the sentiments, and the leading plan, professedly Henry Fielding's, while Charles and Joseph Surface, are in reality, the *Tom Jones* and *Bliss* of our great novelist, with a splendid varnish of modern manners and fashionable refinement,

diffused over the scenes. With these drawbacks on the score of originality, and other drawbacks, which I may hereafter remark, who can, or who wishes to deny, that Mr. Sheridan's comedy, compared to the productions of his contemporaries, is a mountain of Golconda diamonds to a mole-hill of Bristol stone.

Yet, notwithstanding all its merits of neat dialogue, lively repartee, and humorous folly, I had rather be the author of the conversation parts, but not the dramatic satire of the critic, which is frequently forced, unfounded, and far fetched; I also prefer his speech, during the impeachment, in Westminster-Hall, his monody to the memory of Garrick, and his attacks on Mr. Pitt, during the progress of the Tobacco Bill, through the House of Commons, which last, whether considered as extempore effusions, or premeditated elaborate speeches, pleased me at the time, beyond any of his other performances, by a rare union of wit, argument, and ludicrous analogy.

"Mr. Sheridan," said a lady, whose conversation I had rather listen to, than the best play of our best writer, "Mr. Sheridan is a fool if he pays a bill to one of the tradesmen who receive his comedy with such thunders of applause; he ought to tell them, in the words of Charles, that, for the life of him, he could never make his justice keep pace with his generosity, and they would have no kind of right to complain."

However personally severe the sarcasm may appear, the inference is well founded and just. Our author, it must be confessed, has in
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a masterly manner blown up and exposed the covered ways, the mines and countermines of hypocrisy, cant, selfish plausibility, and cunning; but, I fear, he has put to flight, at least out of countenance, a due attention to the common duties of life, decent deportment, purity of manners, and regularity of conduct; in a word, or rather his own words, he has *damm'd sentiment*, and brought into discredit and suspicion that appearance of morality and seriousness, which has been pronounced the soil for every virtue, and which, however at times it may have served to disguise the base purposes of fraud and duplicity, was the nurse of religion, and, in a thousand instances, highly serviceable to the interests and convenience of society. Ridicule is *not* the test of truth; and he who long persists in laughing at rectitude, is not far from the practice of flagitious conduct.

Mr. Sheridan, or his comedy, has applied to morals a theory, which certain visionary writers, who fancied themselves philosophers, have applied to dress. "Can it possibly be of any consequence," cried these superficial reasoners, "so assiduously to cover the knees and the neck of our females." By a peculiar, but irresistible logic, the logic of ridicule and shame, which operate when argument is found ineffectual, our author has prevailed on honourable conduct to lower her pre-eminent and towering mien, to drop or to conceal her crest and cap of maintenance; by the artillery of shrugs and smiles, the irresistible laugh, and embarrassing persiflage, he has levelled the slight but useful barriers

of opinion, which defended goodness, not only from attack, but from the fear and peril of it; he has, I fear, torn down or impaired the thin, the bewitching, the sacred, the delicate, but, in general, the effectual veil, which separated refined pleasure from sensuality; which, while it helped to protect our best and dearest joys from unhallowed hands, by the magic aids of creative imagination, gave a thousand little indescribable charms to the circumstances of love, friendship, ambition, pleasure, and intellectual toil.

A man formed on the plan of Charles Surface, the hero of the *School for Scandal*, would be a pleasant companion at table, a generous, open-hearted dog, that character so fascinating to mankind, a friend to most persons, and no man's enemy but his own; in many trying situations of life, he would be the hero of humanity, a christian in act, if not in faith, a demi-god; but his composition would be of materials not calculated for forming a useful member of society, a husband, a father, or a friend.

Mahogany, satin-wood, ebony, and a variety of beautiful veneers, for inlaying, furnish the cabinets and saloons of the curious and wealthy with numerous articles of elegance and splendor; but for the daily and more necessary purposes of building and manufacture, deal, oak, ash, and elm, afford coarser but more serviceable materials to the workman.

During the debates on the tobacco excise act, in which, says a friend at my elbow, Mr. Pitt had the argument, and Sheridan the wit

wit on his side, the following notes were taken from the speech of the subject of this article.

Borrowing terms from the subject, Mr. Sheridan described the progress and manufacture of the bill in question: "The original leaf (he observed) after a chemical tinge from the crown lawyers, and being dusted and sifted at the Treasury, receives a permit from the House of Commons. But who, Mr. Speaker, shall guard against the dispensing powers with which the commissioners are armed? Assisted by the hint of some damn'd good natured friend, they may say to an unfortunate smuggler, you opposed government at the general election; you are a rank blue and buff; you have long carried on a contraband trade, and can expect no mercy; but, for the good man behind you, I see by his orange cape that he is an honest fellow, he is not one of the meddling faction, which on every occasion is voting against us; his fine shall certainly be mitigated.

"Besides, the commissioners, in an instance on record, have obliged parliament to sanctify error, and legalize false testimony; they have determined Clarke's hydrometer to be the best and only legal standard, notwithstanding, in a public court of justice, on the trial of a man accused of keeping spirit above proof, it was determined, that this hydrometer was false, inaccurate, and erroneous, by the united attestations of many respectable officers of the revenue, as well as the declaration of Clarke himself, the original inventor.

"Is it possible, Sir, to provide against the capriciousness of an

English climate? the different qualities, sweatings, and fermentations, of an article like tobacco, which, on one hoghead, has been known to gain ten pounds in weight, and on another, to lose forty, though landed together from the same ship, and kept in the same warehouse? Can you controul fermentation by act of parliament? will the elements submit to the statute-book? If, however, means can be invented to obviate these objections, your excisemen must be sent forth with thermometers, instead of ink bottles, hanging at their button-holes: permits must be issued for damps and fogs; we must take security of Christmas for frost, and make August give a bond for fine weather."

Complaints of the slow rewards of eminent endowment, have been frequent, long, and pathetic; reams of paper have been moistened by the wailings of neglected literary abilities.—Instead of argument or reply, I shall produce, and exult while I produce, the Member for Stafford, who, after surmounting the obstacles of unpleasing form, narrow fortune, peculiar paternal situation, ministerial frowns, and an unpopular opinion of his principles, has attained a pre-eminence, which enables him to meet, on even ground, the proud possessors of hereditary honour and wealth; while, to crown his triumphs, soothe his sorrows, gild the storms and share the sunshine of life, heaven blessed his love with one, who united harmony with sentiment, and softness with good sense. Wit, worth, and beauty, shall long lament the early death of this amiable woman, to whom Mr. Sheridan

dan did not know how much he was indebted, till deprived of her interesting society. Without this friend, companion, counsellor, and guide, I am persuaded he never would have overtaken or retained the favourite objects of his pursuits in literature, connection, and ambition. The following lines were once justly applied to Mrs. Sheridan's influence on her husband.

—Hope breath'd forth these fascinating sounds,
Friendship and honor soon shall heal his wounds;
The voice of nuptial love reforms his plan,
And moderation forms the future man.

The following lines, pathetic, tender, sentimental and picturesque, are part of Stanzas addressed to the late Mrs. Sheridan, before marriage, in consequence of a trifling difference in opinion. When I consider this admirable woman, with all her qualities and accomplishments, I hesitate not in saying, that I should have preferred the possession of *such a wife*, to all his talents and all his good fortune; *multis illa bonis flebilis occidit.*

— Tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone,
And did she confess her repentment to you?

* * * * *

— Did she frown when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh when she saw that I did it with zeal?

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow,

She frown'd, but no rage in her looks cou'd I see;

She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow,

She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe;

I tell thee, no rage in her looks cou'd I see;

I cannot, I will not, believe it was so,

She was not, she cou'd not, be angry with me.

S MITH, CHARLOTTE, a poetess of Sussex, an interesting novelist, and a successful wanderer, in the regions of picturesque and pathetic poetry.

It is to be lamented, that the fine vein of solemn sadness; with which the sonnets of this ingenious woman are so uniformly tinged, should derive its origin from domestic inquietude; yet, I trust her private calamities have been alleviated or soothed, by that public approbation, of which she has long and deservedly enjoyed so considerable a share.

Were a work of this writer put into my hand, without her name prefixed, the composition by internal evidence, would almost instantly point out the fair author. A glowing enthusiasm in the cause of civil and religious liberty, a minute description of rustic scenery, with no ordinary share of knowledge in botany and natural philosophy; winds rushing through dark passages, and interrupting the midnight silence, while the moon casts a solemn light through the gothic window of an ancient chapel,

pel, or between the branches of a waving wood, and the melancholy murmurings of a stream at a distance, and the *sweet bird of night*, are objects she apparently dwells on with pleasure, and has introduced with the happiest effect in most of her productions.

Without waiting to decide on the justice of her decisions on the French Revolution, and the obvious caricature with which some of her Gallic portraits are drawn, what Whig or what Tory has not read her novels with pleasure? It seems the prerogative of genius and of taste, to fascinate and overpower all prejudices and all parties. Charles the Second read and praised the *Paradise Lost*, of that stern Republican, who applauded the death, and degraded the memory of his father; and some of the fairest aristocrats of the English capital may be numbered with the admirers of Charlotte Smith.

As sonnets have been of late a fashionable composition, I shall conclude with producing a few examples of this lighter species of poetry, in which our great English poet is supposed to have been excelled by modern writers; chiefly I suspect, from his suffering his muse to be fettered in the ungraceful trammels of Italian models, and the puerile pedantry of alternate rhyme. Milton's Sonnets have been called harsh, formal, and uncouth, yet they bear evident marks of genius and classic purity.

To General CROMWELL.

By John Milton.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who
through a cloud,

Not of war only, but detractions
rude,

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude;

To peace and truth thy glorious
way hast plough'd,

And on the neck of crowned fortune proud

Hast rear'd God's trophies, and
his work pursu'd,

While Darwin stream with blood
of Scots imbru'd,

And Dunbar field resounds thy
praises loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath.
Yet much remains

To conquer still; peace hath her
victories

No less renown'd than war; new
foes arise

Threat'ning to bind our souls with
secular chains:

Help us to save free conscience
from the paw

Of hireling wolves, whose gospel
is their maw.

To CYRIAC SKINNER.

By the same.

Cyriac, whose grandfire on the
royal bench

Of British Themis, with no mean
applause

Pronounc'd, and in his volumes
taught our laws,

Which others, at their bar, so often
wrench:

To-day deep thoughts resolve with
me to drench

In mirth, that after no repenting
draws;

Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes
pause,

And what the Swede intends, and
what the French.

To measure life, learn thou be-
times, and know

Toward

Toward solid good what leads the
nearest way.
For other things kind Heaven a
time ordains;
And disapproves that care, tho'
wise in show,
Which with superfluous burden
loads the day;
And when God sends a cheerful
hour, refrains.

To a Nightingale,

By Mrs. Smith.

Poor melancholy bird, that all
night long,
Tell'it to the moon, thy tender
tale of woe;
Say, whence this mournful melody
of song,
From what sad cause can such
sweet sorrows flow.
Pale sorrow's victims wer't thou
once among,
Though now releas'd in woodlands
wild to rove;
Or hast thou felt, from friends,
some cruel wrong,
Art thou the martyr of disastrous
love?
Ah! songstress sad, that such *my*
lot might be,
To sigh and sing, *at liberty*, like
thee.

The liberty for which the lady
sighed, if I mistake not, has been
procured by means of that useful
pacifier of nuptial jars, a Proctor
in Doctors Commons.

By the same.

The partial Muse has, from my
earliest hours,
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm
doom'd to tread,
And still, with sportive hand, has
snatch'd wild flow'rs,

To weave fantastic garlands for
my head:
But far, far happier, is the lot of
those
Who never learn'd her dear delu-
sive art;
Which, while it decks the head
with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn to fester in the
heart.
Ah, then, how dear the Muses
favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best who
feel it most.

By an anonymous Author.

A rose had been recently wash'd
in a show'r,
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd
the flow'r
And weigh'd down its beautiful
head.
I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and
drown'd;
And shaking it rudely, too rudely,
alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.
"And such," I exclaim'd, "is
the pitiless part,
"Some act by a delicate mind;
"Regardless of cruelly wringing
a heart,
"Already to sorrow resign'd.
"This pride of the garden, had I
shaken it less,
"Might have bloom'd in full
fragrance awhile;
"And the tear that is wip'd with
a little address,
"May be follow'd perhaps with a
smile."

By an unknown Author.

Il n'est qu'en aimant que je vive.
A thousand

A thousand cares our drooping
spirits feize,
Ten thousand ills our throbbing
bosoms goad ;
Deluding meteors tempt us from
our peace,
Delay, suspense, and fear, are
plac'd along the road.
Amid life's dang'rous wilds, and
midnight gloom,
Thanks to that pow'r which sheds
one ray of light!
The fainting trav'ler's journey to
illumine,
Through passions maze, and errors
threefold night.
Tho' health deny her blissful gifts
to me,
Tho' fortune blind, refuse a lavish
store ;
Each pang, dear maid, is sooth'd
at sight of thee,
Possessing thee, I never can be
poor.
The Cherub, love, with smiles
relieves my pain,
Blest with those smiles, the world
shall frown in vain.

—
Possession without mutual Affec-
tion.

By the same.

In virgin arms, how blest the
lover's part,
How doth his breast rebound with
conscious pride ;
Far happier he who wins the
maiden's heart !
Feels himself lov'd, that bliss to
me deny'd.
Nor thou, my fair one, if per-
chance thine eye,
These feeble lines some future time
shall see ;
Think that I dare to breathe one
rebel sigh,
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Against that heart which was re-
fus'd to me.
The loveliest breast, for purest
transport form'd,
E'en I, who now thine icy cold-
ness mourn ;
With gentle throb, and gentle glow
have warm'd,
Which love forbade me ever to re-
turn.
To soothe, with smiles, a parent's
age be thine,
Unpity'd death, and blasted hope
are mine.

—
By Tom Ruffel.

Cou'd then the babes from yon
unshelter'd cot,
Implore thy passing charity in
vain ?
Too thoughtless youth ! what tho'
thy happier lot,
Insult their life of poverty and
pain !
What, tho' their Maker doom'd
them thus forlorn,
To brook the mockery of the
taunting throng,
Beneath th'oppressor's iron scourge
to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at
his wrong !
Yet, when their last late evening
shall decline,
Their evening chearful, tho' their
day distressed,
A hope, perhaps, more heavenly
bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought, and un-
possess'd,
A faith more fix'd, a rapture more
divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal
rest.

—
By the same.

Dear babe, whose meaning by fond
looks express,

Y

Thy

Thy only little eloquence, might
move,

The sternest soul to tenderness and
love.

While thus —————

Thou sweetly smilest ———

Wretch as I am, unwonted to de-
light,

A transient gladness cheers my
breast;

Yet soon, the tears burst forth,——
————— while I divine,

What chilling blasts may nip thy
riper years;

What in myself I feel, I fear for
thee,

But God forbid *my* woes shou'd
e'er be thine!

From the Greek,

By the same.

No more at midnight spreading
dire alarms,

The blazing beacons rouse the
youth to arms;

In rusty helms, and mails of al-
ter'd hue,

The busy spider spreads her subtle
clue,

To toils of war, athletic sports
succeed,

And to the trumpets blast, the
rural reed.

Love, laughter, wine, the fleeting
hours employ,

The dance of triumph, and the
song of joy.

SMITH, ADAM, an acute and
profound writer, on the Na-
ture and Causes of the Wealth of
Nations, whose book may be call-
ed a history of human industry,
in which the improvements and
defects in agriculture, manufac-
tures, arts, commerce, revenue,

and public expenditure are deline-
ated by the hand of a master.

This author is a striking instance
of the power and influence of li-
terary exertion well directed: on
the subjects in which his energy
was principally employed, besides
establishing his own fortune and
reputation, he has instructed statef-
men, directed senates, and im-
proved kings. If certain sugges-
tions of the Doctor, are (as for
certain reasons, I hope they will
be) if they are properly followed
up, I foresee a salutary revolution
in the commercial intercourses of
Europe; but for the blasting ef-
fects of desolating war.

One of his axioms cannot be
too often repeated to ministers, and
city members, who exercise their
industry with so much alacrity, in
fabricating and defending bounties,
drawbacks, and prohibitions.

“Every system which endea-
vours by extraordinary encourage-
ment, to draw a greater share of
the capital of the society towards a
particular species of industry, than
would naturally go to it; or, by ex-
traordinary restraints, to force
from a particular species of indus-
try a share, which would otherwise
be employed in it, is subversive of
the great purposes it means to pro-
mote, retards the progress of a
country to wealth, and diminishes
the value of the annual produce
of its land and labour.”

The spirit of barter or exchange
may be traced from the savage,
who offers the skin of an animal
he has just hunted down and fed
on, for a nail or a bauble, to
the wealthy merchant, who ex-
ports the produce of his native
country, after it has afforded food
and

and employment to thousands, and receives raw materials, with which, in a more improved form, he supplies a variety of foreign markets.

A superficial observer would naturally consider that country as the most wealthy, which possessed mines, and the greatest quantity of the precious metals; but Spain and Portugal are striking proofs how easily such countries may be drained of their specie by poorer, but more enterprising neighbours. The greatest proportion of rude produce, and the greatest aptness for productive labour in preparing and increasing its value, are in effect the only real riches. The productions of the earth may therefore be compared to bullion, and labour, the stamp or mint-mark, which gives currency and utility to the metal. Had the possessors of Mexico and Peru been directed by the same energy of mind to their wool and their grapes, which impelled them to the golden but bloody harvests, of South America, they would long since have emerged from the clouds of mean jealousy and superstition, and have felt the enlivening rays of literature, national prosperity, power, and happiness.

But it is on the subject of a free trade, that Dr. Smith speaks the language of justice, truth, and common sense; "A free and open colony trade presents a great, though distant sale, for such product as exceeds the demands of the mother country; but this advantageous intercourse, when it degenerates into that mean and malignant expedient, a monopoly, by raising the rate of profit on the

new employment, destroys other useful branches of commerce nearer home. By suiting to one particular market only, so great a part of the industry and commerce of Great Britain, it has rendered it more precarious, and less secure than if their produce had been accommodated to a greater variety of purchasers. A monopoly depresses the industry of other countries, without increasing that of those, in whose favour such unnatural restraints have been made. To promote the *little* interest of one *little* order of men in one country, it hurts the interests of all other orders of men, in all countries."

These reflections naturally lead our author to the commercial sovereigns in Leadenhall-street, "whose interests, as kings and as merchants, are constantly opposite to each other, and too often destructive to those who have the misfortune to be at once both their subjects and their customers; as sovereigns, it is evidently their interest to sell the European goods they export, as cheap, and to buy India goods as dear as possible; but as traders, their interest is directly the reverse.

"Exclusive companies are therefore nuisances in every respect, and the genius of the government of the East India company being essentially, and perhaps incurably faulty, in Europe, its administration in India must be still worse. To trade more or less on their own accounts, which, at ten thousand miles distance can never be prevented; to exclude rivals, to buy cheap, and to sell dear, in short, to make government subservient

to the selfish purposes of monopoly, is evidently, and ever will be, the business of their servants."

In a system so radically defective, and founded on injustice, can we wonder at human integrity being unable to resist temptation? can we be surprized, at the servants employed in a government, commercial, and, of necessity, military and despotic, being led to a perversion of justice, and still continuing to harass, to ruin, and to destroy? Is it unnatural, in such a system, that the chief clerk of a factory, whose warehouse is overstocked with opium, should, with a file of musqueteers at his elbow, order a poor peasant to plough up a fertile field of poppies, at times the most profitable part of his crop. Indeed, "it is a singular administration, in which every member wishes to get out of the country as soon as he can, with his whole fortune; and, as soon as this desirable event has taken place, he is perfectly indifferent if the whole country were swallowed up by an earthquake."

The National Assembly of France evinced, from the beginning, a strong dislike to monopolies; they dissolved the French East India company, and voted the whole system of such restraints to be pernicious, "because they collect the principles of motion and of life into a small part of the body politic, but leave a languor and want of energy in all the rest." Yet it is to be feared, that the interests of Great Britain, and those of the East India company, are so intimately involved, that any accident which should demo-

lish the fabric of that stupendous monopoly, would inevitably drag down, in promiscuous common ruin, the commercial, the monied interests, and the sources of revenue which support the mother country. On this plea alone, can be excused the officious interposition and arbitrary mandates of the board of controul, which, compared to the most alarming clauses of Mr. Fox's bill, are the crushing paws of a tiger, to the velvet foot of a dormouse.

Equally injurious and unjust are many domestic restrictions on labour, manufactures, and trade, which, under various names and pretences, all tend to restrain competition. Among these, we may reckon the exclusive privileges of incorporated bodies and towns, where only freemen can carry on trade; the laws against workmen combining against their masters, who, in their turn, are perpetually uniting in cabals against their servants and the public, with impunity; the limitation of the number of apprentices in particular *crafts* and *mysteries*, and the unnecessary extension of the term of apprenticeship.

"The property which every man has in his own labour and ingenuity, is the original foundation of all other property, and to hinder him from employing it in whatever manner, or in whatever place, he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbour, is a direct violation of equity. The anxiety of law-makers, on these and many other subjects, is at once impertinent and oppressive. Lengthening the term of apprenticeships has no tendency

tendency to form young people to industrious habits, for he only will be industrious, who derives an immediate benefit from it. The great sweetener of labour is recompence. To work for a long time, and to receive no advantage, is an infallible method of creating an aversion to it; and parish apprentices, who are generally bound out for long terms, for this reason so often prove idle and worthless. The first inventions in science and mechanics, were undoubtedly the production of deep thought; but to explain and apply them, is a business within the compass of a few lessons. It is true, that if trades were thus laid open, and easily learnt, competition would increase, and wages fall. The masters, the trades, *the crafts, and the mysteries*, would be injured," but what in every case should be the principal object, the public would be a gainer.

Another species of monopoly, that of the great dealers in intellectual commodities, has not escaped the investigating spirit of Dr. Smith. "The endowments of schools and colleges, by diminishing the necessity of application and exertion in the teachers, have in some measure frustrated the intention of their founders. Most of the public professors in our universities, have for many years given up all pretence to teaching. Whatever attracts students to any seminary, independent of the merit of the instructors, tends to diminish the necessity of that merit; all discipline, and every regulation, in which the interest and ease of the masters are more attended to than the progress of the scholars,

instead of forwarding, must be highly unfavorable to the interests of learning. The richer the college, the worse calculated it is for the purposes of education, and the more obstinately averse to improvement and alteration."

If the royal reasoner of Pekin, previous to a late embassy, had known, that in an age and country which boasts of its scientific and didactic acquirements; had he known, that the preparing and finishing our statesmen, legislators, gentlemen, men of the world and of business, that all must alike wade through the trash of antiquated and exploded systems, of sophistry, quirks, quibbles, jargon, and nonsense; and, after such a heavy expence of time, money, and common sense, come into the world completely ignorant of the business of human life; the imperial poet would have added ridicule and contempt to his sarcastic strictures.

RELIGIOUS MONOPOLIES have also caught our author's penetrating eye. "Had politicians never called in the dangerous aid of religion, they would have had no temptation to treat the professors of one set of opinions with a partiality injurious to, and calculated to irritate the maintainers of another." An established religion is only a victorious sect, whose chariot wheels the civil magistrate must submissively follow, and enforce that obedience he pays. A variety of sects in religion is far from being an evil; independent of the indifference of doctrinal tenets *merely speculative*, a systematic morality, favorable to good order, is generally the consequence.

Besides,

Besides, under an establishment, the sovereign cannot be secure without a prevalent influence over the clergy, and that can only be at the expence of the people.

It has been the fashion, from the days of *Bishop Blake*, to call wool the staple commodity of this kingdom, though I have never yet been informed, why it is more so than any other rude produce that constitutes materials for manufacture. Neither the tanner, the timber-merchant, or the sail-cloth weaver, "have been fortunate enough to persuade parliament, that the welfare of this country depended on the prosperity of their particular trade." But, on the subject of wool, the national delusion has been, and in some measure continues, complete. To trade in it has been rendered both troublesome and dangerous, by laws, breathing at once violence and artifice. Its exportation has been forbidden, under severe penalties and confiscation; and even its conveyance rendered hazardous, in certain situations.

"The persons concerned in the wool manufacture deceived the legislature, by saying, what is still generally believed, that English wool was peculiar and superior to that of any other country; and that foreigners could not make fine cloth without a mixture of our wool in it: this, however, is false, for English wool is wholly unfit for making fine cloth, nor can it be mixed with Spanish wool, without injuring its fabric."

It may be said, in favor of prohibiting the exportation of wool, that, although the doctrine of the manufacture is ill-founded, when

applied to *fine cloth*, yet, if wool were permitted to be exported without restrictions, our neighbours would, from their poor people living cheaper, be able to undersell us in the article of coarse cloth, at the home as well as the foreign market. "A degradation of the price of wool has been the natural consequence; and its present price, compared to what it bore in the reign of Edward the Third, is as seven to ten."

Though clothiers may congratulate each other on this circumstance, it is as unjust as it is injurious to the landholder and farmer, who are thus tied down to a particular market, and it has undoubtedly served "to keep up, if not increase, the price of butcher's meat; for, if the wool and hide give the proprietor an inadequate compensation, the deficiency must be made up by the carcase."

Though Dr. Smith doubts, I cannot but be certain, that the wages of the labouring man are cruelly inadequate to the rise in the price of the necessaries of life, from natural as well as artificial causes. I also beg leave to differ from him in opinion, when he thinks that the cheapness of potatoes and other common vegetables, sufficiently compensates to this useful class of men, for the dearness of bread and meat, which almost amounts to a total prohibition.

I need not conduct him to Scotland for a picture of famine, the countenances of our peasants and country manufacturers evidently display it: existing, but not living, on the viscid but ineffectual food of flatulent vegetables, ill calculated for daily toil and laborious exertion;

exertion ; exhausted youth rapidly sinks into premature old age. Such is the fate of those who furnish us with food and raiment, while pampered menials riot on the luxuries of our tables, and, absorbing all our smiles, are daily encouraged at once to ruin and insult us.

“ To keep down the wages of weavers, spinners, and inferior workmen, and to lower the price of rude materials, but to raise the price of the complete work to the public, is the spirit of our mercantile system ; a system seldom advantageous but to the rich and powerful ; to the poor and indigent, in almost every instance, oppressive.” This observation is equally applicable to farmers, in their *management* between themselves, the poor, and the public.

SMOLLET, TOBIAS, a navy surgeon, a physician, and a novel writer, before that species of composition was rendered so common and contemptible, and, I believe, the founder of the Critical Review ; a work which involved his bookseller in a law-suit with the late Admiral Knowles, who professed, that his only reason for commencing an action was, to know the real author, in order that he might obtain satisfaction. As sentence was about to be pronounced, Smollet gallantly stood forth, avowed himself writer of the strictures in question, and that he was ready to justify his conduct. This generous and heroic naval commander immediately prosecuted the writer, whose spirited conduct, gained him much credit and applause.

In the practice of physic he never was eminent ; he despised the low arts of flattery, servility, and

cunning. But it is not to record his want of success in a profession where merit cannot always insure good fortune, that he is here introduced ; I notice him as a writer of that species of modern romance, which has been denominated a novel, a literary department in which he has been happy, superior, in my opinion, to the moral, the pathetic, but tiresome Richardson, and the ingenious, but diffuse Fielding, with all his knowledge of the human heart.

I am aware, that in this decision many readers will differ from me ; but can they with truth declare, that they have not sometimes yawned, and sometimes slept, over the wire-drawn pages of Grandison and Clarissa, or the common-place introductory discussions, and tedious narratives of Jones, Joseph Andrews, and Amelia. That Fielding repeatedly displays considerable knowledge of the human heart, and that passages may be pointed out in Richardson, which do credit to his imagination and his understanding, equal to the best efforts of Smollet, I cannot deny ; yet, after perusing their works, I never quit them with such reluctance as I feel on closing the pages of our author, who, without introducing so much of what has been called fine writing, possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of rousing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers.

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, though they have been censured as low, scurrilous, and immoral, (a charge of a serious nature, and which I shall hereafter consider) I have always preferred to the other productions of Smollet :

let: they relate, in language by turns strong, easy, elegant, and pathetic, a succession of events, forming a natural, well-drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtless may peruse with advantage, and the prudent man, with emotions of triumph.

From the wild unlucky boy, seizing his aunt and the commodore, by mischievous pranks, and heading a rebellion at school against his master, we trace the headstrong youth, of pride unbroken, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and dissipation; wasting his substance; injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at last pining in a prison, that severe school, which too tardily teaches us the falsehood and treachery of a base world, fascinating only to plunder, and bewitching, only to destroy. Roused by the voice of friendship, and again restored to affluence, he returns, with a stern reluctance, founded on a sense of his own unworthiness and vicious imprudence, to society, and love; convinced that, after all the bustle of pleasure, and glitter of wealth, real happiness is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domestic tranquillity, and social virtue.

A good style has been defined, "proper words in proper places;" and I have not met with a more just selection of appropriate terms, and descriptive expressions, than in the following short passage of Smollet, though on a trifling subject; it is when Tom Pipes kills the gardener's dog. "He was that instant assaulted by the mastiff, who fastened on the outside of his thigh. Feeling himself incommoded by this assailant, he quitted the pro-

strate gardener, turned round to the dog, and grasping the throat of that ferocious animal with both his hands, he squeezed it with such incredible force and perseverance, that the creature quitted his hold: his tongue lolled out of his jaws, the blood started from his eyes, and he swung, a lifeless trunk, in the hands of his vanquisher."

His feast, after the manner of the ancients, is well managed, and replete with rich strokes of humour, and pointed satire, which, in the rancour of toriyism, he directed, with eagerness, against his whig opponent, Akenfide. Yet in this, and other parts of *Peregrine*, Smollet has, with some justice, been thought indelicate; but it should be recollected, that in delineations of certain circumstances, and certain characters, it is difficult for the author who draws from nature, and real life, to avoid shocking the fastidious eye of nicety, and scrupulous decorum. The path of humour is pleasant and inviting, but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads us astray into the bye-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill-nature. To say a *good thing*, however smutty or malignant, is a temptation equally irresistible to the humourist, the mimic, and the bon-vivant; and, as I have said in another place, we ought to recollect, that it is the nature of all humour to be sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant.

In this respect, the dialogue between Pipes, and the hedge nymph, his master had accidentally picked up on the road, and afterwards introduced into company as a fine lady, is culpably obscene, though the story is well told, and the ir-

resistible

resistible buoyancy of early impression well marked. The behaviour of Pickle to Hornbeck, is also highly unjustifiable; not satisfied with injuring that unfortunate husband, beyond repair, he adds personal violence to insult. Yet, with these, and other faults, I cannot but consider it, contrary to the general opinion, as superior to *Roderick Random*, and as a first-rate novel, whose merits far exceed the modern puny productions of frivolous fashion, and feeble sentiment, which load the shelves of our libraries, and teach nonsense and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

Peregrine's transition from mirth, petulance, and gaiety, to anxiety, agitation, confusion, and concern, after first beholding the lovely Emilia Gauntlett, and the progress of the generous passion of love, as long as he restrained himself within the bounds of good sense; also the curious mode of replacing a lost love letter, are well imagined. But when the young man was corrupted by prosperity, and his principles contaminated by excess and the baleful maxims of foreign climes, that awful veneration, which her presence used to inspire, gradually abated, and he gazed on the lovely, the virtuous Emilia, with impure desire.

After a variety of plans to lull her vigilance and apprehensions, he considers the licentiousness and late hours of a masquerade, (that hot-house of sin and hell) as a fit place for the execution of his purpose. The address of Emilia to her lover, on discovering his treacherous and unprincipled design, deserves to be repeated; it is ant-

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mated, pointed, and such as her situation would naturally inspire: "for, what must have been the emotions of a virtuous sensible woman, at this insolent treatment from a man whom she had honored with the most disinterested affection, and genuine esteem? it was not simply horror, grief, or indignation, but the united pangs of them all."

As soon as her feelings suffered her to speak, she addresses him in the following words:

"Sir, I scorn to upbraid you with a repetition of your former vows and protestations, nor will I recapitulate the little arts you have practised to ensnare my heart; because, though by dint of the most perfidious dissimulation, you have found means to deceive my opinion, your utmost efforts have never been able to lull the vigilance of my conduct, or to engage my affection beyond the power of discarding you, without a tear, whenever my honour should demand such a sacrifice.

"You are unworthy of my concern or regret, and the sigh which struggles from my breast whilst I make the declaration, is the result of sorrow for my own want of discernment. As for your present attempt upon my chastity, I despise your power, as I detest your intention: though under a mask of the most delicate respect, you have decoyed me from the immediate protection of my friends, and contrived other-impious stratagems to ruin my peace and reputation, I confide too much in my own innocence, and the authority of the law, to admit one thought of fear, much less to sink under the horror

Z

horror of this shocking situation into which I have been seduced.

"Your behaviour, Sir, on this occasion, is, in all respects, low and contemptible; for, ruffian as you are, you durst not harbour one thought of executing your execrable scheme, while my brother was near enough to prevent or punish the insult, so that you must not only be a treacherous villain, but a most despicable coward."

Having thus expressed herself, she quitted the room, in all the majesty of exalted virtue, called a chair, and committing herself to the care of a watchman, was conveyed safely through the midnight gloom to her uncle's house.

The mortified and degraded feelings of a man thus baffled and repelled, are easier imagined than described; the wounds of humbled vanity, and prostrate infolence, were added to the pangs of despair: it was a heart-rending struggle of love, shame, and remorse, with base desire, pride, ambition, and revenge. The reproaches of a guilty mind, and a lively conviction of the inestimable value of that jewel which his infamous conduct had deprived him of for ever, were more than he could bear, phrenzy and distraction were the last refuge of a wounded spirit. Will any one that on this, and similar occasions, has felt the arrows of the Almighty rankling in his heart, will any one deny the punishment of flagitious conduct, even in this world?

After the offender had, in some degree, recovered his health and senses, every art was exhausted to procure an interview with Emilia,

but such was her prudence and vigilant precaution, that his letters were returned unopened, and all access to his mistress denied. From the pains of disappointment, he alternately applied for consolation to the bottle, dissipation, politics, and literature, but applied, as is generally the case, in vain; his constitution sunk under the effort.

With a ruined fortune, and a debilitated body, he hides himself and his sorrows in a jail; loving Emilia to distraction, detesting the world, and abhorring himself: in this forlorn condition, he industriously prevents all intercourse with his acquaintance, particularly those who had experienced his former bounty, and obstinately persevered in refusing every kind of proffered assistance from the few who discovered his retreat.

The brother of Emilia, hearing of his situation, and impelled by gratitude, one morning knocked softly at the prison door, but when it was opened, he started back with horror and astonishment; the figure that presented itself to his view, was the remains of his once happy friend, but so miserably altered and disguised, that his features were scarcely cognizable. Instead of the florid, the sprightly, the gay and elevated youth, the pupil of pleasure and fashion, he beheld him pale, wan, meagre, and dejected, the hollow-eyed representative of disease, indigence, and despair. Yet his eyes still retained a certain ferocity, which threw a dismal gleam over the dark cloud of his aspect, and he viewed in silence his old companion with a look of confusion and disdain; then waving his hand, as a signal for
Godfrey

Godfrey to be gone, and leave a wretch like him to the miseries of his fate; nature could no longer be suppressed, he uttered a deep groan, and wept aloud.

Gauntlett, after pouring forth the noblest sentiments of friendship, gratitude, and esteem, thus proceeds: "You shall no longer, my dear friend, be a dupe to the destructive prejudice of an independent spirit; you must certainly have had some regard for a person in whose behalf, though hitherto unknown to me, you have so greatly and so successfully exerted yourself; let me not therefore suffer the humiliating repulse of slighted friendship. If you will not yield to my intreaties, have at least some regard to the wishes of your old friend and interceder, my Sophia; should that consideration be of no weight, will you not relax a little for the sake of poor Emilia, whose resentment hath been long subdued by her affection, and who now droops in secret, at your neglect?"

Every word made an impression on Peregrine; but when the name of Emilia was recalled to his remembrance, his frame underwent a violent agitation, and, with a softened look, he recovered the faculty of speech, which had been overpowered in the conflict of passion. He protested to Gauntlett, "That no vestige of animosity against him remained; that he considered him as an affectionate comrade, a friend, whom adversity could not unbind; that he contemplated Emilia with the most reverential awe, as an object of inviolable love and veneration; but

he for ever disclaimed all hope of attracting her regard. He excused himself from profiting by Godfrey's kind intentions, declaring, with a resolute air, that he had broken off all connexion with mankind; that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which, if it should not soon arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten it with his own hands, rather than be exposed to the contempt, and more intolerable pity of a rascally world."

He remains for some time obstinately bent on this frantic determination, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of expostulating friendship, and, but for the unexpected payment of a large debt, which had been given up as lost, and was almost forgotten, would probably have sacrificed himself to that sulken, irrational spirit, which leads us into habits productive of misery and ruin, and without imparting to us sufficient strength of mind to resist temptation, or struggle with calamity, commences in folly, and concludes with self-destruction.

Reconciled by this fortunate incident to life, and the comforts of society (for we should have few suicides rushing from the scene, if every man could lead exactly the life he chose), his countenance and voice by degrees recovered their pristine appearance and tone; and when he was informed by Gauntlett, that Emilia daily enquired after him with tender anxiety, and passionate regard, the bosom of Peregrine was agitated by those tumults which love, or any other passion, ill-stifled or suppressed, constantly excites.

In this situation, the following letter from his mistress did not diminish his emotions :

"SIR,

"I have performed a sufficient sacrifice to my reputation, in retaining hitherto the appearance of that repentment, which I had long ago dismissed. A favourable change in my fortune impowers me to avow my genuine sentiments, without fear of censure, or suspicion of mercenary design.

I therefore take this opportunity of assuring you, that, if I still maintain that place in your heart, which I was vain enough to think I once possessed, I am willing to make the first advances to an accommodation ; and have actually furnished my brother with full power to conclude it in the name of your appeased

EMILIA."

After kissing the letter a thousand times, and falling on his knees, "Thank Heaven, (he exclaimed, with an air of transport) I have not been mistaken in my opinion of this generous woman ! I ever believed her inspired with the most dignified and heroic sentiments, and have now a convincing proof of her magnanimity : it is therefore my business to approve myself worthy her regard.

May Heaven inflict upon me the keenest arrows of its vengeance, if I do not at this instant contemplate the character of Emilia, with the most perfect love and admiration ! yet, amiable and enchanting as she is, I am more than ever determined to sacrifice the interest of my passion to her advantage, and my glory, though life

should fail in the contest ; I will refuse an offer, which otherwise the whole universe should not bribe me to forego."

Under these impressions, he answered her letter as follows :

"MADAM,

"That I revere the dignity of your virtue, with the utmost veneration, that I love you infinitely more than life, I am at all times ready to demonstrate ; but the sacrifice to honour it is now my turn to pay : and such is the rigour of my destiny, that in order to justify your generosity, I must refuse to profit by your condescension.

"I am doomed for ever to be wretched, and to sigh without ceasing, for the possession of that jewel, which, though now in my power, I cannot, I dare not enjoy.

"I will not describe the anguish that tears my heart, whilst I communicate this fatal renunciation, but appeal to the delicacy of your own sentiments, which can judge of my sufferings, and will do justice to the exquisite tortures I have imposed on myself, by this cruel self-denial.

"P. P."

Peregrine soon after succeeds to his paternal estate, and (notwithstanding his declarations) the novel concludes in the usual manner, with a reconciliation and a wedding.

I was very young when these adventures fell in my way, and perhaps on that account, they made a deeper impression, and appeared in the eyes of a school-boy more worthy of attention, and better written, than they really

really are ; circumstances which I hope will excuse thus serving up to my readers a second-hand hash from the novel shop. I well remember the forlorn situation of Peregrine, his declining every kind of proffered assistance, and the obstinate peculiarity of his conduct, with regard to Emilia, struck me as a noble exertion of manly and philosophical self-denial, not unworthy the characters of Socrates or Cato. I could not help bestowing on his behaviour warm encomiums, and viewing him with a mixture of envy and admiration, but the *happy* conclusion was not suitable to the enthusiasm of juvenile fancy, dreaming of, and seeking, as objects of meditation, themes far more gratifying, interesting, and affecting, than reason, nature and probability.

“ Had I been in such a situation,” (have I often exclaimed in the blissful extacy of fourteen) “ had I written this novel, or had I been in the circumstances of Peregrine, I would have suffered myself or my hero to perish in prison, unassisted ; the cup of comfort should have been dashed untasted from my lips ; to add to my punishment, my last look should have been cast on the woman I was dying for and adored. Without suffering myself to enjoy a heaven, which was placed within my grasp ; after darting my eyes on that bosom, where gods would wish to have revelled, I would have turned them from the delicious, enchanting sight, and sunk into everlasting sleep.”

I need not add, that to the pourer forth of such a rhapsody, the performance of Smollet would

have been more pleasing, had its termination been in the file of Spagnolet, less happy.

As a traveller, Smollet was pecculant, illiberal, and almost on every occasion lost his temper ; but some excuse is to be made for a frame, convulsed by the pangs of disease, and a life embittered by disappointment, and domestic calamity ; a spirit wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dullness, and profligacy. He is said to have been a literary retainer to the Earl of Bute, and to have experienced ingratitude from that nobleman, who in many instances was a generous patron to men very inferior in ability to Smollet. Under such impressions perhaps he ought not to have written, but on certain occasions, the pen will be found to afford a similar relief to the dram-bottle, or a round of diversions ; and where is the man, who having once found solace in a pursuit, will not naturally seek for comfort and consolation in the same path ?

At the age of eighteen, this writer produced the *Regicide*, a Tragedy on the subject of James the First, King of Scotland, animated, nervous, and pathetic. The character of the virtuous, the brave, but the gentle Dunbar, is finely contrasted with the headstrong, fierce, ambitious Stewart, while the amiable Eleanora, esteeming the first, but in spite of herself loving the latter, is distracted between her passion and her duty.

This piece of Smollet's, excels in language, situation, and every other dramatic requisite, most of the wretched things which were pre-

presented to the public at that period, but are now forgotten; yet, with all its merits, it was never able to procure admission on the stage. I was tempted to mention it in this place, by the following passage in a Preface prefixed to the play, which I submit, without a comment, to the consideration of Messrs. Harris, Sheridan, and Colman, jun.

“As early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows, who sometimes fancy themselves great men. After being neglected by him, with the strictest attention to politeness and etiquette, I was introduced to Mr. Lacy, of courteous memory, who found means to amuse me for two seasons, by practising on me the various arts of procrastination, occasionally sweetened with compliments and promises. My patience was at last exhausted, and I demanded from him, in warm terms, a final answer, which amounted to a refusal. The gentleman coolly added, that he really saw no great objection to the piece, but feared my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation, *as no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience, by its merit only, but must depend in a great measure, on a faction raised in its behalf.*

SOCRATES, an Athenian Sage, whose profession and belief of the immortality of the soul, of a state of future rewards and punishments, and of one omnipotent, infinitely wise, and good God, were not sufficient to protect him from the suspicion of heterodoxy.

The purity of his doctrines, in

the idolatrous age of mythology, exposed him to the resentment of an enraged hierarchy, and their deluded followers; they found that as philosophy and common sense gained ground, in the same proportion the speculations of an absurd theology fell into contempt. Stimulated by envy, which is too often excited by transcendent abilities, and alarmed by exasperated selfishness, the enemies of Socrates accused him before a popular tribunal, of despising the Gods of his country. On this occasion they took advantage of certain equivocal expressions the philosopher had made use of in speaking of his Genius, or Guardian Angel, which he said he always consulted on every important occasion of his life.

Certain peculiarities in his person and manners, did not escape the ridicule, (which is by no means the test of truth,) the ridicule of Aristophanes, who gradually lowered our great moralist in the public esteem; he was at the same time lampooned by Melites, an ignorant, but abusive poetaster, and attacked by the rude invective of Lycon, an impudent orator, who had secured popular applause, by the coarseness and vulgarity of his raillery; in that age, as in the present, the lowest orders are pleased with, and encourage, any flippant declaimer, who joins with them in degrading their superiors in rank, fortune, or intellect.

The gold of Anytus, a wealthy but bitter enemy of our philosopher, corrupted and incited the public mind, already inflamed by the base arts of calumny and misrepresentation. Such attacks, and such insinuations, what mortal merit

rit could resist? The lion was at length taken in the toils by these worthless reptiles; the master of Xenophon and Plato, the man who enlightened the age in which he lived by his doctrines, and gave efficacy to precept by his example, was condemned to die, by a draught of the juice of hemlock.

It was for the purpose of remarking an expression he made use of in his last moments, that I have honoured my work with the name of so great and so good a man. The words he uttered, on this solemn occasion, have afforded matter of controversy to many learned men. After he had swallowed the poison, and perceived his limbs growing cold and stiff from its effects, he reclined on a couch, and covering his head with his mantle, remained for a few minutes silent, but suddenly lifting up his robe, he fixed a last, a dying look, on his friend Crito, and said, "We owe a cock to Æsculapius, I desire you will not forget to perform this offering for me." He then sunk back, and expired.

The younger Racine considers this request of Socrates as ironical, without recollecting, that the hour of death was not a likely season for adopting that figure of speech. "Owing a cock to Æsculapius," says the French critic, "was a proverbial expression, adopted when persons had escaped a dangerous disease, as a good catholic would say," "You owe a candle to such a saint."

Boileau has been severely and justly censured, for his satirical attack on these words of Socrates, in his Equivoque. The answer the poet made, by way of excuse,

was singular; it proves that his candour and love of truth were nearly equal to the meek spirit of his christianity. "What greater sacrifice could I make to Jesus Christ, than the greatest and most virtuous philosopher among the heathens."

"The words of the Grecian moralist," says a learned and candid English writer, "were designed by him, to shew his compliance, in a certain degree, with the established rites of his country; as he found it impossible to eradicate vulgar prejudices at once, he thought yielding a little to the opinions of his countrymen, the most likely method of obviating that persecution, which he feared his friends and disciples might experience after his death."

Between opinions which describe our philosopher as a temporizer, or a trifler, it is not easy to decide.

Those opposers of innovation, who may triumphantly exult, because Socrates suffered death for opposing the established religion of his country, will do well to consider, that the persecution carried on against him was fomented by the vile and unmanly arts, of irritating the superstitious and intolerant spirit of the multitude. Let the defenders and imitators of such conduct recollect, that the same extravagant and erring spirit which the murderers of Socrates had raised against the philosopher, was in a short space of time, by a natural process, turned against themselves; that the sword of persecution, which *they* had originally unsheathed, was at last plunged into their own bosoms.

This reflection might serve to moderate

moderate the unruly zeal of toryism, which, *under another name*, has of late been so prevalent; it might save the headstrong proselytes from the ruin and disgrace of providing scourges, which may hereafter be exercised on themselves. If it were possible to descend from a man like Socrates, to the *brazen craftsmen* of Birmingham, it might teach *them*, also, to moderate their selfish, their unceasing yell, of, "Great is the Diana of Ephesus." They, or at least their teachers, might feel some apprehensions, that the same fury which had been directed against a sectary, his person, his property, and his house, might, by the reflux of popular opinions, which are always in the extreme, be turned against the silver shrines, and sumptuous edifices, of the beloved objects of their ardent and rational devotion.

SOMERSET, JAMES, a native of Africa, a negro, and a slave. By an intercourse, which some call rapine, and others, a trade justifiable from political and commercial necessity, he had been conveyed from his native country to Jamaica, where he was purchased by a Mr. Stewart, whom he afterwards attended in a voyage to England; but, on that gentleman's return, refusing to accompany him to the West Indies, he was seized, conveyed on board an outward-bound ship in the River Thames, and confined in irons.

His situation stimulated certain humane individuals to interpose in his behalf; application, supported by affidavits, was made to the Court of King's Bench, and, by writ of Habeas Corpus, Somerset

was brought before the judges. The legality of slavery in England was solemnly argued, it was determined, that domestic vassalage can not exist in this our free country, and the happy prisoner was set at liberty.

On this occasion, much praise was due to the well-applied learning and legal acuteness of Mr. Hargrave, who aptly quoted the collections of Rushworth, where he says, that in the eleventh year of Queen Elizabeth, it was determined, on an appeal brought by a Russian slave against his master, "who would scourge him, that England was too pure an air for a slave to breathe in." The strong expressions of Lord Chief Justice Holt, and of Lord Northington, were also mentioned, "that as soon as a negro sets his foot in England he is free, that he may maintain an action against his master for ill usage, and demand an Habeas Corpus."

The singular case of Sir Thomas Grantham was also produced; he had, in the reign of James II. purchased a negro in the West Indies, with a large excrescence, in the shape of a child, growing on his breast, and brought the monster to England, with a design of publicly exhibiting the curiosity, for profit. But the cunning slave, from interest or conviction, embraced christianity, and quitted his keeper, who, by some legal process, recovering possession of his person, the Court of Common Pleas admitted to bail this extraordinary production of nature.

Slavery, says Mr. Hargrave, corrupts the morals of the master, by freeing him from those restraints
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so necessary for controuling human passions; it is dangerous to him from the resentment and hatred which the injustice and oppression of his state naturally excite in the slave, and which his situation daily affords him an opportunity of revenging. Slavery communicates to the unhappy sufferer the afflictions, without the pleasures of life, it depresses the energies of nature, and is dangerous to a community, by admitting within it a number of unhappy individuals, who, excluded from the benefits of its constitution, are interested only in promoting its destruction.

It would be creditable to the states of Europe, were they *all* to unite in abolishing the slave trade; till that desirable event takes place, it is hard to say, in a political or commercial view, how we can, with propriety, throw such immense advantages into the laps of our rivals and enemies. If this subject is finally determined against the benevolent wishes of Mr. Wilberforce, those who have so honorably and humanely co-operated with him, may, however, console themselves with reflecting, that they have considerably diminished the evils of a traffic which they were not able to abolish.

SORRELL, AGNES, the beautiful, the patriotic mistress of Charles the Seventh, King of France, whose conduct has tempted certain writers to overlook her defects in chastity, defects which nothing can excuse.

She is described in glowing colours, at the twenty-fourth page of my first volume, and is almost the only instance on record, in which the fair favourite of a sovereign

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prince escaped popular odium. Agnes was a woman of ten thousand, for she possessed beauty without affectation, and wit without ill nature, while greatness of soul, and a nice regard for the character of her lover, endeared her even to those who disapproved their illicit attachment.

She roused her voluptuous hero to exploits, which alone could prove he deserved a crown, by arguments and inducements, which if virtuous women properly employed, how extensive, how omnipotent, would be their influence. Whilst France was ravaged by the English invaders, the infatuated Charles was forming plans for musical entertainments, masques, and dances; but this admirable woman resolutely persisted in refusing to partake of any amusements, till the King had attacked the English, and refused to share his bed, till he returned victorious from the field.

Such conduct deserved, and has received, the praise of poets and historians; it also exercised the lively imagination of Francis the First, who has left a poetic compliment to her memory, in which he observes, that Agnes Sorrell, by thus exerting the power of her beauty, discharged her duty to society more meritoriously, than if she had passed half her life in counting beads, or repeating Ave Marias and Benedicites, in the sequestered shades of a cloyster. This declaration of Francis, considering the age in which he lived, was bold and energetic, and must be received with caution by the young and gay. Perhaps it might be necessary to remind them of

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that happy, rational, and satisfactory medium, between the abject superstition of popish imposture, and the disgraceful exhausting paroxysms of lascivious indulgence.

SORROW, Inconsolable. An instance in which this irrational excess was followed by inconsistent conduct, may be seen under the article, Widow of Ephesus, in this volume.

Various have been the contrivances of human wisdom, to call off the attention from brooding on domestic and other calamities. Occupation seems to be the best remedy for affliction. "Be not solitary, be not idle," was the advice of one who had had his share of the bitter cup. With respect to solitude, I am not of his opinion; there is a state of mind, in which company, without certain restrictions, becomes intolerably oppressive and insupportable;—friendship, like opium, requires great skill in administering. Dr. Johnson is said to have selected Cocker's Arithmetic as *his* travelling companion, when he wished to shake off the *black dog* (as he used to call melancholy) from hanging on the skirts of his garment. On a friend expressing surprise, the great moralist replied, "I find numerical calculation, and complex combination of figures, the best and most effectual method of absorbing my faculties; and calling off my attention from the evils of life."

Dr. Young chose to soothe rather than fly from *his* woes; by indulging melancholy reflections, and giving the reins to a discursive fancy, he diminished the pangs of those emotions, he would not oc-

could not suppress; as the violence of a torrent abates when diffused in a broad expanse. With a mixture of logical reasoning and poetic imagery, he thus arraigns the absurdity of grieving for deceased friends.

Why wanders wretched thought
their tombs around

In *infidel distress*? Are angels
there?

Slumbers rak'd up in dust, æ-
thelial fire?

But our nocturnal poet did not recollect a reply made to a philosopher, who was rebuking a mourner, for sorrows, which he termed irrational, because they were ineffectual. "If you were to weep for a century," said the stern reasoner, "the man whose loss you lament would be still numbered with the dead."

"The circumstance you mention," said the victim of grief, "is the strongest of all possible reasons for the unceasing and unconquerable nature of my sorrows. Was there the remotest possibility of ever seeing my friend again, however distant the period, I could bear my misfortune with composure."

The adviser forgot, like many a modern, well-designing, but unsuccessful comforter, that a moderate indulgence, that a mutual mingling of tears, was the best alleviator of a swelling bosom, which turns with disgust from unfeeling pride of argument, and the stoicism of rational deduction.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE. The origin of all power is so palpably evident; that it would be wasting paper and patience

tience to enter into an elaborate argument on the subject.

This work abounds with instances, in which I have freely given my opinion without fear, and, I hope, without ill-design; that every government must have derived its power from, and have been instituted wholly and solely for the good of, the people; that when the purposes for which it was created are defeated, which must be proved by barefaced, undeniable acts of perfidy and oppression (for no trifling grievance will authorize so momentous a proceeding) the well-being of the public is paramount to all other considerations, and every other authority must yield submission to that from which it derives its own.

Thus much I thought necessary to say, in answer to the empty cavils of a coxcomb without accomplishment, and a pedant without learning, who is looked up to, in a certain circle, with reverence, and almost adoration. But to quit this bug with gilded wings, whom I advise to be quiet, lest he add marked and public ridicule to insignificance and contempt; the misfortune of the sovereign people, from the present unenlightened state of the lower and more numerous portion of mankind; the misfortune is, that this many-headed monarch is too often unqualified for a due performance of the regal functions. The democratic machine is also of such a stupendous size, immense weight, and compound form, that it requires strength little short of a hurricane, an earthquake, or a tornado, to regulate or repress its motions.

The magician, who, to remove some petty inconvenience, a thick fog, a sultry summer's heat, or a clouded atmosphere, would wish, like Virgil's Juno, to set the raging winds at liberty, and produce a war of elements, must have a weak head, or a malignant heart; he must be slightly acquainted with the force and impetuosity of the means he employs, or proves himself unfit for the office he assumes, by his gross defects in humanity and benevolence.

SPAIN, the late King of, and the buckle anecdote, which, during *his* reign, must not have been whispered at Aranjuez, St. Ildefonso, or the Escorial, though a far more fatal infatuation of his successor, and the *great* D'Alcudia, (but for the lucky and well-timed peace, the peace of the daughter of Cabarrhus) would have cost a sensible, but misled Prince, his crown and sceptre.

I ought not to wish the present Spanish Monarch to experience the hardships rashly imposed by him and his favourite on the Count D'Aranda, who, when the pompous inanity of the Crillons, the O'Reilly's, Nunnez and D'Alcudia, are remembered only to be despised, will, with Florida Blanca, be recollected by every true Spaniard with sympathy and regret, as a patriotic statesman and reforming minister, who long foresaw, but vainly attempted to prevent, the calamities of his country.

The buckle anecdote must not, however, be forgotten. His late Catholic Majesty, besides the wholesale and daily destruction of foxes, hares, and partridges, which was the chief business of his valuable

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life, occasionally turned his mind to the hardware manufactories of Spain, and indulged a notion, probably occasioned by his wishes, that, in cutlery ware, the workmen of Madrid and Toledo surpassed the artists of Birmingham and Sheffield. This opinion was the subject of many an amicable contest with the late Lord Grantham, and it was at last agreed, that some English buckles should be ordered by the Ambassador, which, produced against others ordered by the King in his own country, should decide the question.

A pair at length arrived, which cost two shillings and three-pence, and a Spanish pair were eagerly placed on the table by the royal huntsman. After due inspection and comparison, they were allowed to make near approaches to those manufactured in England, but, on enquiring into the price, the workman could not afford to sell them for less than six shillings. The King, whom nothing but stubborn fact could have presumed to contradict, hung his head, and Lord Grantham, as far as was allowable in a politician and a courtier, to triumph over a crowned head, moderately and politely exulted in his victory.

I fear, from certain unpropitious circumstances, the advantages of carrying the cheapest goods, as well as the best, to the European markets, will not long remain with us; should that unfortunately ever be the case, in every commodity, we may say, with respect to England, "*La comedie est jouée*;" and at fifteen years purchase, and the three per cents at twenty-five, would be the immediate conse-

quence. Attend, then, ye palsied and lethargic statesmen, attend, ye fat and greedy citizens, to a cheap support of the labourer and handicraftsman, FOR IT IS NO PLAYTHING YOU ARE ABOUT.

Had I been near the young Spanish Sovereign, though death or the gallies would have been the immediate consequence, I would have thundered a few weighty but unwelcome truths into his ears, as he returned to Madrid with his *Prince of Peace*. I would have told him, that his unworthy treatment of almost the only able and honest man in his dominions, and the consequences of having not only neglected, but punished him for giving his advice, had blasted and withered the glories of a reign, which once promised better things; that he had not the excuse of his father's iron nerves and constitutional stupidity to plead; but that, with keen sensibility, a clear head, a good heart, and a cultivated understanding, he had obstinately replaced the infantine and disgraceful bandage of priestcraft, prejudice, and inveterate abuse, which was dropping from his eyes; that in this artificial blindness, he had chosen to wander in the intricate mazes of a crooked policy, in preference to the straight and direct path of philosophy, wisdom, and general happiness; that, terrified by the fate of one branch of his family, he had, by a sudden and inconsistent tergiversation, plunged into the same system of tardiness, and putting off the evil day, which had conducted his relation to the scaffold.

The following passage of Pope, with a little alteration, and some allowance

allowance for anachronisms might have been properly applied to a sort of ridiculous, ceremonial and cavalcade, in celebration of a peace; when if D'Aranda had been attended to, the disgrace, losses, and carnage of the Spanish war, might have been *wholly* avoided.

But when D'Aranda's exil'd hero past,

The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;

The triumph ceas'd, tears flow'd from ev'ry eye,

Spain's *little* monarch past unheeded by,

Transfix'd with grief, each honest Spaniard sat,

Envyng not Godoy's, but D'Aranda's fate.

D'Aranda exhibited many striking, and some romantic traits of patriotism, philosophy, and toleration; he wished to have the names of Christ, Luther, Calvin, William Penn, and (I know not with what propriety) Mahomet inscribed on every church in Spain; he branded with infamy, the memories of Torquemada; Ferdinand, and Isabella; and in the pressing urgency of a general contribution, warmly recommended a general sale of Catholic relics of every kind; madonas, crosses, chalices, and candlesticks. These sacred materials, in a country like Spain, would probably have been productive, but we may guess how proposals of this kind, and the man who made them would be received in such a kingdom.

He boldly declared in council, and in the presence of his master, that two thirds of the nunneries and convents, ought to be con-

verted into inns, farm-houses, and manufactories; that their vast revenues should be applied towards employing the poor, paying school-masters, making roads, building bridges, and other useful purposes: Mistaken man! what could he expect but opposition and disgrace, in a country which patronizes the inquisition.

With all his vastness of project, and goodness of design, his minute detail, and inexhaustible copiousness of resource, with all his genius, and all his attainments, he neglected or despised, coolness, worldly prudence, low cunning, bed-chamber women, female smiles, pages, and back stairs. In pursuing his end, he did not sufficiently consider the importance of the means, however insignificant or trifling they might appear to the statesman, the sage, and the philosopher; he afforded an instructive lesson to his rival, who taught by his failure, and following an opposite course, ascended the heights of preferment. Yet, with all his errors and failings, D'Aranda, compared to his opponent, was a soaring archangel, occasionally resting on the earth, from his empyrean flights, and stung by a worthless pismire, creeping on the ground.

SPARTACUS, a native of a little town in Thrace, from which he drew his name. This extraordinary individual, who shook the foundations of Roman greatness, in its meridian splendor, had been imprisoned early in life, for resisting oppression; he was sold for a slave, became a fugitive, a soldier, a deserter, a robber, and defending as it were to the lowest scale of human misery, was at last

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a gladiator; but discovered in every situation of life, matchless strength of body, and unconquerable vigor of mind.

Seventy-three years before the christian æra, he was confined with about two hundred of his associates in misery, at Capua, in a school, or rather a prison of gladiators, the property of Lentulus Batiatus, who, as his second name expressed, furnished the amphitheatres with unhappy objects for the bloody sports of the circus; a species of commerce, from which he drew a great, but ignominious profit.

The justice, or even the policy of rendering the minds of a people familiar with savage sports, and brutal exhibitions, is a question which has been frequently agitated, but never determined: the happy medium between ungovernable ferocity, and a degenerate effeminacy of manners, is perhaps attained with difficulty; for I can easily imagine a multitude so hardened by bloody spectacles, and inhuman habits, as to be rendered almost unfit for the purposes of civilized society, and only qualified for the business of making war on their fellow creatures; while a nation, torpid and slothful through a long peace, and totally inattentive to every manly effort, or military exertion, becomes irrationally timid, fears death beyond every other calamity, and considering war as the greatest of all possible evils, falls a prey to some invading neighbour, or ambitious citizen.

But whilst Batiatus was amassing a ministerial fortune by his mercilefs traffic, the generous spirit of Spartacus, unbroken by calamity,

disdained to make acquaintance with ill-fortune, though he well knew that on the first demand, he might be hurried away in fetters, to contribute, with some of his unhappy companions, to the amusement of a worthless rabble, where the utmost his courage and dexterity could procure, would be the odious and dishonorable recompence of maiming, or murdering a harmless, perhaps a friendly fellow sufferer, and protracting an hateful existence, which, deprived of freedom, ceased to be valuable.

Being stimulated to escape, at any risk, from such dangers, by honor, friendship, and self-preservation, he consulted with his associates on the means, and observing that a certain part of the wall which enclosed them, was decayed; the attention of their keepers was directed to a distant spot, by a pretended tumult, while a party, directed and assisted by Spartacus, undermined the foundation, till a practicable breach was effected. The following night, after overpowering the sentinels, they sallied through the opening, which led to a street in Capua, inhabited by cooks and butchers, whose occupation afforded an instant supply of weapons, with which, and others seized on the road, they armed themselves. After pillaging the neighbouring villages for food, and defeating a detachment sent in pursuit of them, they posted themselves on a rocky, and almost inaccessible promontory, near the summit of Mount Vesuvius.

It is not often that history has gratified posterity, with the slight, but interesting anecdotes of remote domestic

domestic life; we are, however, able to gather from the precious fragments of an invaluable historian, that the wife of Spartacus, by some singular relaxation in favor of her worth, or her misfortunes, was permitted to be the companion of his captivity. At an early period, and in an humble station, he had attracted the soft wishes of the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, who considered the superior rank and fortune of his child, as insuperable bars to their union. But love, the great leveler of all distinctions, taught another lesson, and this generous woman, with a disinterested heroism, not uncommon in her sex, chose the moment of adversity, as the most suitable time to bestow on Spartacus her hand and heart; she proved herself in the various changes of his fortune, a faithful companion, and a tender wife.

The fugitives were soon followed by the Prætor Claudius Pulcher, who, with three thousand men, instantly invested their post, cutting off, by means of a deep dug trench, all apparent possibility of reinforcement, escape, or provision. In this situation, surrounded by an implacable enemy, a rocky precipice, and impending famine, Spartacus possessed a wife capable of soothing his sorrows, and fertile in resource. She called forth all the woman in her soul; urged by affection and necessity, the flinty-hearted mother of invention, she pointed out the wild vines of the mountain, the only produce of the spot they possessed, as the happy means of escape.

Spartacus, at her suggestion, ordered a considerable quantity of

the flexible tendrils and branches, to be twisted together, so as to form a long, and strong species of cable, which, from a post firmly driven into the ground, they hung down the precipice; and while the Roman army, in sleep and darkness, were securely depending on the approaches of hunger, to reduce their captives, the gladiators conveyed themselves, their arms and baggage, to the vale below. Without giving his small, but desperate troop, time to compare the disproportion between his own forces and those of the enemy, he immediately attacked the Roman camp, which, after a considerable slaughter, he made himself master of, as well as the whole of their equipage, military chest, and provisions.

With this success, their credit rapidly increased; fugitives of every description, whom crimes, poverty, or discontent, had thrown loose on society, directly joined them; their hopes, aspect, and tone, were elevated by good fortune, and they affected, in the usual style of insurgents, to inveigh against the luxury and tyranny of their former masters.

"Let us not be vain; to put to flight, a race of enervated cowards," cried Spartacus, "is neither difficult or dangerous, but to guard against a reverse of fortune, and bear prosperity with moderation, will be our hardest task. The whole time and attention of the degenerate Romans, is absorbed by vying with each other in entertainments, the costs of which, would be nearly sufficient to supply a town with provisions; while their houses are adorned with splendid furniture, and massy goblets

lets of gold, plundered from the temples of some unhappy province. We are justly entitled to those advantages, which nature and the Gods have put into our hands: our enemies possess no other power, than what our dishonorable submission has given them: that dominion should follow wealth, however disgraced by folly, or polluted by vice, is preposterous and unnatural: the hand which cannot wield the sword, is surely unfit to grasp the sceptre: and the only claim to pre-eminence, which one man can equitably possess over another, must be derived from virtue, strength, courage, or skill.

"Is it either reasonable or right, that the rewards of beauty, wealth, and all the good things of life, should be exclusively enjoyed by the smallest, but most despicable portion of mankind; whilst the majority, their superiors in body, as well as mind, languish in ignominious fetters, or struggle with oppression, poverty, and contempt? The true, the great, the only solid good, is liberty under her auspices; we may recover that birth-right, which we have been deprived of, but never have forfeited; a fertile, and highly cultivated country, lies before you, which, with all it contains, you shall possess, if you persevere in your glorious career, and unite severity of discipline with courage."

An invitation to plunder, was eagerly listened to by desperate men, with whom no probability of accommodation, retreat, or even of life remained, but by the road they cut with their swords: they laid waste the country round Capua, extended their devastation

from Salerno, to the neighbourhood of Rome, and destroyed Cora, Nucera, and Nola, the scenes of her infant victories over the Volsicians.

But Spartacus found it difficult to restrain his troops by military regulations; it was not the first instance, in which the theories of equalization and resistance to established power, have been turned against the conductors of popular revolt: to appease their seditious spirit, he found himself obliged to share the principal command with two leaders, chosen by the auxiliaries who had joined him, but sternly insisted on every occasion of danger or duty, pleasure or exertion, that the post of honor and precedence, should be decidedly given to him, and the faithful band of gladiators, who had originally departed with him from Capua.

To feed and arm a body increased to more than twenty-five thousand men, was by no means an easy task; pillage might furnish a temporary supply, but fire and sword were not likely means of establishing markets, forming magazines, or ensuring future provision: to introduce a system of moderation and equity, to restrain the horrid cruelties of his associates, was the honorable, but ineffectual effort of the Thracian. The husbandry tools of the rustics were converted into weapons, and the necessity of the moment pointed out to him a method of furnishing his men with shields, fabricated of wicker, and according to the custom of his country, covered with raw ox-hides.

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The senate and Roman people, who at first considered it as a trifling insurrection, which a small body of men would easily suppress, now began to be alarmed, and the Prætor Varinius Glaber was sent with fresh levies; but Spartacus, either from being better acquainted with the defiles of the mountains, and the bye-roads, or from superior courage, surprized Furius, one of the lieutenants of the Prætor, with a detachment of two thousand men, and cut them to pieces. Varinius reached the spot only to be witness to the disaster, and soon after suffered the same disgrace, escaping only with his life; while the Licitors, purple robe, fasces, and other ensigns of office, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Mercy and moderation were repeated in vain to a multitude, swelled by repeated victories to upwards of fifty thousand men, they eagerly seized the opportunity of revenging on the miserable provincials, the various injuries and insults they had received from mankind: neither age or sex were free from torture or violation; and of so infernal a nature are pride, selfishness, and revenge, in minds neither enlightened by education, or meliorated by religion, that a recollection of former kindness, or a remembrance of cruelty and oppression, were equally succeeded by the bloody returns of death and devastation.

To ravish the wife or daughter of a magistrate, the smart of whose stripes they still felt; to riot on, to waste and to spoil, the rich wines, delicate meats, and costly furniture of a citizen, whose luxuries had long excited their envy;

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to see palaces smoking in ruins, from whose gates they have been driven with contempt, or within whose walls they have performed as menials the vilest domestic offices, are, perhaps, the highest pleasures an exasperated slave, or an unprincipled peasant can enjoy.

But Spartacus was conscious that such conduct would raise the powers of the country against him; he was fully sensible of his inability to withstand the united forces of the republic; as the Consuls, from the serious alarm which had spread to the gates of Rome, had ordered the legions from every quarter, towards the Campania. He was therefore of opinion, that advantage should be taken of the present interval, afforded by his defeat of Varinius, to traverse, by forced marches, the whole length of Italy, till they reached the Alps, when the army, after a fair impartial division of booty, should divide into separate bodies, and each man, having procured by his own personal courage, the two great gifts of fortune, wealth and liberty, might have an opportunity of retiring to his native soil, and enjoying them undisturbed.

Counsels of such a nature were not listened to by men, who, flushed by success, eagerly pressed their generals to lead them to Rome, a rich prize, which would at once satisfy their avarice, ambition, and revenge: their leader still firm to his purpose, declared that every one who differed from him in opinion, was at liberty to depart. A considerable portion of the army, under the command of Crixus, immediately separated from their

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associates,

affociates, and in their march towards the capital, vigorously attacked Gellius, the consul, whom they nearly defeated, but, tempted by a fatal and inordinate love of booty, and seduced by a quantity of wine, found in the camp, they were satisfied with putting to flight an enemy, whom they might and ought to have destroyed. Incumbered with spoil, and intoxicated, they fell a prey to the consul, who had rallied his troops, and, the ensuing night, obtained a bloody but decisive victory over them, in the neighbourhood of mount Garganus.

With diminished forces, improved discipline, and courage unimpaired, Spartacus continued, by steady and close marches, his journey, between the defiles of the mountain, till he reached that branch of the Appenine, which, bending towards the Mediterranean, approaches the river Arno. Near this place the consul Lentulus, with perhaps more courage than sound policy, was posted in considerable force to intercept a band of outlaws, ravaging the heart of his country, and almost insulting the metropolis; whom it was his duty, as a general, as well as a good magistrate, to have suffered to quit Italy unmolested, and to endeavour, by all means in his power, to avoid an engagement in the present period of difficulty and danger.

Securely posted, and surrounded by inaccessible rocks, or barricadoes of felled trees, the Roman commander might have defied every effort of the enemy, to fight him on fair ground; but, seduced by the hopes of victory, seeing

Gellius advancing at no great distance in their rear, and probably not without a secret wish of enjoying the glory of triumph without a rival to share it, he descended from the heights, and offered battle.

By one of those military evolutions, which would do honor to the greatest generals, the fugitives instantly formed a double front; threw up almost in the face of the enemy an entrenchment, which effectually prevented a junction of the two consuls. After routing Lentulus, they put Gellius to flight, became masters of the Roman baggage, and, among a number of other prisoners, three hundred Roman citizens fell into their hands.

Such repeated defeats filled Rome with dismay, and the camp of the conqueror with exultation. Departing from his usual moderation, and probably urged by the wishes of his companions, he meditated a species of retributive cruelty, and signalized the field of battle, by forcing his unhappy Roman prisoners to attack each other in combat, impaling alive on the cross those who would not comply, and threatening the rest with the most exquisite tortures: thus the gladiators, adding insult to injury, retaliated on their oppressors, the unnatural and infamous slaughter of the circus.

This triumphant leader, who had redeemed his name from the infamy of his former station, ordered every kind of heavy or cumbersome baggage, which was likely to impede the celerity of a forced march, to be instantly burnt. Dismissing the old, the sick, the wounded,

wounded, and infirm, with ample rewards; after slight refreshment, and short periods of repose, he reached, by rapid movements, the banks of the Po, which, in consequence of augmented torrents from the neighbouring hills, was swelled beyond its ordinary bounds. The policy of the consuls, or the general fear inspired by the merciless and bloody character of the fugitives, had left the river, without one vessel, bark, or boat.

Arrested by this obstacle, and probably rendered presumptive by an uninterrupted series of good fortune, Spartacus quitted the Po, retraced his former line of march, and resolved to give battle to whatever force the republic might raise to oppose him: to storm and destroy by fire and sword, the proud corrupted mistress of the world; to revenge on her the injuries of mankind, and transfer the seat of empire to some happier spot, not contaminated by vice, luxury, and oppression, was the avowed purpose of a Thracian peasant.

He soon met Arrius, who had collected the scattered remains of the legions; and a plain between Urbinum and Ancona, was the scene of a battle, in which the Romans ignominiously fled from their standard. This news, with all its exaggerations, reached the capital; the gates were shut, the senate assembled, and crowds of men, women, and children, filled the forum with tumultuous cries. In the public distress, Crassus was prevailed on to accept the Prætorship and the command of an army, which was instantly levied, without exception of age, rank, wealth,

or late services: the soldiers who fled, were punished by decimation.

To restore military discipline, and protect Rome from insult, to make himself master of the strong holds, lately possessed by Spartacus, on the Appenines, were the first cares of Crassus; who exhibited on this occasion, a mind fertile in resource, as a magistrate and a general, to whom his country looked up for deliverance from impending ruin.

The vision of sacking and plundering Rome vanished; and Spartacus, after vainly regretting that he had abandoned his moderate designs of marching towards the Alps, found himself obliged, by the superior generalship of Crassus, to lead his troops, by long and laborious marches, to that part of the Italian promontory which faces Sicily.

That island was at the same time suffering every evil that avarice and oppression could inflict, under the rapacious government of Verres, whose enormities have been consigned to everlasting infamy, by the elegant invective of Cicero. The Quæstor was also suspected of a private correspondence with Spartacus, and is said to have agreed with certain pirates, who infested the Ionian sea, to transport his army; but they insisted on receiving from the gladiator, the stipulated price, before they collected their vessels, and then, by the advice of Verres, basely departed, without fulfilling their agreement. The oppressor of the Sicilians recollected, that the presence of Spartacus would be only dividing that plunder, which he wished to possess undiminished:

undiminished: he, at the same time, insisted on sharing the money received by the pirates, who had long purchased impunity for rapine and outrage, by dividing with this infamous magistrate the spoils of an unhappy province.

Disappointed by that perfidy, which the wicked cannot complain of in each other, Spartacus turned his face towards Brundisium, in hopes of procuring some means of embarkation from that port; but Crassus pressed closely upon him, and, to add to his embarrassments, besides a vigilant enemy, he had to contend with famine and sedition in his own army. The soldiers, flushed by some trifling advantage over a Roman detachment, exclaimed, that they would instantly march to the capital. By the tumultuous conduct of his men, and the military evolutions of his adversary, the Thracian was forced to engage in a disadvantageous spot. This, indeed, was a circumstance which the Consul ardently wished, as Pompey, recalled from Spain by the senate, was hastening to snatch a victory from the hands of Crassus.

After the necessary orders and dispositions, Spartacus, placing himself in front of his original associates at Capua, addressed his army in the following words: "We have no alternative, my friends, but to exterminate the forces of the senate, honorable death, or to ignominiously yield ourselves to the mercy of a cowardly and cruel foe, whom, past experience has convinced us, it is safer to fight with, than confide in. Our successful battles with the Prætor Clau-

dius, with Varinius, and with Furius, have established, beyond a doubt, the superiority of men who fight for freedom: a hireling has neither interest in, nor affection for, the cause in which he ventures his life.

"We have but to add the name of Crassus to the list of those we have conquered, and there remains no obstacle to the planting our victorious standards in the Forum of Rome. But whatever be the event, triumph or defeat; I trust that we shall, with our own hands, erect an honourable tomb, composed of the bodies, and cemented with the blood of our enemies, an everlasting monument to future ages, a warning lesson against usurpation, cruelty, pride, and oppression, which never fail, sooner or later, rousing a spirit which they are seldom able to check."

The charge was sounded;—"Death or victory," repeated by twenty thousand voices, echoed o'er the field, but was soon drowned by the clash of arms: the conflict was bloody, but Spartacus, whose genius gave life and spirit to his whole army, exposed himself to unnecessary danger by seeking Crassus, and was slain early in the engagement.

To measure swords with a brave and illustrious Roman, to signalize his victory, or immortalize his death, by a personal encounter with Crassus, was the fond hope of his heart. After killing several officers of rank, whom he mistook for the Consul, and lamenting, almost in the words of Shakspear, that he believed there was many a Crassus in the field; he fell, overpowered

powered by numbers, having misfed the object of his pursuit, and exhibited wonderful proofs of matchless, but ineffectual personal prowess. This extraordinary man is said to have been actually and literally cut to pieces, as the most industrious search after the battle could not identify his body. His death was not unrevenged; the gladiators stood their ground to the last, not one of the number who escaped from Capua surviving the defeat, but were found extended on the very spot of ground they originally occupied. The victory of Crassus was complete and decisive, though he lost the best of his troops. Six thousand prisoners, who fell into his hands he hung on trees by the way side, as he returned to Rome.

In the course of this disgraceful contest, more than one hundred thousand men perished by the sword; the vast acquisition of power and credit which this victory gave to Crassus, first planted the seeds of ambition in his breast, which were afterwards productive of a train of evils to his country, his competitors, and himself. The best blood and strength of the republic, were drained by civil war and domestic faction; the road was paved for introducing military despotism, and the servile wars may be said first to have produced the decline, and, in their remote consequences, the fall of the Roman Empire.

With such evils entailed on slavery, under every form, and presented to us at different ages, I can believe no one to be a sincere approver of the traffic in human flesh, but from motives of interest;

and such I would almost excuse, for in the present state of public spirit and private virtue, I cannot, I must not expect a man to abandon his estate, or yield his livelihood in the cause of humanity. Yet, from wretches, procured by violence or fraud, conveyed from their native country, in a manner which renders their surviving rather miraculous than probable, and scantily provided with the comforts, or even the necessities of life; from wretches, whose exertions are never productive of any advantage to themselves, from such miserable outcasts of society, can we expect any effort or interest beyond the impulse of the whip? Indeed, slavery, in its most meliorated state, and abated rigors, presents a spectacle so shocking to a generous mind, that it is impossible to defend it on any plea, but that of self-interest, and commercial or political necessity; I cannot agree that our rivals persevering in it, affords us any excuse.

SPENCER, Mr. for a short account of the famous chancery suit between his executors and Sir Abraham Janssen, see Jennings Sarah, in my first volume.

SQUIRES, MARY, an itinerant pedlar, gypsy, and smuggler, who under these vague denominations, might have lived unnoticed, and died without remembrance, had not a prosecution for robbery, by which she was condemned to die, suddenly fixed the public eye upon her; and as prejudice or party operated, alternately rendered her a general object of detestation, pity, or contempt. Persisting, with the most solemn asseverations, that she was
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in a distant part of the kingdom on the very day she was accused of having committed the crime, and naming a variety of persons who could prove it, the compassion of Sir Crisp Gascoyne, at that time Lord Mayor, was excited; by his example, several well meaning individuals were induced to join with him in examining a most perplexed and intricate business; and she was ultimately recommended as an object of mercy to the crown.

It appeared, by the declaration upon oath of Elizabeth Canning, a young woman about nineteen years of age, that in the beginning of the year 1753, having procured leave from a person with whom she lived as a servant, to pass a day with her uncle at Salt-petrebanks, she remained with him from about eleven in the morning, 'till nine at night; and that on her return home, two lusty men in great coats met her near Bethlem-walk, Moorfields, violently assaulted, robbed her of a gown, apron, hat, and half-a-guinea in money, tied her hands behind her, and on her struggling, gave her a violent blow on the temple, accompanied with oaths and execrations: that they then laid hands on her, one on each side, and dragged her with violence and abuse for some hours, part of which time, from fits, she was not sensible, till they arrived at the house of Susannah Wells, which she afterwards found was situated near Enfield-Walk: that on being forced by the two ruffians into the house, she was accosted by Mary Squires, who asked her, "If she would go their way? and if she would, that she

should have fine cloaths:" words of which at the time she did not understand the import, though she replied, "No;" but she since conceives, that it was nothing less than a wish for her to submit to the odious life of a prostitute.

On her answering, "No," Mary Squires, with a long knife, ripped up the lace of her stays, which she took from her, and after several intimidating threats, pushed her into a back room, or hay-loft, where she was confined for twenty-seven days, with no other sustenance than a slender pittance of bread, some water in a broken pitcher, and a small minc'd pyc, which she accidentally had in her pocket. During all this time, she declared that no one creature visited her, and the bread and water being exhausted, she at last broke down a board which was nailed on the inside of a window, out of which she crept on a sort of pent-house, and then jumped on the ground, which, from her description, was about nine or ten feet from the window; On being asked if the jump did not hurt her, she said, "No, because the ground was a soft clay."

Having quitted the house, she walked home as fast as her weak condition permitted. It may naturally be expected, after so long and unaccountable an absence, that her mother was alarmed, as well by the squalid and diseased appearance of her daughter, as by her distressing account of the injurious treatment she had experienced.

A circumstance of this kind naturally excited the sympathy and resentment of the public, ever com-

compassionately attentive to female injuries; a subscription was set on foot in favor of the young woman; Squires and Wells were taken into custody, under the most violent impressions of popular prejudice and indignation, tried at the Old Bailey, and sentence of death passed on the former.

But Sir Crisp Gaskoyne, perceiving much contradiction in the evidence, and considering the description given by Canning of the room which she said was the place of her confinement, to be very different from the actual state and dimensions of the hay-loft in Wells's house; startled also by a principal witness in Canning's favor, Virtue Hall, having wholly retracted her evidence, though she had positively sworn to the seeing Canning at Enfield Wash, and to a good part of the conversation said to have passed between that young woman and Squires, particularly to the business of ripping off the stays; for these, and other reasons, this worthy, but at that time unpopular magistrate, presented a memorial to the king, mentioning the presumptive circumstances in favor of the old woman's innocence. In consequence of this proceeding, Mary Squires was respited for six weeks; the consideration of the matter was referred to the attorney and solicitor general, who reported, that the weight of evidence was in the convicts' favour, and she ultimately received a free pardon.

If Squires was not guilty, it was impossible Canning could be innocent; her conduct considering her years, must in that case have been cruel and atrocious, combining at once the crimes of per-

jury and intended murder;—murder, too, of the most cruel, base, cool, and premeditated kind, to support a groundless prosecution for felony; under the colour of justice to take away the life of an innocent person, and to raise contributions on the public by a fabricated narrative. For these, and other reasons, it was judged proper to apprehend Elizabeth Canning, on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury, for which crime she was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, near twelve months after the trial of Mary Squires; upwards of five days were occupied in examining a variety of witnesses, with a patience and laborious search for truth, equally honourable to the judges on the bench, the counsellors, and the jurymen.

It was observed, in Canning's defence, that her not flying from justice, during the long interval which elapsed between the trials, was a strong presumption of her innocence, since neither herself or friends were bound by any recognizance. To this it was answered, that, one who had been able, for so long a time, by an artful story, to prejudice so many in her favor, and to receive such ample countenance and pecuniary support, had every prospect of evading justice, by *well-dressed* evidence, and the strong force of popular opinion; in which case, her triumph over truth would have been complete, her reputation, as a *species of martyr*, established, and her reward, in all probability, would have been splendid.

The previous and accurate description of a broken pitcher which was discovered in the room; and th-

the hay-loft, which, in some particulars, tallied with her account, though in many circumstances it failed, as ſhe did not mention a jack-line and pulley, a broken caſement over the chimney, and a cheſt of drawers, all of which were proved, by an accumulation of duſt and cobwebs, to have been *very* long reſidents. Yet the pitcher, and the deſcription of the room and its contents, though not correct, prove ſome previous acquaintance with it, and, perhaps, a reference to the evidence of one of Canning's witneſſes (Robert Scarratt) may help to ſolve the myſtery.

Incited by curioſity, and, according to his own account, unſolicited, Mr. Scarratt had (though a perfect ſtranger) called at her mother's houſe ſoon after her return, and, in the courſe of his evidence, acknowledged having often, on former occaſions, been at the houſe of Suſannah Wells, near Enfield-Waſh. If we can ſuppoſe, for a moment, an iniquitous communication to have taken place between Elizabeth Canning and Robert Scarratt, whoſe evidence was by no means ſatisfactory, this difficulty vaniſhes.

It was alſo ſubmitted to the court, that, even if Squires could prove, by poſitive and circumſtantial evidence, that ſhe was in a diſtant part of the kingdom at the time laid in the indictment, it did not follow that Canning had *maliciously perjured* herſelf, it being as poſſible for a perſon to be deceived by a ſimilitude of deformity, as well as of beauty; though the old gypſey, when the conſtable went with the warrant to apprehend her, ſaid to Canning, on being charged

with robbing her of her ſtays; "Do you ſay I robbed you? pray, madam, look at this face; if you have once ſeen it, it *muſt* be remembered; for I think God Almighty never made ſuch another." When this part of the evidence was related, the eyes of every one preſent were naturally fixed on Squires, whoſe countenance, indeed, exhibited an aſſemblage of features uncommon, and diabolically hideous.

The ſufferings of Canning, and the evident reduced ſtate of her health, ſo much ſo as to be thought at firſt irrecoverable, were mentioned, as convincing proofs of the truth of her allegations.

The man that hangs, or beats out's brains,

The devil's in him if he feigns; was quoted on this occaſion; and it was aſked, if any perſon in their ſenſes would bring themſelves to the brink of death, to procure friends and contributions? Would the girl kill herſelf for the ſake of a ſubſcription? The counſel in behalf of Canning alſo ſtrongly dwelt on the danger of allowing convictions for wilful and corrupt perjury, on the ſcore of mere improbability of facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths; he inſiſted, that ſuch proceedings tended to overturn the common and eſtabliſhed forms of juſtice, and would at laſt intimidate individuals from being zealous to bring guilty perſons to puniſhment, leaſt they themſelves may be hereafter proſecuted.

[*This doctrine was acknowledged by the court to be well worthy of attention, though, in the preſent inſtance, from the recantation of a principal witneſs,*

witness, and for other important reasons, it was thought advisable to depart from a good general rule.]

Things seemingly impossible for human power to have performed, have been proved true, though no credit was allowed to them when first asserted; and declarations have been proved false, which had every appearance of credit and authenticity, and which at the time were thought the most unlikely to be attested, if not really true.

An improbable and unparalleled ride from London to York, in one day, on the same horse, prevented the conviction of a prisoner for a highway robbery, though he confessed himself guilty of it, immediately after his acquittal. An instance of a steward, in the Gainfborough family, was also mentioned, who suddenly disappeared with a considerable sum of money in his charge, which was supposed to have been taken from him. The gentlemen of the county in which he resided were alarmed, and, after a certain time, his son, impelled, as he said, by remorse, accused himself, his mother, and sister, of having robbed and murdered his father: he added, that they had thrown the body into a certain pit in the neighbourhood, which was searched, but no body could be found; yet, as the son persisted in his accusation, they were all three indicted, tried, and hanged. The father (and I shudder when I relate the circumstance) this unhappy father, a few months afterwards returned, giving a particular and satisfactory account of his absence, equally shocked and perplexed by a sanguinary, but

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unaccountable depravity, which had thus exterminated his family.

The contradictory accounts of Canning were explained by her friends, as amounting to no more than this, that a general fact, compounded of a variety of things done and said at various places, when related on particular occasions, and at different times, had not always been told minutely and exactly the same way; a defect to which every long and complicated story must, in some degree, be liable. Besides, they said, that an allowance ought to be made for the aggravated feelings and expressions of a parent, who believed her daughter to have been actually treated in the manner described; and something should be granted to the harassed condition and trepidation of an injured female, under the impressions of fear, famine, an emaciated body, and an agitated mind.

Several witnesses proved their having seen Mary Squires, on or about the 16th, the 17th, and 23d of December, at Enfield-Wash.—She was observed, according to the evidence of one man, telling a person's fortune. Another swore to her applying to him for leave to sleep in his barn; and a third, to her enquiring of him about a horse she had lost. A physician and an apothecary proved the languid and reduced state of Elizabeth Canning, on her return to her mother's, and that she appeared like one who had suffered extreme hunger, thirst, and cold; but they acknowledged, that a person might be as she was from other causes.

Robert Beals, an attendant at
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the Stamford-Hill turnpike, swore, that, about the *fore-end* of January, but he could not speak positively to the day, he saw a girl, in company with two men, pass the gate, fobbing and crying, that they jostled her along, and used abusive language. He described her, as having on a light coloured gown and apron, and that it was about eleven o'clock at night. On this evidence it was observed, that Canning could not be the woman who passed the turnpike, for she had sworn, that her *gown and apron* were taken from her in Moorfields;—add to this, that turnpike gate is four miles from Moorfields, and seven from Wells's house, and she swore, that she was brought to Wells's about four in the morning.

Thomas Bennett saw a miserable poor wretch, in a ragged, dirty condition, on the 29th of January, near Enfield-Wash, on her way to London, and deposed, that she asked him the road. Two other witnesses swore to the meeting a girl, whom they *verily believe* to have been Elizabeth Canning, on the road between Enfield-Wash and London, but described her as looking pale, though her hands and face were said, by herself and others, to be black and blue.

On the part of Mary Squires, upwards of forty persons were called, to prove, that she was more than a hundred and thirty miles from Enfield-Wash, in company with her son George, and her daughter Lucy, at the time she was accused of having committed the robbery.

On the 29th of December, according to the evidence of Mrs.

Hopkins, the landlady of a public house, at South Perrott, in Dorsetshire, they all three lodged with her; on the 30th, they called at Winyard's-Gap, an alehouse, about a mile further, to take refreshment: at this last place, the frightful countenance of Squires so remarkably attracted the notice of the evidence, that she compared her to a picture of Mother Shipton, hanging in the room. Her appearance on the same day at Lytton, a village nine miles further on the road, was also proved by several witnesses;—by James Hawkins, at whose house they slept two nights; by her son's being shaved there, by Francis Gladman; and by their dining on a couple of boiled fowls, which, on Mr. Moreton's observing, that it was a remarkable dinner for gypsies, George answered, that fowls, at six-pence a piece, were cheaper than butcher's meat, and that he bought them of Dance Turner.

At Abbotsbury, a small parish, three miles from Lytton, they remained till Tuesday the 9th of January, were recognized by many persons, and had a dance at the house of John Gibbons, the sign of the Ship, at Abbotsbury, where William Clarke, a shoemaker, and the sweetheart of Lucy, the daughter of Mary Squires, was her partner, and Melchisedech Arnold, a blacksmith, played the fiddle. John Ford, a carpenter, of Abbotsbury, saw them also on the 1st of January, shook hands with the old woman, kissed her daughter, and drank a pint of beer with George. From Abbotsbury, they were regularly traced through Portersham and

and Ridgeway (where, cash being scarce, they left a piece of Nankin as a pledge for the reckoning) to Dorchester, at which place, in consequence of the excessive rains, the Fordington water was so very high, that the old woman and George were obliged to wade through it, but Lucy prevailed on a miller's boy to carry her behind him on horseback.

By a chain of credible and circumstantial evidence, they were proved to have passed through Chettle, Martin, Coombe, and Basingstoke, where Lucy, not being able to write, begged the landlady to send Clarke a few lines, according to promise. The letter, with the post-mark, was also produced in court. From Basingstoke they went to Bagshot, Brentford, Page-Green, Tottenham, and, on the 24th of January, took lodgings at Mrs. Wells's, in Enfield-Wash.

On the 1st of February they were all apprehended, and it was remarked, that Canning, immediately on coming into the room, exclaimed, pointing to Mary Squires, "That is the woman who robbed me of my stays," when it was impossible for her to see the old woman's face, from the particular position in which she sat.—She had described the place of her confinement as *square, dark, and little*, but, on surveying the room, it measured 35 feet 3 inches, by 9 feet 8; and it was far from dark, as well from the two windows, as from the light admitted between the pantries. She had also, at first, said, that she dropped down from the window by a penthouse, when, on inspection, there

was not a penthouse on the premises.

A poor labouring man, named Fortune Natus, proved, that he and his wife slept in the room in which Canning swore she was confined, during that whole month, and, for five or six weeks before. This part of the evidence was also strongly corroborated by Ezra Whiffin, a neighbour of Susannah Wells, who, being in want of part of the iron-work of a sign-board, and hearing that she had an old one to dispose of, called to see it, and accompanied Wells into the very room in question, to seek for it; they at last found it under some hay, which made part of the bed on which the wife of Natus was actually lying, at the very time Whiffin called, the 18th of January.

John Larney, Edward Allen, and Giles Knight, labourers, had been ordered to lop several trees that grew near the window of the work-shop or hay-loft in question, and they swore, that this business was performed on the 8th of January, and that while they were employed in it, two women, Virtue Hall, and Sarah Howitt, appeared at the window, and conversed with them for some time. Had Canning then been in the room, she must have been seen, or at least might have called for help to the men. She had also sworn, that no person, of any description, entered the garret or loft, during her confinement. It was also remarked, that a night-gown and handkerchief, which she said she took to cover herself with, out of the room at Wells's, she claimed as her mother's before the Lord

Mayor, and wished to take them, as well as the pitcher, into her possession; to the information before Mr. Fielding she set her mark, as if unable to write her name, but afterwards wrote a fair legible hand.

After an examination of more than a hundred and twenty witnesses, in this cause of general expectation, the jury retired for fifteen minutes, and brought in a verdict—Guilty of perjury, but not wilful and corrupt; which the Recorder told them he could not receive, as they must either find her guilty of the whole indictment, or else acquit her; they then, after half an hour's consultation, brought in a verdict—Guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. Some altercation took place, in consequence of a difference of opinion between two of the jurymen, for which reason, Canning's friends moved for a new trial, which was refused; and in May, 1754, being called up to receive sentence, she, in a low voice, addressed the court in the following manner.

"I hope your Lordships will be favourable to me, for I had no intent of swearing the gypsy's life away. I beg to be considered as an unfortunate woman, and that what has been done was only in defence of myself."

The Recorder (Mr. Moreton) then addressed her in the following words.

"Elizabeth Canning, You stand convicted, on the clearest proof, of wilful and corrupt perjury, a crime attended with the most fatal and dangerous consequences to the community, though as yet it is not punished

with death. Your trial has taken up a great deal of time, and the several witnesses have undergone the strictest examination: I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not one unprejudiced person, of the great numbers who have attended it, but must be convinced of the justice and impartiality of the verdict.

"I look back with horror on the evidence you gave at the trial of Mary Squires, whom you knew to be destitute and friendless, and therefore you fixed upon her as a proper object to make a sacrifice of, at the expence of a false oath: this you preferred to the making a plain discovery to those who had a right to know where you really were those twenty-eight days of your pretended confinement in the house of Susannah Wells; and in this you were encouraged to persist, as well by that misapplied charity which was bountifully given you, in compassion to your supposed sufferings, as by the advice of your mistaken friends, whom you had deluded and deceived into a belief of the truth of what you had falsely sworn.

"This audacious attempt, and that calm deliberate assurance with which you formed a scheme to take away the life of one, though the most abject of the human species, together with your youth, and the character you then had, as well as your seeming inexperience, imposed upon many, and gained you a credit, which must have exceeded your highest expectations; thus encouraged, you not only wickedly persevered, but even triumphed over those who would not suffer their judgments to be misled
by

by so gross an imposition. But when at last people had a little recovered their surprize, and this almost miraculous tale of yours came to be temperately canvassed and tried; by comparing your own original information with the evidence you had given at the trial, which was found to vary in so many material circumstances, a necessary enquiry was set on foot by a worthy magistrate who presided in this court, which saved the life of Squires, and ultimately gave rise to this prosecution, which has exposed the guilty, and ought to convince the doubtful: this iniquitous conduct of yours will, I hope, induce mankind not to suffer their credulity to get the better of their reason.

“It is not my wish to aggravate your guilt, or increase that affliction which *I hope* you feel; but as I attended both the trials, it may be expected that I should declare my opinion: I therefore, in the most solemn manner, affirm, that I always thought your evidence false, and your witnesses most grossly mistaken. The policy of foreign countries punishes this offence with death; but it is your happiness to have been born in a country, whose code of laws are neither severe or sanguinary, and the sentence I now pronounce is in no degree adequate to the nature of your offence. You shall be imprisoned in the jail of Newgate for one month; you shall then be transported to America, for the term of seven years; and if within that period you return, and are found in any of his majesty's dominions of Great Britain or Ireland, you shall suffer death.”

Notwithstanding this decision, a number of people still insisted on the innocence of Canning; the newspapers and periodic publications teemed with arguments on the subject; the ingenious Henry Fielding and Sir John Hill also exercised their pens: she was however, in August 1754, transported to New England, where she married advantageously, and one of her original supporters left her a legacy of five hundred pounds. Before her departure, she published a declaration, which concludes in these words: “I declare, in the most serious manner, that I am fully persuaded, and well assured, that Mary Squires was the person who robbed me; and that the house of Susannah Wells was the place in which I was confined twenty-eight days.”

This article ought not to conclude without paying a tribute of praise to the humane zeal of Sir Crisp Gascoyne, the acute investigation of Mr. Moreton, and the discriminating precision of Sergeant Davy.

STATIONERS' COMPANY of London, introduced in this place for the purpose of recording the culpable and indecent neglect of a printer they employed in the reign of James the First, who punished them by a fine of a thousand pounds, for omitting in an edition of the Bible, the important monosyllable, *not*, in that portion of the decalogue which forbids adultery.

An error of a like kind, but not an involuntary error, has been laid to the charge of Porpora, a celebrated Italian composer, who being employed on a particular occasion,

occasion, to set a part of the service of the church of Rome, to music, found himself at a loss in the beginning of one of the creeds for a monosyllable, to give power to the fort^e part of his piece, and in the absorbing raptures of his composition, thoughtlessly introduced the very word, for the omission of which, the stationers' company had been punished; so that in the music score, the words actually ran "I believe *not* in God." This error, not remarked 'till after the celebration of the service, was productive of future censure and confusion to the composer, who was severely reprimanded by the inquisition; seldom content with reproof, without punishment.

The stationers' company had long enjoyed the exclusive privilege of printing and vending almanacks, grounded on a grant of James the First or Second, which his majesty had no right to make: and a monopoly so contrary to law and equity, was attacked by Carnan, a private individual of strong sense, but unaccommodating manners.

This bookfeller, after a long and expensive suit, against the united power, influence, and money, of a wealthy fraternity, and a learned university, gained the cause, and celebrated his victory with an intemperate exultation, calculated rather to insult his vanquished rivals, than exalt himself in the opinion of moderate men. After driving his antagonists from the field, he reaped himself but little benefit from this triumph, owing to the ungenerous eagerness of the rest of the trade who seized those advantages he had laid open.

Carnan was a striking and im-

pressive proof, that good sense and active powers cannot always insure a successful or a pleasant passage through life: he was preyed on by chagrin or insulted by unforgiving competitors, while many a dull fellow in the neighbouring row, one half of his time asleep, and the other scarcely awake, was slumbering into independence, ease, and city honours. As a proof of his impolitic obstinacy, he is said to have expended a thousand pounds in a law suit concerning a horse, rather than retract an opinion: in another instance, he sunk a considerable sum in building a house, on an execrable spot, without prospect or probability of a tenant, or its turning to any advantage or account, and contrary to the persuasions of all his friends. The only reason that could be guessed for his pertinacious adherence to this unprofitable folly, was, that in a dispute, he had asserted, that the situation was a desirable one, and a tenant at a high rent absolutely certain; the event proved his mistake. The writer of this article was once witness to a transaction between Goldsmith and Carnan, which did credit to the spirit, feelings and generosity of the bookfeller, but the author, in his usual strange way, treated his benefactor with supercilious abruptness, and ill manners; had a third person been introduced, unacquainted with the preceding transaction, he would have immediately concluded, that Carnan had received, and Goldsmith conferred a favor. I have not been able to ascertain, if the defalcations from their income by almanacks, has made any inroads

on the monthly luxuries, or the laudable charities of this respectable society.

STERNE, LAURENCE, an English Clergyman, and a popular writer, the founder of a numerous class, to whom the term *Sentimental* has been given, which, strictly speaking, almost every species of writing, beyond a technical syllabus, or a text book, is, or ought to be. It would be no easy task, precisely to define, what a modern reader means by this fashionable latitudinarian expression, unless we are to rest satisfied with what a female writer once replied to this question, and rather in a peevish way, "It means to write like Sterne."

To attempt, what I have confessed is difficult, may perhaps appear presumptuous, but he who fails, possesses more merit, than the man who never tries. If the easiness of writing sentimentally, is to be estimated, by the numbers who have taken the field, it should seem to require no very uncommon abilities; yet, and I trust I may speak without offence; Has there yet appeared a second Yorick? The nearest approach, I have sometimes thought, was made by Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Keat, but theirs is an humble distance; besides, I fear, they want that which bursts forth, or *seems* to burst forth too often in Sterne, a heart.

The sentimental writer, then, if we are allowed to draw our rules from his great prototype, the author of *Tristram Shandy*, as the antient critics from Homer, the sentimental writer must, by the force of natural genius, be enabled, from the various, the common,

and, to the million, the unimportant occurrences of life, to select materials, calculated in an extraordinary manner, to interest, elevate, and surprize.

Unembarrassed by those fetters of continuity and coherence, which sound criticism expects from common writers, he considers himself as at liberty, to wander discursively, or rather to leap over barren rocks, or uncultivated precipices, and except, when he occasionally stoops to crop a rose, raise a lily, or drop a sentiment, to gallop without reins, and sometimes without judgment, from Alps to Pyrenees, "whilst folly claps her hands, and wisdom stares," and the fatigued reader, in the rapid pantomime of pleasure, pathos, humour, dullness, and obiscenity, is alternately pleased, vexed, bewildered, and lost.

—To sketch out affecting and masterly pictures, to raise his reader on the very tiptoe of expectation, and at last to defeat ardent curiosity, by asterisks and dashes; to prophane tread the borders of impiety and lewdness, that too in the most dangerous mode, without giving the alarm of disgusting language; by powers wonderfully and sublimely pathetic, to reach at times, the inmost recesses of the heart, and with scarcely a page intervening, to irritate, irresistibly to irritate us by matchless fallies of genuine humour; such strange compound of wit and absurdity, goodness and indecorum, excellence and inanity, delicacy and grossness, such powers, Yorick, were thine!

To the charge, to a divine, the heavy charge, of interlarding his works with passages, dangerously inflam-

inflammatory, if not grossly lewd; his constant plea and reply was, that he did it for the purpose of procuring readers. And if such a fault *can* be excused, it may be recorded among the contradictory paradoxes of fashionable caprice, that books, evidently steaming from the hot bed of a lascivious imagination, were the morning companions, and the nightly solace of women, who would have blushed at an indelicate allusion, and have vigorously resisted all attempts on their chastity.

Yet such resistance, must, I fear, have been weakened, by a perusal of the volumes in question; their tendency on the sex is evidently neither to make them steady, or to keep them so. I admit with some difficulty, the excuse of one of his fair advocates, who had been reproved for her avowed fondness, for the bewitching pages of Sterne: "I see," replied the Lady, who had in her day lived with decorous propriety and elegant hospitality. "I see, as well as you, the blemishes of my favourite author, but am I to shut myself up all day in my room? am I to lose the vernal fragrance of the morning breeze? am I to resign the luxurious serenity of an evening walk on the lawn, the meadow or in the wood, because the path is occasionally obstructed by thorns and briars, or for fear of being terrified by the hissing of an adder, or the roaring of a bull?"

Without waiting to determine the weight of an argument, which would at any time excuse unbecoming hints and loose language, if ushered in by wit and good humour, I think it proper to re-

mark, a peculiarity of Sterne's. What he had once committed to paper, however indecorous, and in one instance unfounded, no intreaties could prevail on him to alter or erase, however contrary it might be to his reputation as a writer, and the purity of his character as a dignitary of the established Church. Like Dryden, he neglected, or would not practice, that last, that necessary art, the art to blot; and when passages have been pointed out in his manuscript, the omission or correction of which, would have prevented much obloquy on his taste, as well as memory; "What I have written, I have written," was his only reply—"if *you* decline printing it, others may be found who will."

This abominable perseverance, this incorrigible obstinacy, in despite of friendship, duty, interest and discretion, his friends could not always account for; whether as he once said, "It was bad enough to write nonsense, but to re-write it, was the Devil and Dr. Faustus;" which would prove it was genuine indolence; or whether it might be, that unbending sense of superiority, impatient of direction and controul, the frequent companion, perhaps, the prerogative of genius, which will submit to no decision, but its own, is not important to determine; it might, not improbably, derive its origin from both.

This partiality for the produce of our own brains, produced by the flattering, the magnifying optics of a parent, is a weakness from which few writers are free. —The Compiler of the present article, in a moment of infatuation,

tion, like that bird, the venerable type and representative of wisdom, enveloped by ivy, or pecking and pursuing mice, "and such small geer," has sometimes fancied, his own screaming, purblind, awkward progeny, nearly resembled the aerial nestlings of the bird of Jove, who views, undazzled, the radiance of a meridian sun, or, soaring through the air, with threatening talons, affrights the reluctant inhabitants of the woods and forest, to their dark retreats.

The following is from Sterne, or one of his imitators; it is no bad description of the man.

"I was born to travel out of the common road, and to start aside from the beaten tract. I was neither designed for a team, nor for a bridle, but to amble along, loose and unconfin'd; and if I neither kick, splash, or run over any one; who, in the name of common sense, has any right to interrupt me?"

The charge of borrowing from his predecessors has been lately alleged against the subject of this article, by a judicious and candid writer, who produces evidence sufficient to startle, if not subdue, the doubts of criticism; those who have been delighted by Sterne, will, perhaps, read the following observations, and the passages which follow them, with regret and surprize.

"In tracing some of Sterne's ideas to other writers, I do not," says the author, above referred to, "I do not mean to treat him as a plagiarist; I wish to illustrate, not to degrade him. If some instances of copying be proved against him, they will detract nothing

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from his genius, and will only lessen that imposing appearance he sometimes assumed, of erudition, which he really wanted.

"But there can be no doubt respecting Sterne's obligations of an author, once the favourite to the learned and the witty, though now unaccountably neglected. I have often wondered at the great pains he takes in ridiculing opinions not fashionable in his day, and have thought it singular, that he should produce the portrait of his sophist, Mr. Shandy, with all the stains and mouldiness of the last century about him. But I am now convinced, that all the singularities of Tristram Shandy, were drawn from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*." Here follow the extracts.

STERNE.

"'Tis either Plato," says Sterne, "or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some one, perhaps, of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine, or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca, (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly we find that David wept for his son Absalom—Adrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death." This is well rallied, as the following passage will evince; but Sterne should
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have considered, how much he owed to poor old Burton.

BURTON.

"Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous: *Optimum quæ in vita humana contingunt, luctus atque mors sunt acerbissima.* [CARDAN de Consol. lib. 2.] The most austere and bitter accidents that can happen to a man in this life, in æternum valedicere, to part for ever, to forsake the world, and all our friends, 'tis ultimum terribilium, the last and the greatest terrour; most irksome and troublesome unto us? &c.—Nay, many generous spirits, and grave staid men otherwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a dear friend they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months after, howling O hone, as those Irish women, and Greeks at their graves, commit many indecent actions, &c.

STERNE.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of parliament my dear brother—all must die."

BURTON.

"'Tis an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting act of parliament, all must die."

STERNE.

"When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it, &c.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said on the occasion—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made me."

BURTON.

"Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola's death, at first, until such time that he had confirmed his mind, with some philosophical precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and for her reception into heaven to be much more joyed, than before he was troubled for her loss."

STERNE.

"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum?—What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh, and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mytilene; the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more."

BURTON.

"Kingdoms, provinces, towns, and cities," says Burton, "have their periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy, Mycene was the fairest city in Greece,—but it, alas, and that Assyrian Nineveh are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and Bæotian Thebes. Delos, the common council-house of Greece, and Babylon, the greatest city that ever the sun shone on, hath now nothing but walls, and rubbish left—And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cyzicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian cities? Syracuse and Agrigentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes seven hundred thousand inhabitants, are now decayed."

STERNE.

"Let us follow Sterne again." Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara,

ra, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now prostrate on the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that a man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this, lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember that thou art a man.”

“This is, with some slight variations, Burton’s translation of Servius’s letter. Sterne alters just enough, to shew that he had not attended to the original.”

BURTON.

“Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left; what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes! Alas, why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter; when so many goodly cities lie buried before us. Remember, O Servius, thou art a man; and with that I was much confirmed, and corrected myself.”

STERNE.

“My son is dead,” says Mr. Shandy, “so much the better; ’tis a shame in such a tempest, to have but one anchor.”

BURTON.

“—He was a most dear and loving friend,” quoth Burton, “my sole friend—Thou mayst be ashamed, I say, with Seneca, to confess it, in such a tempest as this to have but one anchor.”

STERNE.

“But,” continues Mr. Shandy, “he is gone for ever from us? be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald. He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken. The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat? Not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it? Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh.”

BURTON.

“Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller, that comes weary to his inn, begin his journey afresh;—he is now gone to eternity—as if he had risen, saith Plutarch, from the midst of a feast, before he was drunk—Is it not much better not to hunger at all, than to eat? not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst? not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diseases, agues, &c. The Thracians wept still when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when any man was buried; and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life.”

STEWART, JOHN, Earl of Bute, a peer of North Britain,
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director of the education of George the Third, and afterwards his prime minister, during a period scarcely to be equalled in English history, for party violence and civil discord, which diffused a dark cloud of implied suspicion, or open aversion, over the rising glories of a young and amiable Prince, who had so lately ascended the throne of his ancestors, with the most enthusiastic attachment of his subjects. These circumstances have been attributed, by some, to weakness, by others, to ill-design in the administration of the day, and, by many, to the superior skill and versatility of their opponents, in forming parliamentary cabal, and fomenting popular discontent.

This nobleman, happy in the smiles of his sovereign, but never possessing the confidence of the people, married the wealthy heiress of Wortley Montague, and after retiring from a ministry, which the strong arm of military interposition was scarcely able to protect, passed his remaining days in the lap of science and tranquillity, expending, or rather sinking, more than eighty thousand pounds, in a superb edifice on High Cliff, a barren promontory on the sea coast of Hampshire, opposite the Isle of Wight; not intimidated by the assurances of his architect and surveyor, who asserted that, from the daily and rapid inroads of the tide, in less than fifty years, the whole building, as well as the surrounding gardens and pleasure-grounds, must be washed into the sea; a prediction, the fulfilling of which, I understand, the raging elements have already ruinously

and rapidly commenced, not without personal injury to the proprietor, a short time before his death.

After seceding from the ostensible situation of a minister, Lord Bute's favorite pursuit was botany, in which his researches are said to have been successful; his work on this subject, with plates, of which, I believe, only a dozen were printed, is an elegant and splendid proof, that when levees and drawing rooms lose their charm, methods of passing through life may still be struck out, without sacrificing health, fame, and fortune, to the injurious vices, the despicable arts, or the trifling follies of Newmarket, the brothel, or the chase. For the shades of retirement, Sir Robert Walpole is said to have neglected or forgotten to qualify himself, an evil not easily remedied, and productive, in many instances, of serious perplexity, which that minister, after having been hunted down, by the furious but mercenary blood-hounds of Pulteney, pathetically lamented, with tears.

I cannot but think, that the subject of this article would have deserved much better of science and of mankind, and would have been more justly entitled to the praise of a benevolent friend of the arts, had he permitted the impressions of his botanic work to have been more numerous, and given to the public at a moderate price, or a copy to have been distributed, gratis, to every university and public library in Europe; the partial and reserved manner in which it was printed and conferred favoured strongly of a haughty, aristocratic

aristocratic spirit, illiberal, and unworthy an amateur and a gentleman.

By a species of internal, or rather collateral evidence, this circumstance serves to corroborate a report which I formerly heard, but did not credit, from a relation of the Thane's, who had no temptation, and was of a profession that generally inspires a just hatred for lying. In the domestic management and education of his children, he described the paternal deportment of Lord Bute as singular and austere: from childhood to manhood they enjoyed a very minute portion of the time and attention of their father, who, absorbed in political reveries, deep study, or self-contemplation, directed, that at a fixed and regular hour they should once, and only once a day, be introduced to him, and make their obedience.

After the cool common-place questions, mutually given and received, they retired. This anecdote, if true, instead of the soft endearing intercourse of a parent, might be rather termed a dramatic representation of domestic decorum, perfectly consistent with the Earl's gesture and manner of speaking, which those who remember it, may recollect were theatric; it was rather the formal condescension of an Oriental despot, a father without affection, than the fond meeting of a parent with his offspring, listening to their prattle, or viewing, with delight, the opening buds of mental and corporal improvement.

"Can you vouch for the authenticity of certain accusations you have produced against the favorite, and the mother of a great

personage?" said a barrister (who has the reputation of hitting off satirical sketches impromptu) to the famous author of certain violent periodic invectives. "Nothing like it," replied the honourable gentleman, "nothing like it; I was totally ignorant of the business, but the hint, probably first suggested by some hungry paragraph-monger, or industrious pamphleteer, afforded so fair an opportunity for raising public clamour, and fanning the embers of discontent, that I could not suffer it to escape me." The indignant lawyer, instantly and significantly turned his back on the propagator of falsehood during the remainder of the evening, observing towards him a contemptuous and expressive silence.

"A private country gentleman, and a colonel of a regiment of militia," (observed the barrister to the writer of this article, and a few others, who sat near him on the occasion, which was a public dinner) "the rascal behind me might have lived unnoticed, and have died without remembrance, had he not, at an early period of life, given notorious and flagrant proofs of an utter contempt for religion and the moral duties. With a suitable circle of companions, he instituted a society, whose existence was a satire on mankind, and whose impunity was a libel on their country; they chose Satan for their divinity, and profaned, by mock rites and obscene practices, the liturgy and ceremonies of the church of England, by addressing them to the monarch of hell.

"After exhausting every resource of a depraved fancy and an impure

pure imagination, he turned his mind from blasphemy unenlivened by wit, from sensuality without refinement, from love without delicacy, to political adventure; and in a conference with the minister of the day, on the price of his vote, his demands were so arbitrary, exorbitant, and unreasonable, that the premier rejected them in a peremptory and spirited manner, and was told by this political renegade, that in a few months he would write him down. Disappointed in his prospects at court, he drew his venal pen, and became a virulent libeller of king, church, and state, till, by the unwarrantable rashness of a minister, who violated, in his person, the principles of the English constitution, in order to revenge the insults of his master, whose mother had been grossly traduced, our hero had the versatility to render the private injuries of an obscure debauchee the cause of the whole kingdom, by which means, he set the nation in an uproar.

“ Thus, an individual of diabolical features, blasted character, and infamous life, the traducer of revealed religion, and ridiculer of its mysteries; the defender and panegyrist of fraud, cruelty, and obscenity; the reviler of that sex, to whom we all owe, not only our existence and nurture, but the most delicious moments of our life; whose hand had been against every man, and every man's hand against him, became, by one of those extraordinary revolutions which govern the world, the most favored and popular man alive, securing adoration, honour, and emolument, far beyond all that

ministerial favour could bestow. But time and common sense have long dissolved the charm; he is rapidly sinking into his original insignificance, keeps aloof on all popular and decisive questions, exhibiting the same tergiversation in political, as he formerly evinced in religious principles, and is wholly occupied by a sordid passion for shillings and half crowns.”

This *rough* outline, whose severity I cannot but censure, and whose truth, in many instances, I cannot on any account subscribe to, was heard with silent attention by the surrounding circle, while the only notice taken of it, by the only person who ought to have noticed it, and who must have distinctly heard the whole, was his swallowing a half pint bumper of Burgundy, probably with a view to wash down the ebullitions of anger and chagrin.

Before I conclude, it may probably be expected of me to notice, the oft repeated, and long continued charge of secret influence, adduced against the Earl of Bute for many years after he quitted the cabinet: this intercourse is said to have been carried on by the medium of a fortunate, and in many respects a meritorious man, to whom I grant, without hesitation, the “PALMA NON SINE PULVERE.” This accusation, probably first originating from hatred or from fear, which implies from its name as well as nature, difficulty of detection, would, with others of a similar tendency, have long since been forgotten, but for a mysterious air of privacy, the effect of fear or policy, always observed, in this nobleman's interviews with the king;

king; his forenefs and irritation on the fubject, and his earneftly and induftrioufly affecting a marked inattention, a feemingly important negligence of minifters and court meafures. The almoft extinguifhed sparks of doubt or of fufpicion, were alfo fomewhat lighted up a few years fince, by a ridiculous, unauthorized negotiation, created or imagined in the declining dotage, and officious garrulity of the late Dr. Adding-ton.

The following character is drawn by an inveterate enemy, who enjoyed, or pretends to have enjoyed more than common opportunities of minutely infpecting the life and character of Lord Bute.

"False without fystem to others and himfelf; referved inward and darkfome, fequeftering himfelf in the fhades of retirement, as a refuge of vanity from contempt. Clandefline without concealment, fad without forrow, domeftic without familiarity, haughty without elevation, ftubborn without firmnefs, and ambitious without fpirit; a frigid friend, a mean enemy, without eafe, manners or dignity. Bookifh without learning, a dabler in the fine arts without tafte, displaying all the parade of a vaft library, yet as unconvertable on literature, as a deaf man on mufic, or a blind man on paintings. A tutor without knowledge, a minifter without ability, and a favorite without gratitude."

To this portrait of a minifter, evidently drawn by a difappointed party man, who may thank his own abfurd fingularities for all his failures; had I a talent for perfonal comparifon, I would attempt

to add a fketeh of HENRY BILSON LEGGE, the firft in *every* fenfe of the word, the firft of Lord Bute's political victims, who gave an early alarm of the overwhelming influence of the favorite, and recommended instant refignation to *all* his affiliates. Had they attended to this advice when the lion firft difcovered his paw, he might have been fuccefffully refifted; but the Thane had the art, that art in the prefent reign fo often repeated, to foment their diffenfions, to attack each man fingly, and finally, to fubvert a formidable phalanx, who would have been invincible, could they have been prevailed on to hold together by common intereft or common fenfe; perhaps it is well for the country that fuch powerful combinations contain within themfelves the feeds of difcord and decay, we might otherwife be governed by an hereditary defpotic ariftocracy.

Mr. Legge was educated on an elaborate but private fystem, in conformity with the wifhes of a near relation, who dreaded the lax morality of a public fchool; a found judgment, a retentive memory, and a peculiar turn for arithmetic calculation and finance, but not a brilliant imagination, were improved by claffical erudition, manly exercifes, and the belles lettres. After a fufficient perufal of books, he was introduced to bufinefs and mên, and paffed the ufual official, parliamentary, and diplomatic routine, at the Treafury, the Admiralty, and Berlin, with exemplary diligence and propriety. Educated under the tried abilities of the Walpoles, and the dignified probity of the Pelhams,

Pelhams, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; he deserved and shared with Lord Chatham, the gratitude and applause of his country, but considerably excelled his associate in temper and disinterested political independence; without pretending to eloquence, he was heard with attention; and those who came predetermined to vote against him, could not help feeling regret at opposing so honest a minister, and so amiable a man.

When I called his imagination *not brilliant*, I meant that it was not the prominent feature of his character, for in this particular, he was second to few; those not intimately acquainted with him, and who had considered him only as a statesman, were surprised on a closer view to find him the pleasantest man in company. Without the overacted formalities of a courtier, or the frivolous French grimace of the *ancien regime*, he was kind, sociable, and endearing; fulfilling, in his day, what are rarely fulfilled, the duties of a country gentleman.

By the influence of private worth and personal attachment, Mr. Logge was called on by the general voice of a considerable county, to represent them in parliament; a business in which, after having pledged himself beyond retreat, the Earl of Bute wished him to relinquish in favor of his relation, Sir Simeon Stewart. The ministerial application was answered with openness and mildness, but with firmness: "If a single hint had been given of his Lordship's wishes before my honor was engaged, and the interval was suffi-

ciently long, I would not have moved a step; but after such flattering proofs of attachment as I have received, I would spend my last shilling rather than act a dishonorable part with my friends in the country." Unused to opposition, confident of his strength, and perhaps glad to rid himself of a man whose uncorrupt principles were dreaded, the Premier gave the signal of dimission. It was on this occasion a man, who notwithstanding his unpromising countenance, possessed a considerable share of political acumen, and knowledge of the world, though he was afterwards branded by a certain literary drawcanfir, famous for making all his personages, gods or devils, with the name of *the cream-coloured parasite*; it was on this memorable occasion, he exclaimed, almost in the words applied to Swift in another part of this collection: "We have not honesty enough ourselves, my Lord, to associate with these fellows who have."

STUART, Dr. author of a History of Scotland, and editor of the Political Herald, a virulent, but well written periodic publication.

His Life of Mr. Fox, conceived and executed in a strain of elaborate, unvaried panegyric, cannot be perused by the warmest admirers of that gentleman, without a sigh or a blush.

The Doctor, a spirited writer, and a hearty partizan, was occasionally misled by a heated imagination, strong resentments, and the mortification of disappointed hopes, into bitterness and malignity, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating

to write or say any thing." A description of Dr. Stuart, in which the editor of this collection cannot wholly agree.

In the despondency of a shipwrecked party, and insulted by more successful rivals, he is said to have footherd his forrows with Nottingham ale, a pleasant, but glutinous and stupefying liquor, injurious to health of body and intellectual exertion. "If you call so frequently for beer," said Bishop Warburton to a young parson who was lustily bellowing for the tankard, "your sermons will be malt and hops."

A sensible writer, confessedly unfavourable in his prepossessions against the subject of this article, after a long conversation, reluctantly allowed, that he possessed rapid conception, and an animated style: "But any man," he added, "with common powers, by adopting the system of Stuart, might have equalled him in literary reputation." "What was his system?" said a byestander, "that of Churchill, Hill, and a long list of literary adventurers; *resolution and effrontery*,

“The advantage produced by such zeal, by no means compensates for the calamities it produces, and it would be fortunate, if the expences, formalities and abuses of ecclesiastical establishments, were for ever at an end; if the pontiff, the bishop, and the presbyter, were dismissed; if religion, like philosophy and science, were left unfettered; if nations were not harassed in matters of opinion, like

horses to a carriage; and if every man's heart were the only temple in which he was to worship his God."

I shall not presume to determine whether it was the duty of a minister of the gospel to secede, or boldly meet the foe. Perhaps the timid, or the prudent rector, was of an opinion, which I *have* heard seriously supported, that religion was a subject which a clergyman should never introduce *out* of the pulpit, nor speak of any thing else *in* it; he seems at least to have thought that the better part of valour was discretion. Much it is true may be said in favour of liberal discussion, and that many important truths have been struck out by a collision of the flint and steel of controversy. Yet it has been doubted, if one convert was ever gained by such conflicts; and it is to be feared, that the acrimonious heat, and indecent violence, into which religious disputes in particular, are so apt to lead us, have often injured a good cause, by affording opportunities to malevolence and ill-design, for levelling the insidious arrows of ridicule, against a cause, which had nothing to fear from candour and impartiality.

SULLIVAN, an unfortunate Irishman, hurried by impetuosity and resentment, into a bold and unwarrantable enterprize. He did not, like his American name-fake, help to convert successful rebellion into a glorious revolution, but fell an ignominious victim to the passions, those arbitrary tyrants, which so few of us are able to resist.

Having formed an attachment

to an amiable young woman, of polished and engaging manners, he was admitted as her lover; but, from some trifling disagreement, in which his constitutional ardor somewhat over-leaped the bounds of discretion and decorum, his visits had, for a short time, been forbidden. Stung with keen desire, and wearied by tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's house at the dead of night, seized her in his arms, and in spite of outcries, tears, and resistance, conveyed her to a lonely sequestered spot in the county of Limerick.

After securing the avenues of his retreat, which was an ancient castle, and considering himself as safe from the danger of immediate pursuit, he conducted the trembling fair one into a retired chamber, and addressed her in the following words:

"You have tortured me so long on the tenterhooks of suspense, and in the agonies of delayed hope, that it is not possible to flatter myself with enjoying the least share of your affections:—but it is now too late to struggle against an insatiation which has wound itself round the fibres of my heart; it shall not," (continued Sullivan, his eyes flashing at once with vengeance and fierce desire) "it shall not remain for an insulting rival, to riot on those beauties, which, to contemplate, has been, for many a day, the only solace of my life."

Deaf to her most earnest entreaties, inattentive to remonstrances and tears, he grasped her in his arms, with the rude energy of savage appetite, and was as happy as the struggles of reluctant beauty,
and

and raptures, not mutual, could make him.

So flagrant a violation of the laws, alarmed the country; and a detachment of soldiers, headed by the sheriff, in a few days rescued the lady, and conducted Sullivan to prison. He was tried and convicted; but, before sentence of death was passed, the court permitted him to put the following question: "Madam! matters have been carried against me with a high hand, and they are now come to an extremity which it is only in your power to palliate; if you will marry me, the court will perhaps consider my case in another light, and save my life?" "If I loved you," (instantly replied the violated and indignant female, erect, with just pride and resentment) "if I loved you to distraction, I would not stir a step to save your life; though the punishment you are about to undergo will not restore my blasted honor, it may hereafter protect innocence from violence and villainy."

This impetuous and misguided pupil of impulse, soon after suffered an ignominious death.

It is not to defend his conduct that the present article is inserted, a more important object, and I trust, one of more moral tendency was in view.

Let those whom nature gave

Form to enchant, and beauty to enslave,

—let lovely, bewitching women, be cautious how they receive or encourage the addresses of young men, lest the natural effusions of cheerfulness and good temper, should be mistaken for partiality and approbation. It becomes every

woman to examine her own heart, and the merits of the candidate for her regard, *early*, and with scrupulous accuracy. If he is so unfortunate as to prove neither interesting or agreeable, every good, and every sensible female, will at once candidly say so, and speak her mind with delicacy and firmness; nor for the sake of a dangler at Ranelagh, and a partner at a ball, ruin a man's happiness for ever.

The betrayer of virgin innocence, falls deservedly by the sword of an unhappy father, or an incensed brother; the ravisher is led to a disgraceful death, and no one will complain; but is the infamous coquette to go unpunished, who smiles but to deceive, and wins only to betray?—if there be a hotter place in hell, surely it must be reserved for such unfeeling monsters! should this reflection arrest one woman in her unprincipled career, or save one lover from experiencing that blasted hope, which makes the heart sick, and leads to the bottomless abyss of despair and death; Sullivan will not have suffered, nor will Hackman have died in vain.

SUPERSTITIOUS Observances, *after* the Reformation.

In a country which, but eighty years before, had streamed with the blood of Protestant Martyrs, who can read, without astonishment, that the following ceremonies were made use of, and considered as essential by an English prelate, before a building, *made with bands*, could be made use of, for the purpose of a creature, like man, imploring forgiveness of his Maker, and asking a thankful heart?

The church in question was that of St. Catherine Creed, which had been lately repaired. As the Bishop (it is scarcely necessary to say Laud) approached the western door, he joined, with his reverend assistants, in the following fervent exclamation: "Open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in." This was repeated, till the doors, opening inward, as by an invisible hand, admitted them. They then prostrated themselves; and, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, pronounced it holy ground; the Bishop, in the mean time, collecting dust in his hand, scattered it in the air. With several eminent doctors, he next went round the church in procession, repeating the nineteenth, and also the hundredth psalm.

Curse were then solemnly pronounced against all those who should prophane the holy place; Laud devoutly bowing to the east, at the end of every curse, and concluding each with, "*Let all the people say, Amen.*" Blessings were also copiously poured forth on the builders and framers of the church, and the contributors towards its ornaments.

After the sermon, our zealous Bishop proceeded to consecrate, and administer the sacrament. He approached the communion table, alternately bending his body, and raising his head and eyes towards Heaven. Having reached a table, on which the bread and wine stood, but covered, he made a pause, apparently breathing forth pious ejaculations; then making seven bows, and reading many prayers, he ventured to raise up the corner of the

napkin, wherein the bread was enclosed; as soon as the vegetable production caught his eye, the cloth dropped incontinently from his hand, his countenance and gestures exhibited strong marks of awe and veneration, and, *struck as it were by holy fear*, he retired backwards many steps. With the like forms, exactly, scrupulously, and almost theatrically practised, with regard to the wine, particularly the retreating backward, the sacrament was at length administered, and the ceremony of consecration concluded.

It was less than two years after this prophane mockery, that another circumstance occurred, which proved, that the Bishop retained the inquisitorial disposition, as well as the superstitious notions, of the church of Rome.

The collegiate church of St. Edmund, in the City of Salisbury, had, with its revenues, remained in the hands of the crown, from the days of the rapacious and libidinous Henry, to the reign of James the First, when it was sold to a private person; and having successively passed through several hands, was at length purchased by the parishioners, who repaired it, and made it their parish church. The windows had been preserved, and were painted after the old fashion, containing, among other things, the history of the creation, in which, God the Father was represented in the form of an old man, with compasses in his hand. This picture offended many of the parishioners, who, in the warmth of protestant zeal, considered it as a remnant of the whore of Babylon. A vestry being called on the occasion,

occasion, it was proposed by Mr. Henry Sherfield, Recorder of Salisbury, and one of the congregation of St. Edmund's, to remove the obnoxious window, which was agreed to; and the next morning, sending for a glazier, he accompanied him to the church, and pointing out, with his stick, the glass which was to be changed, in the heat of reform, or the carelessness of indifference, he broke several of the panes.

This action of Sherfield was reported to Laud, by one of those *good-natured friends* in a neighbourhood, which few men are without; an information was exhibited against him in the Star-Chamber, he was committed to prison, fined five hundred pounds, and removed from his post.

SURFACE, CHARLES, in the School for Scandal, the effects of such a character, held up for applause and admiration, injurious to the interests of society.—See Sheridan; observing, that nothing in that article is meant to extend to a defence of the sentimental hypocrisy of Joseph.

SUTHERLAND, JAMES, Judge of the Admiralty Court at Minorca, from which he was dismissed in an arbitrary manner by General Murray, the governor, who afterwards surrendered that island. For this injury, Mr. Sutherland received pecuniary satisfaction; but it was not money that could restore tranquility to a mind endued with the highest and most delicate sense of honor.

This unmerited dismissal, of which his royal master never gave any public mark of disapprobation, inflicted a deep wound, which ne-

ver was healed; he considered himself as sacrificed to heat of temper and misrepresentation, and the same law which procured him redress, having helped to diminish his resources, the afflicting humiliation of poverty was added to the anguish of a wounded spirit. After repeated appeals and petitions to the King and his ministers, which were either neglected or not received, finding it no longer in his power to struggle with the evils of his situation; unable to dig, and ashamed to beg, he deliberately resolved to put an end to his existence, in the presence of the Sovereign who had been so strongly prejudiced against him. This purpose he executed as the King, in his carriage, was descending Constitution Hill, in the Green Park, on his way to the levee, August 17, 1791; when the unhappy man advanced towards him, and falling on one knee, lodged the contents of a pistol in his heart.

This is not the first instance, in which the smiles or frowns of a King, remarkable for correct conduct and mildness of manners, have been followed by despair, self-accusation, or suicide.

Early in the present reign, Mr. Yorke, a younger branch of the Hardwicke family, had been prevailed on, by the immediate personal application of the King, to accept the seals, contrary to the most express and sacred promises he had made to men, with whom he was closely united by blood, as well as principle. On this trying occasion, our young politician, (who appears to have been by no means deficient either in intellectual endowment or personal character)

rafter) is said to have been exposed, for hours, to the most pressing intreaties, which he resisted with firmness, but with decency and respect.

After a long, and apparently an ineffectual struggle, the royal combatant found that victory was unattainable on the fair, even ground, of equity and good faith: he therefore dexterously shifted his attack from the understanding to the passions and feelings of his unhappy subject. After reproaching him, with a mixture of tenderness and anger, for his cruelty and ingratitude towards a friend who loved him, and a King, to whom he and his family *must* be indebted for every thing they hoped for or enjoyed, he suddenly sunk on his knees, and burst into tears.

Such arguments, and such rhetoric, Mr. Yorke felt himself unable either to answer or oppose:—in an agonizing conflict between his loyalty and his integrity, his honour and his interest; in a fatal, a faithless moment, he gave way. Every expedient to soothe, to heal, to reconcile, to animate, and exalt, was industriously selected; he was to be the confidential friend of his master, not a ministerial tool, and an honourable title was to be attached to the seals. But, on his return from the King's closet, he found the door of that brother whom he had deceived, for ever shut against him. Few of my readers will wish me to recite the bloody conclusion of this negotiation; it may be sufficient to observe, that he exhibited every symptom of mental anguish and hopeless repentance, but not of deranged intellect; and that the

barony of Morden was, I believe, never registered in the house of peers.

The second instance was General Carpenter, a military veteran, whose long life, devoted to the public services, or the domestic offices of his Sovereign, was not sufficient to protect him from court calumny, and the arrow which flieth in the dark. He withdrew from the servile herd, who watch the signal to flatter or to hate; he withdrew from that countenance, which, till then, had beheld him with approbation, to the valley and shadow of death.

It is not my wish, however obvious the instances, however easy the task, it is not my wish to crowd the page with examples of injured private worth, and royal ingratitude; but should this perishable volume, in its rapid descent to the land of oblivion, chance to be perused by kings, or their descendants, in their intervals of repose from party cabal or loose pleasure; it may serve to remind them, that subjects are men of like passions and like feelings with themselves; that the wounds of injury or insult are doubly envenomed when inflicted by those who are protected by eminence, power, and wealth, from an appeal to the sword. Persons of that exalted description should recollect, that, by tempting us from the paths of rectitude, with those rewards placed at their disposal, for far other purposes, the main-spring of moral conduct is essentially injured; that one vicious character rewarded, or one good man disgraced, may influence the conduct of thousands, whom fear cannot

cannot awe, or precepts will not reach. Great men ought not to be disappointed if, (as was the case with David Mallet) after they have been inculcating the base lessons of infidelity, and lax morality towards others, their own vile maxims should afterwards be put in practice against themselves.

The several instances I have mentioned, were considered in the light of lunacy, according to the legal judicial opinion, and in compliance with the useful, perhaps the amiable prejudices of mankind in favour of unfortunate relatives; yet I cannot persuade myself to think that a resolution to commit the damnable and unpardonable crime of suicide, alone, and not accompanied with other circumstances, is any greater proof of an absence of reason, than the commission of any sin of proportionate horror and magnitude. The parricide, plunging his knife into that bosom from which he first drew the streams of life, and the mother, dooming her ill-fated offspring to untimely death, stand in the same predicament with the self-destroyer; they all appear, from previous perturbation, and, in some instances, of lingering death, from subsequent repentance, fully aware of the unnatural abominations they have been guilty of, and the certainty of punishment sooner or later overtaking them. Passion, avarice, a fear of shame, a dread of the world, of ridicule, of poverty, disgrace, contempt, and depression, equally goad them on to that precipice which they all dread at the moment they rush down.

Every deviation from moral

rectitude, may, perhaps, strictly speaking, be a species of temporary madness; but if an inordinate pursuit of bad means, towards the attainment of unlawful ends—if searching for a deceitful resource against calamities and distresses, which, at times, have harrowed up the heart strings of us all, are unerring criterions of insanity; I cannot but be of opinion, that the intellects of the felon, or highwayman, are equally deranged with those of the devoted suicide: and I fear that few of us have been able to steer so cautiously, at a certain tumultuous period of our lives, but that our conduct and convictions have at times been wretchedly at variance.

The subject of this article may be produced in support of my theory: educated with the nice sense of honour, and stern integrity, and in habits of intimacy with men of high rank, military worth, and political sagacity; with a female family, initiated (perhaps culpably initiated, for a man whose income was only for life, as it is not my intention to defend his conduct) in the modern forms of fashion, and elegant accomplishment:—thus situated, and thus surrounded, he was in one moment dismissed;—in one moment every source of necessary support, as well as refined indulgence was cut off; and whilst his generous spirit was struggling with penury, corporal malady was added to mental distress, which, at times, tinctured his conduct, language, and manners, with incoherence, and irregularity, mistaken, long before the fatal catastrophe, for symptoms of madness.

After

After surveying the ground on which he stood, environed, on every side, by precipices, and covered with the thorns of misfortune, while the trifling, the unworthy, and the infamous, were revelling on beds of roses:—forgetting that the paths of religion, if explored, would open treasures of comfort to his afflicted soul, and that Providence, in its good time, would undoubtedly send friendship, solace, and relief, Sutherland preferred the terrible uncertainties of death, to a life of poverty, pain, and importunity.

I hope not to be suspected of pointing out the conduct he pursued, as worthy of imitation:—with all his sterling merit, and goodness of heart, he was culpable, in the highest degree: his transgression is, perhaps, the only one against which the gates of mercy will be everlastingly barred: he is to be ranked, however reluctantly it may be allowed, among those offenders who have deprived children of a father, the world of a friend, and society of a useful member; a perpetrator of ‘murder most vile, foul, and unnatural!’—but after considering his treatment, situation, and temper, I cannot think his conduct surprising, or that he was mad when he put an end to his life. If statesmen, ministers, and kings, shall hereafter learn not to trifle with the feelings and misfortunes of distressed worth; a valuable man, and a meritorious officer will have been sacrificed to a useful purpose.

SWIFT, Dr. delineated and laid open filth and nastiness, for the purpose of inculcating scrupulous cleanliness.—See Monsey, Dr.

who appears to have trod in the same nauseating path, but on different principles.

TEA, the leaf of a Chinese shrub, which, gathered at different seasons, and prepared in various ways, often described, but never clearly understood, is become an indispensable article of European life; constituting in its most simple and coarse form, part of the homely but unsubstantial subsistence of the cottager, while the refined and more expensive preparations of it, afford a fragrant beverage to the luxurious, the sedentary, the delicate and fair.

This bewitching exotic, has proved a powerful instrument of finance, as well as a domestic favorite in Downing-street. It enabled Mr. Pitt, by a COMMUTATION, neither equitable or fair, to put several millions into the exhausted treasury of the Leadenhall sovereigns; whilst the commodity in question, diminishing in goodness, as it resumed its price, his far famed act has darkened our windows, and disturbed the comforts of our breakfast. Yet after all that wit can invent, or ingenuity alledge, it cannot be denied, that the Tea Bill, with other measures, in some degree connected with, and following it up, has produced a vast addition to the public revenue, and inflicted incurable wounds on contraband traffic. But it was not introduced in this place, to discuss its political importance, or its effects on our health, though I understand it to be a point generally agreed on by medical men, that a vegetable so generally, and almost universally in use, whose infusion is swallowed
by

by thousands and tens of thousands, nearly eight hundred times a year, cannot, drank in moderation, and taken with cream and sugar, be so injurious as certain writers have described it.

The eloquence of an antient, of *rather more consequence* than the compiler of this collection, his eloquence on the subject of wine, has been often remarked; perhaps a partiality equally strong, may be excused in a man, whose morning solace, and whose evening pleasure, is the tea table; delicious nectar! which mitigated the sorrows of Dr. Johnson, whose kettle was said never to have been cool, and after the fatigues of many a days travel, and under the fiery ray of an Italian sun, afforded to Mr. Brydone, a cordial restorative, beyond all that wine, or luxurious cookery could afford. Who has not experienced the salutary dilution of a cup of tea, after a dinner which has tempted him beyond the bounds of moderation? it has been pronounced by one who enjoyed, and I fear suffered from the effects of excess, more than most men; it has been pronounced a sovereign remedy for what a French author denominates the horrors of digestion.

Where is the man, who has not frequently felt thankful for a summons to tea? a summons, which in exchange for execrable wine, and conversation more abominable than its dregs, gave him female smiles, lively company, a fragrant beverage, and interesting beautiful objects. Yet I have heard the call to tea, lamented, damned and abused by men, or rather brutes in the shape of men, who

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preferred their nauseating bumpers, their toasts, and other *edifying* topics, equally revolting to the stomach and common sense.—Whatever evils tea and cards may have introduced, we certainly are indebted to them, for that general sobriety and moderation, so desirably opposite to the filthy excesses of the last century, which degraded the English character. These substitutes, apparently so trifling in themselves, have effected a revolution in our manners, which divines and satirists so long, and so vainly attempted; they have happily abridged a period too often devoted to intemperance, they have created temptations sufficiently powerful to seduce the bon vivant from his bottle, and the vices attached to it. Whether they have rendered us more trifling, effeminate, and insipid, and whether in certain particulars, we are quite such safe characters, as companions, friends and inmates, I will not determine in this place.

“I was sinking into all the unmanliness of intoxication, ribaldry, and nonsense,” said the late Lord Lytton, in a letter to a friend, who repented and sinned more than most men, “when the Goddess of Prudence, in the two-fold shape of a tea-pot and a pack of cards, rescued me from a night, which commencing in drunkenness, might, and probably would have terminated in horrors, I shudder at, and abominations too shocking to relate.” In the enjoyment of such benefits, let us not be too philosophically, or too religiously scrupulous, in weighing the merits, or examining the motives of the subordinate agents we employ.

F f

But

But I have been misled by my pen or my imagination, from the circumstance which first led to the subject of my present article; it was the immense quantity of bullion annually sent out of the kingdom, for the purchase of this fascinating vegetable. I speak not of one, of ten, or of twenty thousand pounds being yearly remitted, it would be no more than a drop out of the ocean, a grain of sand from the deserts of Arabia, and unperceived in the present state of national finance. It is a more weighty, a more stupendous mass of outgoing, of which I wish to speak; enormous chests, cart and waggon-loads of solid hard money, monthly or yearly exported, and sent to the Chinese market, without a possibility of a single penny-weight of the precious metal, ever again returning to England; the produce of a few trinkets, and half a dozen hundred weight of tin are scarcely worth mentioning. I rejoice, that an expenditure, conducted in a manner, so peculiarly injurious in every political and commercial view (for the crafty mandarin would reject and mock our bank notes) I rejoice, that an annual drain, which persevered in, would exhaust Potosi and Golconda, has attracted the serious notice of government, and as I am informed, was the original stimulus to Lord Macartney's embassy; the purposes of which I am sorry to find have for the most part been defeated by error, by accident, or rather as I have reason to suspect, by the insidious arts of some commercial rival. I should feel happy if my little effort at all contributes to rouse public

attention to the object in question; all possible methods should be tried to tempt the cunning Chinese, to alter or improve in our favor an intercourse, which continued in its present mode, must be ruinous and fatal.

Is there no intrepid genius, who could be prevailed on by fame, and a vast reward, to plunge into the heart of their empire, wind into the core of their mysteries, and discover their modes of cultivating and preparing tea? Would it not be possible in some of our settlements, in a similar latitude, to find a spot, in which the tea tree might be planted, and thrive? The business of which I speak is so important, I had almost said, so essential to our existence, as a commercial kingdom, that art, fraud, or violence, if all other means fail, must be used to attain our purpose. Could not a sufficient number of natives, acquainted with the process, be prevailed on to accompany our East India commanders on their return? these gentlemen sometimes bring articles less profitable to themselves, and *rather* more injurious to others; if enticing will not do, such is the necessity of the case, that I would at all risks, and in any manner, seize six or seven properly qualified, bind them hand and foot, and after telling them that life, liberty, and ample rewards should immediately follow, a candid and real communication; I would detain the prisoners till the truth of what they said had been confirmed by repeated trials.

If perchance the old imperial poet of Peking should resent such conduct, I would tell him, with a British

British Squadron at the mouth of the canton, to give effect to my words; I would tell him, that the whole world is a collection of societies, each in some way connected with, and to a certain degree controuled by the interests of another; that in private, as well as public intercourse, mutual accommodation is the law of nature; that he must find out or create wants and wishes, amongst his subjects, in *our* power to supply, and equal to our demand, for the productions of his kingdom. In a word, after confessing the importance of the tea trade, as a considerable branch of revenue, and the shipping, though a secondary, undoubtedly a national object highly beneficial, it will never do in any point of view, political or commercial, to be waiving by every wind, and every wave, such cargoes of the precious metals, and pouring them profusely into the lap of a haughty, suspicious, fantastic old despot; whom it is difficult, if not impossible to persuade to take even the smallest proportion of English articles in exchange. Pocketing our money with affected gravity, but inward contempt, he graciously permits us to load our ships with his magic leaf. Insensible of his sneers, we quaff the delicious infusion, and forget the state of beggary to which a continuance of this trade, in its *present form*, will inevitably reduce us, if persevered in for another century.

TEMPLE OF THE DRUIDS,
an antient structure, and an invaluable specimen of aboriginal architecture, discovered at Jersey, on throwing up ground for the

new works erected in defence of that island.

Struck with the magnitude of stones, which puzzle the calculator of mechanic power, to guess how they were moved; and deeply impressed with a conviction of how much they owed to the meritorious exertions of their worthy Governor General Conway; the inhabitants of Jersey sent the fabric piece-meal, as a durable and proper present to the honorable military veteran, who, with considerable taste, and much propriety of position, placed it at his country residence; thus happily converting the altar of barbaric rites and bloody superstition, into a monument of public gratitude and personal affection.

It would be injustice to the translator of the French inscription, which accompanied this bulky, but highly appropriate present, not to insert his verses;

For ages buried from all mortal
eyes,

Again this fane points purely to
the skies!

For here vain homage to rude
rites has led,

And nature shudder'd while the
victim bled,

But bleeds no more, for now
this pile shall show,

Unmix'd emotion, and refining
glow;

An island sav'd,—a shore no
longer griev'd,

For Conway came, and Jersey
was reliev'd;

Then go fond fabric, where
our hearts attend,

The guardian chief, and the
indulgent friend,

F f 2.

Go

Go then fond fabric, and recording prove,
Firm as his truth, and lasting as our love.

THEMISTOCLES, a Grecian commander, who, being engaged in a naval expedition with Euribyades, a Lacedemonian, ventured to differ in opinion with that hot-headed chief, on the manner of conducting their enterprize.

During the discussion, which, on the part of Euribyades, was conducted with considerable violence, he forgot himself in the transport of passion, and raised his arm, as if in the act of inflicting on his associate a blow. But Themistocles, instead of being deterred from supporting his opinion by this gross violation of decorum, suppressed or subdued his feelings, and, with a strength of mind not often exhibited on such occasions by military men, heroically sacrificed private resentment to zeal for the service of his country.—“Strike,” said our public-spirited Athenian, “strike, but hear what I have to say.”

At the moment I write, a gallant English Admiral, in consequence of a professional dispute, is said, on good authority, to have received a challenge from an inferior officer.—“As soon as I have performed the duty in which I am engaged, I am ready to meet the gentleman, at any place, in any manner, and at any time, he pleases;” was the answer, in which the claims of his country, and the etiquette of a British officer, have not been neglected; an answer, equally creditable to his spirit and his sense of duty.

THUANUS, a celebrated French Historian, better known to a certain class of readers by the patronymic name of De Thou, and generally respected for his fidelity and candor. I honor my compilation with the name of an author, whose work is the fountain head from which modern historians have drawn their most valuable materials, for the purpose of producing the following passage from his works, which excited and deserved the well-directed munificence of Dr. Mead, the spirited exertions of Buckley, and the laborious accuracy of Carte.

“To other evils,” says Thuanus, “we add intolerance, we harass mankind with violence, fire, sword, and confiscation, for matters of opinion, instead of applying the healing lenitives of instruction, which gently insinuate themselves into the mind. We forget, that religious fortitude, like the stoicism of antiquity, despising pain, torture, and death, is only confirmed by persecution. *If we are certain* that men err on important points, and it should at last be found necessary to work on their fears, let the denunciations be incontestably founded on scripture, and extend only to the offenders incurring divine punishment.

“The primitive church was ever averse to shedding human blood. Augustine interceded with the Proconsul of Africa, that Proculianus, a leader of the Donatists, might not suffer death, thus overcoming evil with good. We prefer, says Gratian, instruction to command; we love admonition better than threats. Compulsion

is not a legal method of removing schism from a church. The protestants, whose power and numbers daily lessen in times of peace, have always increased amidst arms and contention. The conclusion of all the arbitrary punishments, which have marred the benign precepts of the gospel, and, at different times, disgraced France, Germany, England, and the Netherlands, has been an entire separation from the religion of their forefathers, of a considerable portion of mankind, the richest, the most active and ingenious, who have been either marked at home by hateful distinctions, or driven to foreign realms.

"These things are spoken of, not with a view of again canvassing the long debated question, on the propriety of punishing sectaries; but to shew, that those have ever acted most prudently, who, according to the maxims of the primitive church, thought that religious differences should be concluded rather by amicable investigation, than terminated by the force of arms.

"Away, then," concludes the excellent Thuanus, "away with those bloody, those unseasonable exclamations, that peace can never be made with heretics; let such irrational declarations be treated with the contempt they deserve; let the advocates for religious persecution dread *an imitation of their own intolerance*, in those they oppress: let them recollect the destructive commotions, the cities and provinces laid waste, the outrages, the animosities in families, and the aggravated suspicions, pro-

duced on both sides, from zeal, embittered by rancour."

TICKLE, RICHARD, author of *Anticipation*, a performance, in which the peculiarities of many members of parliament, of all parties, are humorously and successfully ridiculed, but without any mixture of asperity, or rank ill-nature. This gentleman, who was a commissioner of stamps, has also been honoured with the suspicion of having written that excellent piece of solemn irony, the *Heroic Epistle* to Sir William Chambers, but no acknowledged production of Mr. Tickle's gives probability to such a supposition.

My reason for introducing his name in this work, is, to point him out as an example to young men of genius, who rely on their literary talents for procuring notice, patronage, and preferment, from the great. With a rare union of ingenuity and prudence, he watched for and seized an opportunity of displaying his powers, and presenting himself to the public, without violently offending any particular description of men. After the world had applauded the keenness of his weapon and the strength of his arm, though he had scarcely experienced the hazard of battle, or the danger of an enemy, he retired contented and unmolested, to domestic tranquility and affluence, a lot, which the tempers of Pope, Akenfide, and Churchill, unfortunately would not suffer them to enjoy without molestation.

In the present day, I could mention names, high in the walks of polite literature, criticism, history, and

and science, but unblest with this invaluable species of political prudence, who, in the virulence of party rage, having overleaped the bounds of moderation, and wandered into the land of invective, have found themselves surrounded by a thousand admirers, but not a single friend to dissipate the gloom of a melancholy hour, or assist them in a moment of distress; who, after the applause of the multitude has been forgotten, have passed the remainder of a life which promised better things, in the sties of sensuality, in hopeless inactivity, or the debasing struggles of pecuniary embarrassment and discontent.

This gentleman's death, since my former impression, is said to have been attended with circumstances unpropitious to the theory in support of which I had produced him; but his having yielded to the torrent of dissipation which overwhelms the wisest and best of us, does not overset one of my assertions. He had certainly attained eminence and preferment, by exhibiting his literary powers; his wanting prudence and resolution to resist the fools or the rogues who surrounded him, was wholly out of the question; his conduct, as a literary man, may still be held up as a salutary lesson, however we may lament the errors or the misfortunes of his private life.

TITUS, Colonel. A passage in one of his parliamentary speeches has been lately quoted against the editor of this collection and others, who endeavour to inculcate the pacific doctrines of coolness and moderation.

I produce the quotation, because it is forcibly argumentative, and this work professes, on every occasion, to hear both sides of a question. The Colonel was a highly respectable character, who, with considerable good sense and patriotic consistency, opposed oppression and usurpation, whatever name they assumed.

"We are advised to be moderate," said the subject of my present article, "and I think we ought to be so; but I do not take moderation to be a virtue in *all* cases. If I were fighting to save my life, should I do it moderately? If I were riding on horseback, and robbers pursued me, would it be advisable to trot moderately, lest I might spoil my horse? Were any of us in a sinking ship, would it not appear strange, to recommend moderate pumping to the sailors, lest, forsooth, a fever should be brought on by the violent exercise?"

I have perused, with regret, the following words of a man, I once thought liberal and candid; they betray their origin, without reference to a title page; they are hissing hot from the forge and anvil (I mean no allusion to Mr. John Stockdale) from the sonorous anvil of toryism, and intolerant party virulence.

"In times like the present," says the writer, whose degradation I lament, "there is no neutrality; they who do not act with decision and energy against French principles, are their partizans; they who do not dread them, love them. The system cannot be viewed with indifference, it must be regarded with

with enthusiastic admiration, or with the highest degree of detestation, resentment, and horror."

Such is the anathema pronounced by a popular politician of the day, against reason and moderation; such is the creed of men who exclaim against hot-headed democrats, while they inculcate some of their worst lessons; lessons, if we had not some cool heads amongst us, sufficient to involve the country in hatred, animosity, and persecution, for centuries to come. And nothing can be further from truth than such a statement: with all my partialities, I see, and have repeatedly acknowledged, the revolutionary evils of France; indeed, it is with the professed view of avoiding similar evils in *other countries*, that the friends of reform have so long, so urgently, but, I fear, so vainly urged, a prudent, rational redress of public grievance; "least what ought to be a work of love, and mutual amicable co-operation, be converted, by delay, into the spiteful and ruinous talk of irritation and malignity."

It is also an object, which seriously demands the attention of our governors, to decide, if it be worthy enlightened men, or common justice to a generous people, by whom they are so splendidly paid for administering the executive and legislative functions, to delay a necessary work from ill-timed timidity, calculated only to provoke opposition, and procrastination, which serves only to exasperate good citizens, and afford irritating topics to discontented malecontents. I am aware of the artfully fomented common-place terrors of the

dangers of innovation, of not knowing where it will stop, of taking example from France, and a long string of apothegms, equally profound and acute, diligently thrown in the way of political melioration.

Yet let me ask any reasonable man, in whose neighbourhood a fire was spreading ruin and devastation, if he would not, on such an occasion, be anxious to remove from his own premises every inflammable material? would pulling down several rotten wooden hovels, which harboured only thieves and vermin, and communicated with the flames, be rash? would a prudent man hesitate in dismissing a train of idle expensive servants, whose carelessness of fire and candle, was the talk and terror of the whole street?

Another speech of Colonel Titus has been quoted against those who, in the pressure and exhausting distresses of war, are perpetually bringing forward the ruinous state of the nation, and proclaiming *manibus pedibusque* our inability to continue it; a mode of proceeding, which allowing it every merit of truth and good design, is the most likely method of encouraging our enemies to persevere.

"We are in a dangerous condition," said this public spirited member of parliament, whose conduct holds forth a useful example to all parties; and during a reign, to whose corrupt supineness, France is so much indebted, "we are in a dangerous situation, a powerful enemy abroad, and dissatisfied subjects at home; I cannot help comparing the state to the house of a gentleman,

gentleman, very much out of repair, and he calls his friends to consult what should be done.

"One finds fault with the wainscot, another complains that the windows are broken, a third is for new stuffing the cushions of the chapel, a fourth insists that thieves have stolen the plate and valuable furniture. The surveyor presently enters in haste, tells the proprietor his timbers are rotten, and that without immediate supporters, the house will directly tumble down. In the mean time, *his servants are drinking and carousing in the butler's pantry*, and the few sober-minded persons he has about him, are *disputing about non-essentials*."

TONTI, LAURENTIO, an Italian projector, and the first inventor of a scheme for annuities with benefit of survivorship, which still retain his name. Meeting, like other adventurers, with little encouragement in his native city, he quitted Naples, and, on the strength of a recommendation to Cardinal Mazarine, went to Paris. He soon became a favourite with that unpopular minister, who listened to his plans with approbation, and, aware of the attachment of mankind to whatever resembled a game of chance; thought it a likely method of soothing popular discontent, by holding forth to the dissipated, the needy, and the avaricious, a proposal, for becoming rich without manual labour, and wealthy without the toil of invention.

But the French Parliament of 1653, with strong prejudices against every thing of Italian origin, refused to register the edict. The fortunes of Tonti were ship-

wrecked with those of his patron; and it was the fate of his invention, to be afterwards adopted by Lewis XIV. who, in the urgency of his distresses, produced by the league of Augsbourg, created, what he called, a Tontine Royal. This proposal, the people, probably affected by the situation of their sovereign, or from caprice, liberally encouraged; and each person, on paying three hundred livres, was entitled to an interest of ten per cent. per annum, the interest due to any subscriber who died, being divided between the survivors. The annuitants were regularly paid; and in the year 1726, the widow of a French Surgeon, whose father had subscribed for her in her maiden name, of Charlotte Bonamie, was the last surviving subscriber. For two shares, which, with the incidental expences, had cost little more than thirty pounds, this lady was, for several years, in the actual receipt of a sum, equal in English sterling currency, to three thousand a year.

Since that period, different nations have adopted Tonti's expedient, with various success; and this luxuriant exotic, was lately flourishing, with rapid vegetation, in England, 'till the commercial and monied interests, received an electric, a deadly shock from the present war, in which, compelled I hope by unavoidable necessity, it is our fate, or our misfortune, to be pouring forth English blood and treasure, to forward and assist the unspiring views, and political integrity of Vienna, Petersburg, and Berlin.

"Of all the phantoms," says a late

late ingenious writer on reversionary payments, "of all the phantoms, to entice and deceive the multitude, none are more mischievous than the Tontines so generally prevalent; they have excited a spirit of gambling and idle speculation, in a class of people; whose scanty income of three or four pounds a year, is already inadequate to the supply of their wants. This folly has involved many of them in distress, and others finding themselves unable to proceed in their weekly payments, have lost the money they had already advanced. To moderate expectation, and lessen disappointment, it may not be improper to state the circumstances which will probably take place, at the final division of their stock.

"The increase of money, when improved by compound interest, and the continual mortality of the human race, are the principles upon which all Tontines are evidently founded, and from which they derive all their encouragement. But, in the short term of seven years, the accumulation of money, and the diminution of the human species, are so considerable, as to produce little or no effect; and the contributor of sixpence per week, will hear with surprise, and probably with disappointment, that, at the end of seven years, his contribution, at four per cent. compound interest, will amount only to ten pounds five shillings and three-pence; that after the expences of management are deducted, the greatest probable number of deaths, will augment it to little more than eleven guineas, not forgetting, that during the whole

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period, a man's family is exposed to the hazard of losing the whole of his payments, by death; to persons of the description I have mentioned, a heavy, and sometimes a ruinous loss."

Another consideration may also be added, to generous and feeling minds, a powerful one; the profits of those whose circumstances enable them to persevere in their payments, will increase exactly in proportion to the number of seceders. Thus a good part of what they are to receive, will be formed of many a miserable pittance, swindled (for I cannot give a softer name, to tempting a poor man to commence payments, which it is impossible for him to continue) and purloined, from the pockets of the widow and fatherless, or from the lowest, the most distressed, and unfortunate portion of mankind.

TOWNSHEND, Lord JOHN.
The short, but masterly address of his Committee, on closing the accounts of the Westminster Election.

I preserve this slight, but honorable memorial of the termination of a memorable contest, as a creditable proof of the Whig Principles which dictated it, and in honor of the hand which drew it up. It adds (which is not always the case in political struggles) the energy of truth, and the impression of rectitude, to the magic charm of literary excellence.

"We are happy," said the Committee, "to address and congratulate the Inhabitants of the City of Westminster. Their triumph is now complete, their political success is sanctioned by moral

G g

justice,

justice, their accounts are closing, their bills are paid.

"This is the short compendious answer we give, to much of untimely pleasantry, to more of obdurate falsehood.

"That the cause was well thought of, appeared from its partizans being trusted; that they deserved this trust, is apparent also, for every claimant is paid.

"The property, as well as principles of a party, can alone be cognizable upon proof; for what could signify the resources of a Treasury, should it happen to be under the guidance of *triflers indifference*, and *cold blooded perfidy*? With folly to plunge into needless cost, but without honesty to pay it?

"For the satisfaction of the Electors, the Committee further add, every cheering hope that can arise from unanimity and party perseverance, and from their determination, in this, as in every other instance to sacrifice private gratification, to the accomplishment of public good."

TRIAL OF BAXTER. A proceeding mentioned in this place, for the purpose of introducing a speech of Jefferies, who polluted the stream of justice, and prostituted the laws of his country, by converting judicial forms, into instruments of political malice and party revenge.

Mr. Baxter was protected by the act of indemnity, from suffering for his conduct in a former reign, but, since that period, had published a Paraphrase on the New Testament, in which he attacked the discipline and doctrines of the Church of Rome, with consider-

able acrimony, but invincible argument. The dexterous lawyers, the ***** and the ***** of the day, twisted and tortured his expressions, and endeavoured to prove, that he applied them to the Government, and Church of England. They considered it as a favorable opportunity, for punishing one, who had been a bitter enemy to tyrants, a courageous and zealous defender of civil and religious liberty; for Baxter had been a voluminous controversial writer, was a man highly endowed, and possessed sufficient integrity and consistency at the Restoration, to refuse the bishopric of Hereford. In this instance, the "Nolo Episcopari," that remnant of primitive Christianity, that keen satire on a modern aspiring ecclesiastic, was sincere.

If in the selfish hope of preferment, or the weak subserviency of yielding to the insatiation, or irritating the prejudices of the times, any modern judge should for a moment, forget that he is merely and only the organ of the law: let him recollect, that the miscreant Jefferies, clothed in ermine, seated on the bench of justice, and a favourite at court, with all the energy of the constitution at his command, and submissive juries trembling at his nod; that the same man, only three short years after the tyrannical transaction I relate, had rendered himself an object of such universal detestation, that he was driven ignominiously from the Court in which he presided, a miserable fugitive; and lastly, that the wretched outcast died in a prison.

It was during his confinement
in

in the tower, that the son of a man he had unjustly condemned, on accidentally seeing the destroyer of his father, reproached him for his want of feeling, and the general insolence of his conduct. "On many occasions," replied the degraded bully, somewhat broken down with misfortune, "on many occasions, I confess, I was culpably arrogant and severe, but I never went to court, without being told by the king, that I was *too lenient*." If this account is correct, what must that *pious Monarch's* composition have been, whose thirst for blood was not satisfied, by the legal murders of Jefferies, who applauded the butcheries of Kirk.

Mr. Baxter having applied for further time, in order to prepare for his trial, this tiger on the bench passionately exclaimed: "I will not give him a moment's time to save his life; we have had to do with other sorts of persons, but now, we have a saint to deal with; and I know how to deal with saints as well as sinners, Yonder stands Oates in the pillory, and says, he suffers for the truth, and so says Baxter; but if Baxter stood on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say, there stand two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom."

In the course of his trial, Baxter proved, his treatment of the Established Religion of his country, to have been in general, so tender, the mention he made of the bishops, so particularly honourable, and the principles he professed, (contrary to those of some of his friends) so peculiarly tolerant, that he frequently re-

ceived the sacrament, and attended divine service in the Church of England; a conduct, at which many conscientious dissenters were very much offended. These and other points were forcibly and successfully pressed by his counsel, some of the most respectable barristers of the times, who had been retained by his friend, Sir Henry Ashhurst, a name, strange to a modern ear, on the side of freedom, and a public spirited man, who knew the worth, who valued and loved the character of the persecuted veteran. It reflects honour on these gentlemen, Messrs. Wallop, Rotheram, Williams, Atwood, and Phipps, and may soothe the justifiable pride of *some* of their descendants, when I observe, that Jefferies severely reprimanded them, for their laudable and scientific exertions.

The judge finding the general opinion, not exactly coinciding with his own, could restrain his passion no longer, but starting from his seat, with angry looks, and a quivering lip, addressed the Prisoner as follows:—
“ Richard, thou art an old fellow, and an old knave, thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, as an egg is of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade, forty years ago, it had been happy for the country. Thou puttest on a modest face now, but the time was, when no one was so ready at, ‘ Bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron.’

“Thou pretendest to be a
Preacher of the Gospel of Peace,
and thou hast one foot in the
G. g 2 grave;

grave; it is time for thee to begin to think, what account thou intendest to give of thyself hereafter. If thou art left to thyself, thou wilt go on, as thou hast begun; but, by the Grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don, but by the Grace of Almighty God, I will crush you all."

Thus with the name of his Creator in his mouth, but with envenomed malice in his heart, was he addressing this vulgar rhapsody of rancour and insult, to a venerable man, of pure morals, great erudition, and religious moderation; as superior in intellectual endowments, and qualities of the heart, to the savage who reviled him, as the benevolent Redeemer of the world, to the outcast Satan.

In speaking of the French Revolution, it has been often asserted, that early, vigorous and severe measures, would have saved the unhappy Louis, and his friends, from all the mischief which ensued. I will not undertake to contradict, what at best, *can* be only supposition. Yet if, from similar circumstances, we may be permitted to draw analogous conclusions, we find that the doctrine of crushing resistance in the bud, did not, in the reign of James the Second, though rigidly enforced, produce this effect. The national resentments were, on the contrary, exasperated and roused by the violent measures of the court.

The blood of the martyrs, on a former occasion, was said to mature and quicken into vegetation,

the seeds of Christianity; and the executions of Jefferies, the unrelenting Jefferies, operating with other causes, so far from hindering, considerably accelerated the progress of the people to a Revolution. How then are we to avoid such evils?

"Is there no way?—"

—"There is but one."

Redress grievance, and moderate public expence. In every transaction of Government, let it clearly appear, that the happiness of the people, and not the sordid interests of a cabal, intent only on places and pensions, is still the great purpose, as it was, unquestionably, the original foundation of all governments.

I have spoken of several honest and independent barristers in this article, and cannot conclude it without rendering a tribute of well-deserved praise to a certain eloquent advocate, whom I congratulate on his dismissal. This transaction, reflecting credit on his integrity as a lawyer, and his public spirit as a Member of Parliament, will help to rescue his profession, from a general charge, corroborated, I fear, too much by past experience; the charge of sacrificing consistency, honour, decorum, friendship, and affection, on the selfish altar of preferment.

The claims of our excellent pleader on public esteem, are peculiarly strong, when we recollect his early initiation into mysteries so dangerous to human resolution. He had passed the portico of the voluptuous Palace of temptation; he had visited the bewitching, the unmanly temple of Calypso;

"Tu Syrenum pocula nosti,"
might

might have been addressed to him with peculiar propriety.

He had been blessed with smiles at — and been honoured with a nod, and I believe, an arm at —.

That which comes pure through such trying fires, must be real gold.

VASSENT, CATHERINE, the daughter of a French peasant, who, at the age of seventeen, and, in the humble capacity of a menial, exhibited a proof of spontaneous, benevolent intrepidity, which well entitles her to a place in this collection.

A common sewer of considerable depth, having been opened at Noyon, for the purpose of repair, four men passing by, late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent so probable an accident. It was almost midnight, before their situation was known, and, besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unreasonable hour, every one present was intimidated, from exposing himself to similar danger, by attempting to rescue these unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a state of suffocation, from the mephitic vapour.

Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening; and, fastening a cord, with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, round two of their bodies, assisted by those above, she restored them to life and their families; but, in descending a second time, her breath began to fail,

and, after effectually securing a cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind though in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well-formed neck.

Her neighbours, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford compatible with safety, and, in pulling up what they thought the third man's body, were equally surprized and concerned to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine, suspended by her hair, and swinging on the same cord. Fresh air, with eau de vie, soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether most to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the pestilential cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to execrate the dastardly meanness and selfish cowardice of the bystanders, for not sharing the glorious danger. In consequence of the delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse.

Such conduct did not pass unnoticed; a procession of the corporation, and a solemn Te Deum were celebrated on the occasion; Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and an emblematic medal, with considerable pecuniary retribution, and a civic crown; to these were added, the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.

Ought I to be blamed in declaring,

ing, that I should have concluded this short narrative with more pleasure, if the workmen or surveyors, through whose neglect this accident happened, had themselves been thrown into the sewer. A baker is occasionally put into a hot oven, when the pernicious adulteration of bread irritates the Emperor of the Mussulmen; the *suspension* of a few agents and contractors, it is supposed, would have a salutary influence in our army and navy; and half a dozen waywardens, surveyors, and post boys, careless and intoxicated, annually breaking their necks, would probably prevent many fatal accidents and untimely deaths to useful members of society.

VICTOR AMADEUS, King of Sardinia, and Duke of Savoy, a warrior and a statesman, who, after disentangling the laws of his country from perplexity, and improving her revenues, by *public* as well as private economy, resolved, in the decline of life, to quit his throne.

Having secured to himself a household and an income, which he thought more than equal to all his wants; in a moment of despondence, caprice, or vexation, which those who have worn a crown are best able to describe, he signed an act of abdication, and his son, with the usual ceremonies, was declared his immediate successor.

But Amadeus exhibited a melancholy proof of the difficulty in descending from the giddy height of a mountain's top, to the vale of private life; with all his attainments, he had neglected to qualify himself for that which half the

world so ardently pant after, but which a kind distribution of Providence has fortunately put out of their reach, a state of absolute leisure. Those hours which had been agreeably and usefully occupied by important enterprize, interesting discussion, or splendid enjoyment, dragged heavily on in the stillness of a sequestered retreat.

Let the professional and commercial man, exhausted by the conflicts of competition, and inflamed to painful exertion, by the ardor of getting money, who wishes to relax from his fatigues in a country box: let him pause before he signs and seals, and consider the case of the royal sufferer I now record. It may teach him a useful lesson, "that the worst importunities, the most embarrassing perplexities of business, are softness and luxury, compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy, and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness;" or he will find, when it is too late, that occupation is the only preventer of eroding chagrin; that employment is the grand specific for absorbing or suppressing the anxieties of an active mind, which, for want of its customary avocations, is too often busied in tormenting itself.

The subject of my present article, irritated by the rapid and unfeeling transfer of kindness and attention in those, who, when he was King, had professed themselves the humblest and most faithful of his subjects; and inflamed by the solicitations of an ambitious mistress, who sighed for the attendance of a court, the pomp and glitter of a drawing room, demanded, in a moment fatal to peace, he unhappily

happily demanded his crown and sceptre.

From the peculiar situation of European politics, and, probably, from that love of power and pre-eminence, which reigns triumphant in the most republican breast of us all, more especially, in the spring tide of life, his request could not be granted. The harshness of refusal was softened by the formal, or the pretended delay, of referring so momentous an application, and the reply to be given, to the council. They deliberated, but were not likely to forward a proceeding, which, if put in execution, would probably have occasioned their own dismissal. Perhaps, too, well acquainted with the inclinations of their new sovereign, which, though never directly expressed, are always understood; they came to a resolution, that, from the restlessness of the unhappy Amadeus, and the intriguing spirit of his fair favourite, coercive measures were unavoidable; they communicated their opinions to the young King, and *he was under the necessity of imprisoning his father for life!*

Fatal necessity! Miserable parent! and, in spite of his elevation, unhappy son!

But, before we rashly decide on the conduct of one or the other, let us not be too sure, after having thrown from us, in a moment of visionary philosophy, or impatient inquietude, A GOLDEN BAUBLE, which, after we cease to grasp it, we find was necessary to our happiness; let us not be too sure, that we should not make some attempt to recover it. As fathers, we probably should determine, that a son,

at the imperious call of filial duty, should have refused to a parent no boon in his power to bestow.

Those who may be disposed to charge the son with a want of filial affection, should recollect the fondness for *such toys*, natural at the Prince's age; they should also consider, that the vain, inexpedient wish of Amadeus, to recover that which he had coolly and unrequested given up, with all legal formality, was in itself, according to the laws of civilized society, treason and injustice; that in case the young Prince *had* prevailed on himself to make the sacrifice, and surrendered his right; it would, in all probability, have been fatal to himself, and highly prejudicial to the peace and interest of the people he governed. It was, in short, one of those situations, in which no good man, or feeling son, would ever wish to be placed; and the internal struggles and tumultuous emotions excited in the young man's breast, must have equalled or surpassed, in poignancy, the pangs of wounded sensibility and mortified ambition, felt by his wretched father.

Perhaps, after all, the haughty favourite of the old man's heart, whose name escapes my memory, was alone to blame. There is a period of our lives, when, if we listen not to the voice of reason and religion, when corrupted by habitual indulgence, and exhausted by infirmity, we are too apt to yield ourselves and our imaginations to the violent impulses, but the impotent imbecility, of our passions; an odious and despicable prey to the artifices of female dalliance. Desperate is the condition

tion of that man, miserable are his friends and relations, who, in his declining dotage, sacrifices consistency, honour, and justice, on the smoky, smothering altar, of unhallowed, ineffectual desire.

It would be no bad addition to our statutes, were they not already immeasurably long, to fix a period when tottering old age should cease to have the power of marrying or disposing of its property, to the injury of a lawful descendant.

Certain right honourable legacy hunters would probably be disappointed in the illicit objects of their artful attentions; but misery, distress, shame, and mortifying ridicule, would be prevented in many a family, deprived of a support to which it was entitled by law and nature; and ruined by hoary decrepitude listening to the plausible, but selfish suggestions, of some splendid jesuitic declaimer, or fascinated by the meretricious glances of a mercenary beauty, angling for an old man's heart; an old man indecorously affecting, in December, the inconsistent and exhausting frolics of May.

VIGNOLES, STEPHEN, commonly called Lahire, the valiant associate of the brave D'unois, who raised the siege of Montargis with a comparatively small number of men, in the fifteenth century, when France, so often doomed to popular or regal despotism, was alternately ravaged and re-conquered, by the English invaders, the amorous Charles the Seventh, and the martial Maid of Orleans. A short article is assigned to this gay and gallant Frenchman, for the purpose of noticing a singular prayer, which, on the faith

of an old but pleasant French historian, he is said to have made use of, previous to his attacking the English.

As Lahire approached the enemy, seeing accidentally a regimental chaplain, he demanded of him absolution, without delay. "You must first confess your sins," said the priest. "I cannot spare time at present," replied the captain, "for we are at this moment preparing to attack the besiegers, and as to sins, I hope I have not demeaned myself worse than my neighbours." His request being granted, he drew his sword, and, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Deal with me, I beseech thee, O Lord, this day, as I would with thee, if I were God, and thou wert Lahire." He then rushed into the thickest of the battle, and, with only six hundred men, slaughtered or put to flight many thousand foes, unguarded and secure in the insolence of victory.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the period, to determine of the lively, the characteristic, but irreverend idea of Vignoles was precisely his own, but the thought, natural in a man ambitious of showing his gaiety and unconcern in the hour of danger, cannot be comprehended in the short list of those things, which have been said but once; after travelling through many a page in various forms, ascribed to different persons, but its origin acknowledged by none; it has been seized by an English humourist, who by way of epigram, has put it in the mouth of Martin Elton Brod, a Dutchman, yet a wit.

VILLACERFE.

VILLACERFE, Madam, a French lady, of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose remarkable and tragic death was distinguished by an evenness of temper and greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and equal to the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The short history of this excellent woman, is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but she is so striking an example of philosophic suffering, Christian fortitude, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least possible alloy of selfishness or sensuality, that the affecting circumstance cannot, in my opinion, be dwelt on too long, or repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection, had taken place between this lady and Monsieur Festeau, a surgeon of eminence, in Paris, but, from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (A. D. 1700.) so strictly guarded superior rank from intermingling with plebeian blood, all further intercourse was prevented, than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes. The lover would have perished, rather than by a rash proceeding, degrade the object of his tenderest affections in the eyes of her family and the world; and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of her admirer, who, in the scale of unprejudiced reason, far outweighed a thousand fashionable pretenders to frivolous accomplishment and superficial attainment; resolved

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To quit the object of no common choice,
In mild submission to stern duty's voice,
The much-lov'd man with all his claims resign,
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

After some years passed in what may be called a defeat, rather than a struggle of the passions; after a glorious victory of duty and honor, which surely affords a durable and exalted pleasure, far beyond the gratification of wild wishes and misguided appetites; Madam Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to a chamber, but not to her bed, was, by the prescription of her physician, ordered to be bled. Festeau, as surgeon to the family, was sent for, and his countenance, as he entered the room, strongly exhibited the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low, hesitating voice, he prepared for the operation, by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm: an interesting business to a man of fine feelings, who had long laboured with the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness diffused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished.

Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour; this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent

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his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Monsieur Festeau, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out, "I am the most unfortunate man alive, I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction, or her composure; in less than three days, the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a base and little mind, she tenderly requested of him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case; ordered her will to be made, and, after her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing, which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than four and twenty hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex. The voice, the looks, the stifled anguish of her lover, as well as her own feelings, convinced her of the approaches of death; an opinion, which her earnest and solemn entreaties, entreaties, on a death bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm. A few hours before the awful moment of dissolution, that period which none can escape, and the fear of which bold bad men only effect to despise, she addressed the disconsolate surgeon in the following words.

"You give me inexpressible

concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purposes, I am removed from the interests of human life, it is therefore highly incumbent on me to begin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it. I feel not the least repentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you, rather, as a benefactor, who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality. But the world may look on the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your disadvantage; I have therefore provided, in my will, against every thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish misrepresentations of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who, of all others, loved and doated on her most; when

when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more ; sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its vain pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented much serious evil and irretrievable calamity. I have said, in a former article, that love, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution, and as it was impossible that Madam Villacerfe's relations could be entirely strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people. The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, from whom I tell the story, pointed him out as the most improper man alive for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, a steady hand, and a collected mind.

In the sudden and disastrous accidents to which human life is, on every side, and during every moment, exposed, it will frequently be found, that those connected to us by the nearest and dearest ties of blood, friendship, or affection, are often, by those very circumstances, disqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief, or even solace and comfort, in the common circumstances of life. The fond mother, whose infant is a constant source of toil and occupation, which no one else would

willingly submit to, and delight, which all must envy, on seeing it suddenly spring from her arms into a deep and rapid stream, would probably sink to the ground in a fainting fit or an hystERIC convulsion, and be rendered, by the ardor of affection and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to snatch her child from death. A bye-stander, perhaps a reprobate and a scoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a sense of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, with all his senses about him, would directly jump in, and, a stranger to the unmanageable ecstasies of a mother, restore the darling to her arms.

VILLENÀ, Marquis of, a Spanish grandee, who, possessing a considerable portion of the lofty spirit of his countrymen, did not forget to accompany it with consistency of conduct and firmness of mind, not always found in exalted rank. He was a subject of the treacherous Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who in his contests with Francis the First, King of France, had received considerable assistance from Bourbon, a Gallic rebel, and a near relation of the unfortunate monarch, who was defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

In the adversity of his formidable rival, a generous mind would have mitigated the calamities of war, by mildness and affability ; but Charles, in the rancour of a vindictive heart, meanly strove to mortify his royal prisoner, by suspicion and augmented restraint ; while he treated the faithless Bourbon with marked attention and respect. The Spaniards, though

elated with victory, beheld this insulting behaviour with concern. "It becomes us," said the insidious Charles to the subject of this article, at a moment when he thought him off his guard, "it surely becomes us to treat the illustrious Constable of France, from whom we have received great and effectual aid, with all possible honour and hospitality: it would please me very much, if he were invited to reside in the Villena Palace, during his stay in Madrid." "Sire," replied the Marquis, whose justifiable pride overpowered all dread of the subtle despotism of the Emperor, "I can refuse nothing to my Sovereign; but your Majesty must not be surprized, if, immediately on Bourbon's departure, I level my palace to the ground. Once contaminated with the presence of a traitor, it never can be a fit habitation for a man of principle and honour."

VIRGULA DIVINITORIA, or Divining Rod, a forked branch of hazel, and occasionally of other wood, in the form of a Y. by the assistance of which, dexterously or mysteriously placed in the hand, certain adepts have discovered, or pretended to discover, mines and springs of water under ground.

This singular phenomenon, investigated by the extensive knowledge, and attested by the disinterested probity of Monsieur Thouvenel, has alternately excited the wonder, or provoked the doubts of mankind, who, from the earliest times, have considered it as the prerogative of human reason, to deny what cannot be explained. Yet philosophy, like fanaticism,

is not without its prejudices, and often rejects, as impossible, those assertions, which experience afterwards proves to be well founded facts.

The incomprehensible attraction of the magnet, if it did not challenge ocular demonstration, would be considered as equally miraculous, and by many, be stoutly denied. Two centuries ago, who would have believed in the existence of the Electric Fluid? which, realizing the fictitious tales of enchantment and romance, enables the modern artist to point out, and almost to call down thunder from the skies, and to conduct, without injury, the forked lightning, along the prescribed magic path of a slender wire. Had a mind, sufficiently vigorous, presented itself, at that period, to explore these æthereal wonders, could they have been published with safety? Would the age have listened to the presumptuous Reasoner, without consigning him to disgrace, imprisonment, or death?

This instinctive faculty or specific, I had almost said elective sympathy, this genius (if I may be allowed the term) for subterraneous discovery, is referred by those who assert its existence, to the theory of effluvia or emanation, which, acting powerfully on the nervous system of persons endued with high sensibility, produces, in the practiser of the divining art, as he approaches a spot under which springs arise, internal sensations, nearly approaching to morbid affection, and an external motion, which is communicated to the hazel rod.

These singular emotions, none of

of which were observed to take place, when the subject of them was over *stagnant* waters, were followed by head-ache, fatigue of body, debility of mind, and other symptoms of nervous irritation. That warm dry state of the atmosphere, so favourable to electric experiments, was also observed, to render the pupil of such eccentric impulses, more active, lively, and unerring in his aquatic prognostics; while a full meal, as our epicurean turtle eaters will easily believe, evidently diminished his capacity; and an inflammatory fever, which confined him for a fortnight to his bed, deranged or destroyed the miraculous power for the space of three months.

Facts, examined, and apparently substantiated by the joint evidence of Monsieur Thouvenel, and the cautious professor Sigaud de la Fond, two respectable foreigners, believed by Pryce, the well informed, but dry historian of the Cornish mines, and corroborated, as he informs us, by Cookworthy, a reputable, but sanguine Devonshire chymist, and by Ribeira, a captain, a deserter from the Spaniards in Queen Anne's reign, and commandant of the garrison at Plymouth, who actually discovered, in this extraordinary manner, a mine at Oakhampton,—to such facts, and to such testimony, what shall a rational sceptic, or an impartial critic reply?

Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis et ore?

"From my natural constitution of mind and body," says Mr. Pryce, "I was not capable of co-operating with the influence of the Divining Rod;" but he has not undertaken

to describe the particular constitutional defects of himself or others, unblest with this mystic quality, which, from his words, should seem to depend on a peculiar nervous sensibility, an harmonious distribution of animal spirits, on strong faith or a warm imagination. The cautious spaniard, mentioned by Mr. Cookworthy, made no difficulty in suffering persons to see him use the Rod, but he never could be prevailed on to discover the *modus agendi*, without which, the mere sight of an adept, stalking along the ground in measured steps, with a stick in his hand, could be neither useful or satisfactory. The secret has been pronounced by many to be one of those ostentatious nothings, which, under various name and import, have for ages defied or insulted the reason and curiosity of mankind, and must long since have been divulged by vanity, indiscretion, or avarice, had there been, in reality, any thing to discover.

"The practiser of the Divining Art," according to the formal and precise directions of Cookworthy, who seems to depart from the theory of Thouvenel, and attributes the phenomenon to attraction, and a previous preparation of the Rod, by inclosing metal in its substance. "The practiser of this art," according to the Devonshire Chymist, "must slowly advance, holding the Rod in his hand, with his arm half extended, and one foot placed forwards, observing to deposit a guinea under one, and an halfpenny under the other foot, and the Rod will be drawn down; shift the pieces of money, and then the Rod will be drawn towards the

the face, or backwards towards the gold, which is thus proved to possess the stronger attraction."

It surely is a disadvantage, observes a shrewd critic, that the Rod dips with equal vigour to a poor as to a rich mine, that it will incline as strongly to a silver penny, as the mines of Potosi; and that a projector, implicitly depending on the information of the Divining Rod, might be hurried into endless and ruinous expence, and ransack the bowels of the earth, in consequence of a stray farthing, or a few yards of copper wire, placed by a roguish boy, beneath the path of an unsuspecting divine.

After due allowance for the pause of suspense, and the vibrations of doubt, a rational unprejudiced enquirer, may venture to suggest, that the aid of the Rod has been generally called in on occasions, where, from previous enquiry, or collateral circumstance, springs or mines were supposed really to exist. In such cases, the dexterity of experience and observation, the casual advantages of local situation, and a thousand hints to be gathered from rustic information, assisted by mineralogical skill, have contributed to its credit, when in truth the whole of its miraculous powers, originated from the exertions of common sense.

To these another cause may be added, that remarkable disposition in the majority of mankind, to indulge the chimæras of enthusiasm, the dreams of imagination, and the tale of wonder, rather than listen to the sober dictates of severe reason, because it sometimes

conveys unwelcome tidings to the human heart, whose pride revolts with horror, from the mortification of detected impotence. We need not, I fear, make a long search in the pages of history, for frequent instances of men, highly gifted in science, learning, and, 'till then, of unsuspected integrity, who, in an unguarded moment, those moments so fatal to wisdom, as well as beauty, having been seduced into the bye-roads of imposition, have afterwards obstinately remained the firm avowers of wild visionary systems, and facts notoriously false and unfounded.

Should however the credibility of these phenomena be confirmed by future experience; should the attempts, to establish materialism, ultimately succeed; the improvement of the Divining Science, (says an ingenious writer) "may be rendered subservient to medical purposes, as well as to mental and moral improvement. If we could be prevailed on to believe, that the thinking principle in man is a grain of salt, or a bubble of air, an electrical spark, or a drop of water, a globule of oil, or a particle of earth, it is not impossible that the Divining Rod, by the help of magnetism and electricity, may form interesting communications, with the faculties and affections, the transactions and secrets, of this hitherto invisible principle; it may discover *mines* of virtue which are hid, and *currents* of generosity and genius, which flow unnoticed and unknown; it might bring to light, motives, plans, and purposes, that would undeceive dupes, and disconcert impostors."

For

For a remarkable, and apparently, a well attested instance of this singular faculty, which appears to have been exerted for private benefit, as well as public utility; see the article Bleton, a French peasant, whose unaffected simplicity of manners, and surprizing accuracy in subterraneous prognostic, staggered, though it could not subdue, the stubborn incredulity of the indefatigable Abbé Mongez, an able natural philosopher, and one of the editors of the new Encyclopædie.

VOLTEMAD, CORNELIUS, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, whose intrepid philanthropy, impelled him to risque, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose, in a great degree he effected, in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm, near Table Bay, not far from the South River fort.

Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel, and the cries of the crew strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse, remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man, with his spirited horse, approached the ship's side, near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out to them; by this method, and their grasping the horses' tail, he was

happy enough, after returning several times, to convey fourteen persons safely on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence, he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who in combating with the boisterous billows, and his accumulated burthens, was almost spent with fatigue, and debilitated by the quantities of sea-water which in its present agitated state, could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular, his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous situation, the least check on his mouth is generally considered as fatal; and it was supposed, that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardor of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently, for the noble creature, far superior to the majority of bipeds who harass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, he sunk, and rose no more!

This affecting circumstance, induced the Dutch East India Company, to erect a monument to Voltemad's memory, they likewise ordered, that such descendants or relations as he left, should be speedily provided for. Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the ménagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died, before news of the directors recommendations could reach him. While we lament Voltemad's fate, and the ungrateful treatment

treatment his relation experienced from the people at the Cape, a circumstance arises in our minds, which tends to render this misfortune still more aggravating. In his bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself and horse with a hazardous burthen fatal to them all, had only brought the end of a long rope with him on shore, it might have been fixed to a cable, which with proper help might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ships company saved, without involving their benefactor, and a noble animal in destruction.

As it is of importance to record and point out methods of escape in situations, in which we too often lose all presence of mind, it may prove useful to mention some circumstances relating to a Danish ship which was wrecked, at Mossel Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Cape. In this instance, by means of two lines, which were conveyed on shore, a stout rope was stretched in a sloping direction from the ships mast to a post firmly fixed in the ground; on this rope a large metal ring was hung, to which each man was separately made fast, and slid on shore one after the other, 'till the whole of the crew were safely conveyed, over breakers, through which no boat could possibly have made its way, without being overset; in a few days the storm subsided, a good part of the cargo was saved and sent in waggons to the Cape. But it is always difficult, and frequently impossible to carry on an intercourse with the shore, which in this instance was effected, by a seaman's tying a

rope round his body, and boldly committing himself to the waves. Such daring individuals do not always present themselves, and various methods of conveying a line from ships in distress to people on shore, or vice versa, have been devised by human ingenuity; by fixing a small cord to an arrow shot by a vigorous hand from a bow, or to a ball fired from a musket, or a swivel, loaded with a quantity of powder, proportionate to the distance; by fixing a line to a buoy and trusting to its being thrown on the shore. Mr. Bell of the artillery, since my former publication, has been rewarded by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, for inventing an apparatus, by which a shell, loaded with lead, may be thrown from a mortar, which, with a line fixed to it, will sink sufficiently deep into the earth, to allow the crews of shipwrecked vessels to draw themselves on shore.

The shameful and too frequent plundering of shipwrecked seamen, has been frequently censured in this compilation. In the Indian territories of the Dutch, no person is permitted to approach the shore in such cases, on pain of death, but this zeal for the protection of property, too often prevents necessary aid being afforded for the rescuing of persons; and in the instance of Voltemad, but for his rising out of the town before the orders were issued, his humane assistance would have been prevented or punished. One of the officers at the Cape on being reproached for neglecting his nephew after the death of the subject of this article, replied, "If the man had not been drowned, he might have thought himself

himself sufficiently rewarded, in not being hanged for disobedience of orders."

VOLUPTUARIES' Soliloquy, the well meant composition of a modern writer, agreeing in its tendency, exactly with the professed purpose of this Collection. Its moral utility amply compensates, for the warmth of certain allusions, in several Dramatic Productions, of its ingenious Author; though he seriously professes to "reprobate a jest, or provoke a laugh, at the expence of a blush." If in this declaration, he is strictly correct, I can only say, that the actors in several of his Pieces, have given him credit, for many witty fallies, not of the most delicate kind.

VOLUPTUARIES' SOLILOQUY.

"I find myself in possession of fortune, youth, and health, and am determined to enjoy them. As pleasure is my object, I must contrive to make that object lasting; it is evident, that if I throw away the means, I can no longer compass the end. I perceive that I must not game; for though I like play, I do not like to lose what alone can purchase that, which I propose to enjoy; and I do not see, that the chance of winning other people's money, can compensate for the pain I must suffer, in being deprived of my own. I have resolved, therefore, that I will not be a gamester, there is not common sense in the thought.

"But if I give up gaming, I am determined to take my swing of pleasure. I must therefore, ask myself the question, what is pleasure? Is it high living and hard

drinking? There is nothing very elegant in it, I confess; a glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beast; besides, I am not sure my constitution will bear excess. I shall get the gout, and grow out of all shape; I shall have a red face, full of blotches, a foul breath, and be loathsome to the women. I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon them. I prefer the favours of the fair, to the company of soakers, so farewell to drinking; I will be sober, because I love pleasure.

"But if I give up wine, I will repay myself for the sacrifice; I will have the finest girls that money can purchase; money, did I say? What a sound has that. Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too? for there is no pleasure even in beauty, without love; this unlucky question gravels me. Mercenary love is nonsense; it is flat hypocrisy, and disgusting. I should loathe the fawning caresses of a dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false fondness. I find, I am wrong again; I cannot fall in love with a harlot; she must be a modest woman; and when that befalls me, what then? Why then, if I am violently in love, and cannot be happy without her, there is no other choice, I think, I must even marry her; nay, I am sure I must: For if pleasure leads that way, pleasure is my object, and marriage is my lot; I am determined, therefore, to marry, because I love pleasure.

"As I have quitted all other women for a wife, I am resolved to take pleasure enough in the possession of her; I must be cautious, therefore, that nobody else

takes the same pleasure too; for, otherwise, how have I bettered myself? I might as well have remained upon the common. I should be a fool indeed, to pay such a price for a purchase, and let in my neighbours for a share; therefore, I am determined to keep her to myself, for pleasure is my only object; and this, I take it, is of a kind that will not admit of participation.

"The next question is, how I must contrive to keep her to myself. Not by force, not by locking her up, there is no pleasure in that notion; compulsion is out of the case, inclination, therefore, is the next thing; I must make it her own choice to be faithful. It seems then, to be incumbent upon me, to make a wise choice; to look well before I fix upon a wife, and to use her well, when I have fixed. I will be very kind to her; because I will not destroy my own pleasure; and I will be very careful of the temptations, I expose her to, for the same reason. She shall not lead the life of your fine town ladies. I have a charming place in the country, where we will pass most of our time; there she will be safe, and I shall be happy. I love pleasure, and therefore, I will have little to do with that intriguing town, London. I am determined to make my house in the country, as pleasant as it is possible.

"But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country; I will have the sports of the country in perfection; I will keep the best pack of hounds in England, and hunt

every day in the week.—But hold a moment there, what will become of my wife, all the while I am following the hounds? Will she follow nobody, will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I shall make, to be chasing a stag, and come home with horns on my own head. At least, I will not risque the experiment: I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure; and I hate a horse-dog woman, I will keep no whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive, therefore, I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

"Why then, I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in; we must ride about the park in fine weather; we must visit the grounds, and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for the poor people. That is a thought that never struck me before; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in setting the poor to work. I shall like a farm for the same reason, and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy; she shall have the most elegant dairy in England. I will also build a conservatory, and she shall have such plants, and such flowers; I have a notion, I shall take pleasure in them myself. Then, there are a thousand things to do within-doors; it is a fine old mansion, I will give it an entire repair, it wants new furniture, that will be pleasant work for my wife. I perceive, I could not afford to keep hounds, and do this into the bargain; but this will

will give me most pleasure, and my wife will partake of it. I recollect, that I have an excellent library, we will have music and books, that is another pleasure, I had never thought of.

"We probably shall have children, and they are very pleasant company, when they can talk, and understand what is said to them. I find there are a vast many pleasures in the life I have chalked out; and what a fool should I be, to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table; or my affections upon harlots; or my time upon hounds and horses; or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleasures or pursuits, than these, which I now perceive, will lead me to solid happiness in this life, and secure a good chance for it hereafter."

WALPOLE ROBERT, Earl of Orford, the first who reduced the golden art of managing a senate into a systematic science. "That every man had his price," an opinion not very honourable to human integrity, was his favourite axiom; Mr. Viner, who could dine on roasted mutton one day, and eat it cold the next, is said to have been the only instance this minister ever met with in contradiction to his theory. It requires little reasoning to prove, that he who lives within his income, is, after all, the only independent man; and whilst we sell our votes to candidates, and suffer them to sink fortunes in contested elections, I see no right that constituents have to complain of the venality of their members. During the American

war, a little prostituted paltry borough in the west of England, sent up instructions to their representative, to which he paid no attention, observing, a few days after, at a friend's table; "I bought them at a fair price, and do the scoundrels think I will not make my money of them?"

"I have a point of some importance to carry in the house of peers, and beg the favour of your grace to apply personally to your brethren, the bishops," said Sir Robert, (a few months before he retired, but when his power was visibly declining) to his firm friend the Archbishop of York, who shook his head at his proposal of personal application, and made the following reply, "My good friend, there is but one way to proceed with them, and you may be assured I will put it in practice; trouble yourself no further about the matter, and be secure of their votes, as if they had already given them." The archbishop for a few days took to his bed, had his knocker tied up, the pavement before his house covered with straw, and, by means of his physician, circulated reports of the extremity of his danger. The bishops caught at the bait, returned to their ministerial duty, Walpole gained his end, and a few days after, they had a hearty laugh over their wine, at the trick they had put on lawn-sleeves.

This minister appears to have been of the opinion of Hobbes, "That war was the greatest of all possible evils," and Europe was certainly indebted to him and Cardinal Fleury for a long interval of peace. That this blessing was
I i 2 sometimes

sometimes purchased at the expence of national honour, and sometimes of national treasure, they did not pretend to deny; yet a love of peace may sometimes lead us to make too great sacrifices to it.

He has been generally considered as the clandestine contriver of an act of parliament for submitting dramatic performances to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain, which is, in effect, a restriction on the liberty of the press. An underling was procured to scribble a dramatic piece, called the *Golden Rump*, a farrago of obscenity, blasphemy, and political abuse; a ridicule of every moral and religious institution. It was then presented to Giffard, one of the managers, who previously taught his lesson, carried it to the minister; he, shocked at such a mass of enormity, carried it down to the house, recited some of the most exceptionable passages, and an act for submitting plays to the Lord Chamberlain's inspection, passed almost unanimously.

If this conduct, particularly the plan of fabricating the piece, could have been incontestibly proved on the minister, it would merit the severest censure; but, like most other political manœuvres, and dark crimes, which shun the face of day and observation, so much privacy was observed, that it cannot positively be proved upon him; yet opportunity was too favorable to be accidental.

Sir Robert Walpole was well acquainted with the irritability and warm temper of his master, the good, the excellent old king; by occasionally giving way to it, he made his advantage, and is said,

sometimes to have submitted to personal outrage (*manibus pedibusque*) in common with the royal hat. On going one day to court, he met the proud Duke of Argyle, and saw that he was discomposed; on enquiring, he found that the king, in the heat of a moment, had been guilty of some trifling indecorum towards the duke, who was not formed of stuff to submit to ill-treatment from any one. "Your grace must not mind it," said the Premier, "it has happened to me a hundred times; nay, I have, in more than one or two instances, been favoured with a kick." "Very true," said the duke, "but—remember, you are not Argyle;" and he walked on sullenly to his carriage.

All the benefits which were proposed to the country by a long and able opposition to this minister, appear to have been defeated and counteracted, by dissension and self-interest; Sir Robert had his peerage in his pocket, and Mr. Pulteney degenerated into a silent vote, on the same bench, with him. Thus has it ever been, we change men, but persevere in bad measures, and a love of office, and not of our country, is too often the principal motive for state altercation with political leaders:

—When will they for the
people take the field?
Led not by love, but interest and
pride,
They will not let a king their
vassals ride,
That power, they to themselves
reserve alone,
And so through thick and thin,
they spur old roan.

WARTON.

WARTON, THOMAS, professor of history, and fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, poet laureat, and decider *against* the authenticity of the poems attributed by Chatterton to Rowley. The only drawback I can or wish to make, from the antiquarian acuteness, the correct taste, the various and indisputable merits of Tom Warton, was his tempting young men, from studies which were to qualify them for the support of their future lives, to frivolous attainments, luxurious habits, and a system which he preached and practiced so successfully himself, "to laugh and grow fat." By the fascination of his converse, which was wonderful, and I am convinced, without any view but the natural one of receiving and communicating pleasure, he drew many a young man from the thorny paths of useful application.

The jovial attic board, "*the fun the feather*," of good dinners, anniversaries, music meetings, expeditions to Wallingford, London, or Woodstock, and a thousand arts of communicating variety to the dull sameness of an Oxford life, which Tom possessed beyond most men, were fair and consistent, in a professor of accumulated preferment, who had in his time raised no small contributions on the bookfellers. But they were ruinous in the extreme, to those who had to make their way in the world, with narrow fortunes; who were ill-qualified to climb or creep in law, physic, or divinity, by their knowledge and attention being confined to circulating a bon mot, translating an ancient black letter inscription,

and determining, which college excelled in long corks, or had a cook best qualified for serving up harrico of mutton, or hashed calves head. During the two or three last years of his life, warned by two fatal and alarming catastrophes, which touched him nearly, he felt and acknowledged his erroneous conduct in this respect; which when I consider the good points in his character, I am inclined to attribute rather to the extravagant and erring spirit of the times in which he lived, than to any obliquity of design, in the individual himself.

Mr. Warton exposed himself to the lash of Peter Pindar, when he declared in the orgasm of outrageous panegyric, that the present king, who is certainly a good private domestic character, was superior in fame to the Edwards and Henrys, celebrated in days of old. The wicked wit did not lose the opportunity of overwhelming our loyal poet, and his royal subject, in an irresistible torrent of humour, irony, and fair satire.

I have seen lines addressed to the subject of this article, soon after the change in his system and opinions; the writer was a young man, who exhibited early proofs of intellectual energy, and literary powers, but split on the rock of misapplication, and mistaking what ought only to be the amusement of an idle hour, for the business and occupation of his life; so passed one half of his days, as to amply occupy the remainder in repentant reflection, and bitter self-accusation, which while they exasperate the wounds of folly and imprudence,

prudence, too often disable a man from repairing the breaches, in his fortune and constitution. The poet began his address with lamenting, the mortifying conclusion of his academic visions, which had been once gilded by the flattering pencil of ambitious hope; and after telling the laureat that his new advice is come too late, and that he found it very difficult to consider that, as the wrong road, which had been so long, so gaily, and so successfully trod, by a man of genius and high attainment; he thus proceeds, in a measure nearly approaching to what has been denominated doggrel:

But you tell me that to shine as a wit, is a jest,
That one grain of low cunning's worth a tun of the rest
To succeed in the world, and that prudence and sense,
Secure a man fame, and friendship and pence;
Whilst ill-fated genius you're ready to swear,
Builds chimæras and castles aloft in the air:
And I'm tempted to think prudence better by half,
Than wit, and a knack at making folks laugh.
Great men use a bard, as rakes use a whore,
When their end is obtain'd, they'll see her no more:
Thus to poets like me, some kind modern patron,
Gives his beef and his port for joking and flatt'ring;
But when we retire, he feels no concern,
If we snore on a bulk, or sleep in a barn.

Few are able or willing, like Dyson I fear,
To allow a poor author three hundred a year:
Or few will be found, tho' I'm loth to observe it,
Very few, who like Akenfide, richly deserve it.
Come then, common sense, be a friend to an elf,
Who alas is a foe to no man but himself:
When the fever of gaming possesses his soul,
And love irresistible proffers the bowl,
When fashion and taste whisper both in his ear,
To live like a man with three thousand a year,
Tho' his elegant ardors and wishes to curse,
He has scarce ever more than ten pounds in his purse;
When Bacchus and Venus, thy poet invite,
Do thou jog his elbow to wish them good night:
When mahometan White is soaring due East,
On the wings of poor Badcock who dy'd in the West;
(Tho' Gabriel neglecting his bath pater-noster,
Swears that White is himself an *Arabian impostor*;)
When an idiot of rank is pretending to chatter,
Of learning and taste, yet knows nought of the matter;
When Cumberland fancies the drama his glory,
And stuffs his observers with old Grecian story;
When arm'd at all points great Bellendine Parr,
Gainst

'Gainst Curtis's zeal wages clas-
sical war,
Of disputes long forgot, will be
sifting the refuse,
And republish old pamphlets,
for the sake of a preface,
Excell all your Warburtons,
Jortins and Hurds,
In sonorous expression, and ter-
rible words:
Teach me then my new guide
more precious than ruby,
To nod, smile, and bow, on each
drivelling booby,
Let the roughness of satire then
smoothly be fil'd,
And preferment shall call me her
favorite child.
Common sense wou'd teach Ed-
mund when scolding the house,
Not to sink from sublime, to the
skip of a louse;
Was it sense that made Gibbon
obscenities quote?
And put them in Latin by way
of a note.
Did it make him praise Julian
who threw out such shabby
taunts,
And boast of his beard with
many inhabitants?
Did it teach our historian to
collect from his stores,
That Constantine rais'd a reve-
nue on whores?
And declare with a grave philo-
sophical meekness,
Seduction and rape, an amiable
weakness?
But adieu to these trifles, from }
joke I'll be parting, }
Since you frown at satirical }
hints, my dear Warton, }
And advise me to study, in }
White, Blair, and Jortin, }
And instead of abusing great men
in my letters,

Like you get preferment by
flatt'ring my betters:
Or the cudgels take up against
Gibbon unchristian,
Under *mild Horfeley's* banners,
that learned Philistian,
Who arrows polemic so keenly
doth try a-
'Gainst the grand innovator un-
Priestley Goliath.
I've try'd all these arts 'till in-
vention's extinguish'd,
Call'd Moor independent, and
North a great linguist,
Said their brethren the bishops
were one great example,
Of piety, learning, and charity
ample;
I have rail'd against schism,
prais'd Grenville for wit,
I have bullied with Thurlow,
preach'd morals with Pitt;
I've attack'd a French writer,
who, neglecting his beads,
Observes (while he scatters here-
tical seeds)
Bishops shorten commandments,
but lengthen their creeds.
All this I have done, and what's
my reward?
To preach fast a-sleep half Far-
ringdon ward,
To eat once a week the Church-
warden's mutton,
Bear the rascal's coarse jokes,
and flatter a glutton;
Hear his wife and his daughter
retail city wit,
While Miss is so *narrow*, she
can't eat a bit;
Tho' I know all the time, spite
of mincing and munching,
She has eat fowl and ham by the
pound for a luncheon:
Tempted strong by her cash to
take for a wife,

What's

What's sure to torment me the
rest of my life :

Thus for sad nasty mixtures, to
doctors we send,

Tho' the stomach revolts, yet our
habits they mend :

Thus to starve as a curate, I my
life must devote,

Or marry a woman who's just
like a goat :

Whose beard on her chin grows
so shockingly high,

That she wants a sharp razor
much oft'ner than I ;

Her mother soft whispers, as she
helps me to gravy,

*I really imagines our Polly won'd
have you.*

I once was in love, but how the
times alter,

Now Hymen's silk noose, looks
to me like a halter ;

Must I, once remark'd for an
elegant wish,

From turbot and salmon, sit
down to salt fish ?

Must I, once so blest by the
Manciple's daughter,

Who amongst Oxford bucks
made such terrible slaughter ?

Must I, who have rifled a bosom
of snow,

At last feed in London on liver
and crow ?

Must I, who admir'd a delicate
skin,

Bed and board with a woman as
ugly as sin ?

A monster, a scarecrow, by
night and by day,

To freeze all desire, fright pas-
sion away :

Who serves her poor face (O
that cruel small pox)

As great auctioneers serve a vile
country box ;

E'er the day of sale comes, ev'ry
effort is try'd,

With whitewash and plaister, the
mud-wall to hide,

Yet the bidders all find, tho' ply'd
well with tokay,

The pleasure ground boggy, and
the chimnies all smoky.

The life of a peasant far pleasanter
proves,

Contentment and health with
the woman he loves,

Tho' fortune denies him ragouts
and rich treats,

Delight gives a zest to the morsel
he eats,

He awakes undisturb'd by en-
nui or pain,

To charms which a monarch
wou'd sigh for in vain ;

The vigor of health inspires each
kiss,

While Cupid and Hymen both
hallow the bliss.

Such once were my dreams,
when my mind us'd to rove,

On the arrow of Cupid, and
Venus's dove ;

Is there not cause enough for a
man to be sorry at,

But the subject we'll quit, now
for you Mr. LAUREAT :

You remember I promis'd I'd
take shortly the freedom,

To send you instructions, wou'd
you deign but to read 'em.

I have sent them at last, but at
Trinity College,

You are so full of antiques, and
of old gothic knowledge,

Of knights-fecs, of priests, of old
books of mafs,

Of old frescoed walls, and old
painted glafs ;

Of devoting your time to black
letter'd nonsense,

Which

Which to read or to write has
been given up long since.

As if it imported three half
farthing candles,

Whether Alfred was christen'd,
or his daughters wore sandals;

If the heel of Achilles was im-
perfectly dipt,

Or if Milton, at Oxford, is the
last who was whipt;

Tho' Johnson has try'd, like a
friend to our church,

To prove the republican tasted
of birch;

Or to find by a lucky inquisitive
knack,

That Augustus had never a shirt
to his back:

That Zenobia's eyes were black
as a sloe,

That the scolded Longinus when
he trod on her toe;

That queen Cleopatra was a
sweet charming finger,

Had a mole on her neck, and a
crooked fore-finger;

That RICHARD the Third, whom
we all so abuse.

Was *a good sort of man* as ever
wore shoes.

On subjects like these while
you're solemnly preaching,

I presume on your patience, and
venture on teaching:

But least by my verse, I the
theme shou'd disgrace,

My doggrel I'll quit, and alter
my pace.

INSTRUCTIONS to the LAUREAT.

When with your annual ode you
next resort,

Wou'd you *for once* but warble
truth at court;

By truth I mean, not base-malig-
nant rhymes,

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That slander kings, and villify
the times,

That injure humble merit, pa-
tient, meek,

And force the tear down wo-
man's lovely cheek,

With coarse invective the rude
page adorn,

And hold misfortune up to pub-
lic scorn.

Now our lov'd king whose fate
made nations groan,

Is firmly seated on fair reason's
throne,

Now let thy laurel'd Muse se-
renely gay,

Pour truth's choice gifts on this
auspicious day,

Then future times thy praises
shall rehearse,

And hail thee more than *a mere
man of verse*.

For Norman minstrelsy, and
ivy'd towers,

Knight-errant tales, and Spenser's
fairy bowers,

In dulcet notes, and harmony
divine,

Let admonition point thy moral
line,

Let these great truths, the cour-
tier's chat o'erwhelm;

"A king of parties rules but
half his realm,

"Or whig or tory let true merit
be,

"The only badge of worthiness
to thee,

"Possess of that, tho' not a sin-
gle vote,

"Cherish the stranger in a
thread-bare coat.

"Tis not to view a fleet with
sails unfurl'd,

"Or nightly trace the planetary
world,

K k

"Tis

- " 'Tis not with trifling mechan-
 ism to play,
 " And waste in happy nick-
 nacks, half the day,
 " 'Tis not with servants to throw
 off restraint,
 " Hear Siddons read, and teach
 good West to paint;
 " To fast and pray, to roll th'
 uplifted eye,
 " Are what the veriest bigot can
 supply;
 " 'Tis not to tempt by pageantry
 and glare,
 " The mobs huzza, the crowds
 unmeaning stare,
 " In these the bays from thee
 are easy won,
 " By pray'r and fast the bigot
 Philip shone,
 " And while his Belgic regions
 flow'd with blood,
 " A sawning clergy call'd him
 great and good.
 " In acts like these thy fame can
 never live,
 " For these are proofs that any
 man cou'd give.
 " What tho' the nation hastily
 complies,
 " With frequent messages, and
 large supplies:
 " Tho' often craving, still so
 odd your fate,
 " You beg of bankrupts, yet
 accumulate.
 " Thus some young heir whom
 wealthy fires have left,
 " Of no one gift but common
 sense bereft,
 " Thoughtless and gay expen-
 sive arts explores,
 " With glittering gamblers and
 Italian whores;
 " Newmarket bets, election con-
 tests dire,
 " And dissipation set his soul on
 fire;
 " At last reflection comes when
 all is spent,
 " And posts him quickly to the
 Continent;
 " As he departs, the steward
 makes his bow,
 " Of all his goods and chattels
 master now.
 " Your royal offspring, we ad-
 mit, demand
 " Your soft solicitude and rear-
 ing hand,
 " Yet subjects are your children,
 who obey,
 " And claim your tenderest love
 as well as they:
 " What if for *us* you had un-
 lock'd your store,
 " And *rich* yourself, had spar'd
 the *real poor*;
 " Lett *us* untax'd a short liv'd
 peace to prove,
 " You have no cause to doubt
 your people's love.
 " Survey thy land with pity's
 melting eyes,
 " Devour'd with impost, taxes,
 and excise.
 " Feel for *their* woes, thy pri-
 vate savings give,
 " Struggling with want in misery
 they live,
 " Except the chosen few, in
 affluence proud,
 " Who fly to London's fascinat-
 ing crowd,
 " Leaving the hapless villager a
 prey
 " To pain and hunger through
 the tedious day.
 " To Cain and Isis turn a
 searching eye,
 " On either stands a univer-
 sity,
 " Where

"Where old abuse supports her
 drowzy reign,
 "And reason cries reform, but
 cries in vain:
 "There raw from school the
 beardless fresh-man runs,
 "To dress and freedom, sing-
 song, wine and duns.
 "Pleasure's allurements he at
 first repels,
 "But the bowl mantles, and his
 pulse rebels;
 "Ungovern'd here, a copious
 store he lays,
 "Of pangs repentant for his
 future days.
 "Tutors and proctors all in ruin
 join,
 "They dare not frown, who
 help to drink his wine;
 "His eyes old coins instead of
 bibles search,
 "Hume and Voltaire prepare
 him for the church;
 "At length amended by afflic-
 tion's rod,
 "The man of sin becomes a
 man of God.
 "A vacancy proclaim'd to ar-
 dent hopes,
 "A lonely fellow he no longer
 mopes,
 "The tests elaborate, ensnaring
 creeds,
 "Oppress'd with debt, he signs,
 but never reads;
 "Hastens to that living he hath
 purchas'd dear,
 "And life devotes to doubt, sus-
 pence and fear.
 "Next view that church in
 which thou art supreme,
 "Where bishops slumber, deans
 and chapters dream,
 "No airy visions theirs, like
 luckless bards,
 "They dream of gold, and
 wake to rich rewards;

"Whilst those who labour most
 are paid the worst,
 "The curate thin with holy
 drudg'ry curst,
 "Trembling, with hat in hand,
 he fies from far,
 "The mitred prelate in his
 splendid car;
 "And hateful tythes from
 brawny labour tear,
 "The hard-earn'd morsel of
 the scanty year.
 "Here a few weeks the pluralist
 may sport,
 "But spends his happier hours
 at cards and court,
 "Leaving his curate to the
 rustic taunt,
 "Against church livings he must
 ever want.
 "Fanatics, infidels, and tythe-
 men's jars,
 "The parish fill with hatred,
 vice and wars.
 "Yet absentees are not of ills the
 worst,
 "Oppress'd by residents, are
 doubly curst;
 "Behold yon pars'nage, where
 a pallisade,
 "And new made fast o'erlook
 the border'd glade;
 "Amidst his flock, of ills to fill
 their cup,
 "The rector lives, he lives and
 eats them up:
 "His rev'rence hear, in church-
 men's rights how loud,
 "Deep learn'd in modus, and
 his glebe well plough'd;
 "The rector see, well skill'd
 in price of corn,
 "Do sense and learning his
 arch'd brow adorn?
 "He was at college every
 scholar's scorn:
 "But faith untainted orthodox
 supplies

- "The want of other christian qualities.
- "What volumes those which claim his constant looks?
- "No doubt a bible, and some godly books;
- "A small mistake, look nearer, you'll discern,
- "Blackstone, a Tract on Tythes, and Justice Burn:
- "His WORSHIP dread, by his commands abide,
- "The laws of God and man are on his side:

Here the poet takes occasion to raise his voice against uniting the justice of peace with the clergyman, a custom he observes daily gaining ground, but fraught with serious evils, and too often arming the little tyrant of his parish with dangerous and irresistible power; the laws of God and man are called in to support him; besides, the palm of the divine, becomes by this means frequently tarnished, by the greasy paw of the smuggler and the poacher.

- "Around his house the scowling smugglers lag,
- "To leave the hare, or drop the monthly keg:
- "Like old inquisitors, who preach'd the word,
- "He to the bible adds a two-edg'd sword:
- "Him if on earth his gentle Saviour sees,
- "Who mildly came dispensing joy and ease,
- "He scarce will think a minister of peace.
- "His furious tenets charity confound,
- "While Athanasian curses echo round.
- "Martyr of vice, and ruddy with the bowl,

- "He ev'ry Lent still damns his neighbour's soul;
- "And tho' religion, heav'nly maid came down,
- "To soothe our sorrows with a heav'nly crown,
- "He turns this manna the Almighty sent,
- "To curses, tyranny, and punishment.
- "His deeds, his vain profession clearly prove,
- "Forgot that *new*, that *best* command, to love.
- "And can we wonder that from guides like these,
- "Who from religion banish christian peace,
- "The crowd mislead shou'd turn their fickle eyes,
- "To superstition, rant, and mockeries?
- "These points demand thy care my royal fire,
- "Reform in these, thy people all desire,
- "Except the sleek ecclesiastic moth,
- "Who will desert thee in the day of wrath;
- "These and a servile, base, insidious tribe,
- "With statesmen's quibbles wou'd thy reason bribe,
- "These *boary errors* keep at any rate,
- "Calling religion, a mere wheel of fate.
- "Reform, my fire, shall give thee lasting fame,
- "And Patriot King shall be thy future name."

WALCOT, JOHN, a country surgeon, a Jamaica clergyman, and lastly, a satirical poet, possessing a rich vein of humour, and a lively imagination.

Wit,

Wit, that dangerous weapon, which so few possess, without exercising it at the expence of their neighbours, rendered his country situation uncomfortable, and he was induced, by repeated altercations, at last to relinquish the different branches of a profession, which he had practised, for some years, in a Cornish borough.

A blind story has been circulated, of his having experienced the fate of Dryden, who was "prais'd and cudgel'd for another's rhymes"—nor is it improbable, that a man of genius, surrounded by rustic dullness or envious malignity, should repay insult with farcasm, and occasionally feel the resentment of those who had strong arms but weak heads.

He went in the train of Governor Trelawney to the West Indies, where he officiated, for some time, as a clergyman; but that correctness of manners which we have a right to expect in a Christian minister, was incompatible with the eccentric impulses of our poet, who soon got rid of what one of his predecessors has called, the mechanical part of the priesthood; stimulated by the consciousness of superior merit, he hastened to the metropolis.

Having assumed the name of Peter Pindar, he has long amused the town, while kings, silly lords, feeble connoisseurs, daubing painters, and dull historians, have smarted under his lash. His attacks on a certain exalted character, were in some instances perfectly fair, but in others, the satirist has forgot, that a king had a right to be treated like a gentle-

man. The wicked, but witty couplet, on the regal malady, was inhuman and unjustifiable.

Yet, our pleasant and enlightened satirist has been efficacious, as well as entertaining; some he has punished, and what is of more importance, some he has reformed. Several persons well known at court, and in the belles lettres, were fair game, and he has completely hunted them down. The empty peer, pert, arrogant, and insipid, with no one claim to notice, but a royal nod, has shrunk to his original insignificance. Affecting connoisseurs, ignorant patrons, and pretended literati, have diminished their tumid importance, and unmerited pretensions. From eating raw meat, and baking themselves in ovens, our men of science have engaged in more rational pursuits, and have turned their attention to objects, at once useful and ornamental. Some of the late productions of this author have been considered as unequal to the first efforts of his muse; indeed we cannot be surprized if this is the case; Where is the mind stored with inexhaustible materials? Will the field that never lies fallow annually produce a plentiful crop?

As the copy right of his works has put a handsome sum in his pocket, and placed him above necessity, some friend should advise him to abstain for a time from the press; so will he return with renewed vigor, and enter again the lists with strength unimpaired. To be everlastingly drawing from the sources of intellect, without giving time for ideas to germinate and shoot forth, must ultimately produce

duce barrenness of soil, or a product, crude, half-formed, and untimely.

The forte of Peter Pindar lies in telling droll stories, and reciting ridiculous anecdotes, but he degenerates, occasionally, into party virulence, and is sometimes culpably indelicate; besides,

The stale story, and antiquated jest,

When oft' repeated, lose at last their zest.

In addressing panegyric strains to Carleton-house, Mr. not Dr. Walcott appears totally out of his element, nor has he, in any instance, handled his pen with a worse grace; he is not formed by nature, nor, as I am told, by inclination, for a bestower of the meed of praise: in this instance, it is neither select, happy, or appropriate.

He has been justly stiled the Hogarth of Parnassus; whatever struck him in the scenes of life as shabby, affected, base, mean, or enormous, he has placed in a point of view, at once odious, ridiculous, and irresistibly laughable. I once read his lines on the midnight freaks of cats, which he describes as he saw them from a window, by moonlight, standing in his shirt; and his directions to a carpenter, on the subject of preparing a coffin, supposed to be written by a husband who had just lost his wife, in which he particularly desires the screws may be long, and the oak substantial; and they produced in the company greater bursts of merriment, than I ever saw produced by any literary composition. The merit of these pieces, either in versification or invention, is slen-

der; yet they had the knack of striking the right string, that "chord which, when properly touched, the human heart is so formed, as to vibrate in unison with it." With all his humorous propensities, his pen has produced several sonnets, breathing the genuine language of poetry and good taste; tender, pathetic, and delicately sentimental, inspiring the raptures of love, and the soft emotions of desire.

WARD, JOSHUA, a dry-falter, of Thames-street, and afterwards inventor of certain medicines, which, though we now hear so little concerning them, roused in their day universal attention, and became a splendid foundation of fame and fortune to the lucky projector.

His house in the city, and the whole of his property, having been destroyed by fire, at a period when insurance was little known and rarely practised, his commercial prospects were blasted, and he was spurred by the useful, but unpleasant stimulus of a ruined fortune, to intellectual exertion. After pursuing chemical studies a few years on the Continent, in an inspired or a propitious moment, he hit on his famous DROP AND PILL. With these and other powerful agents at his disposal, he returned to his native country, and excited no small opposition, by a bold, but, generally speaking, a successful practice, in a numerous but obstinate class of diseases, which, before and since his time, have so often proved a stumbling block to the practitioners of physic.

His opponents, in the more regular

gular platoons of their profession, attempted to crush our resolute interloper, by argument, by ridicule, and by legal authority. He answered and confuted them by a long catalogue of hopeless cases, abandoned by the faculty, but fortunately treated by himself. He retorted on his enemies the accusation of something worse than ignorance and audacity, and boldly charged them with locking up or neglecting potent preparations, which they were too indolent or too timid to make use of themselves, and too envious to allow the privilege to others. He added, that their elaborate preparations and nauseous compounds, their alexiterials, alexipharmicks, and cordials, were only calculated to harrahs the miserable patient, and lengthen his apothecary's bill.

An application he recommended for the King's hand established his reputation beyond the reach of malignancy or competition; and he was protected, by a solemn vote of the House of Commons, from the anathemas and interdictions of the College. We may judge of the respectable state of his finances, when, on being desired to name the remuneration he expected from his royal patient, he replied, that permission to drive his equipage (which was remarkable for bulky magnificence) through St. James's Park, would be the most gratifying fee. In addition to this distinguishing mark of royal favor, promotion was afterwards bestowed on his nephew, General Ganfell, whose military rescue from an arrest afforded fuel, many years afterwards, to the in-

flammatory but well-written invective of Junius.

The circumstance, of medicines once so celebrated being now almost forgotten, has induced certain adepts in the art of doubting, to question their having ever been really entitled to the reputation they once enjoyed. When we recollect the basis of these preparations, it would be foolish and absurd to doubt their active powers, particularly when we consider the miracles of chemistry, and its wonder-working operations on a mineral, selected from the *materia medica* by one who, whatever his defects might be in the regular college routine, was confessedly possessed of gifts which, though no sciences, are fairly worth them all, acuteness and common sense.

To this may be added an observation, which I have had occasion to mention more than once in this collection. It is, that the bulk of mankind require more than common inducements to entice them to pursue the path which leads to their own welfare and real interest. Common motives have been found generally insufficient. Something more than mere light and shade are required, to enliven the still picture of private life, and the dull uniformity of bare utility. To render it attractive, it must be occasionally varied, embellished, and contrasted, by the romantic wildness of Salvator, the painful displays of Spagnoletti, the delicate strokes of a Titian, and the morbidezza of Guido. In a word, fancy, imagination, and splendor, must be called in; sensibility must be awakened, pride soothed, and enthusiasm

enthusiasm roused, to forward the wholesome impressions of truth and plain fact. To take advantage of this theory, which I have enforced and exemplified in the article *Paracelsus*, and to apply it, with dexterity, to the various wants and wishes of mankind, seems the whole mystery of quackery, in law, physic, and divinity.

A cool, sober-headed Englishman, with all his prejudices against the eccentricities, whims, and caprices of his French neighbours, if indisposed, and advised to take physic by his family apothecary, would, perhaps, listen to him with surly impatience, and, after many struggles, submit to his discipline with the nausea of hopeless indifference. Perhaps the same odd compound of flesh and blood, virtue and infirmity, would attend with admiration to the flourishing harangue of an empirick, descending from his splendid vehicle; survey his liveries and his equipage with complacency, and after hearing of specifics, anodynes, and cordials, swallow all he heard and all he saw with implicit confidence, on being told, that my Lord Dashall had found vast benefit, or that Lady Mary Jehu had taken them with wonderful effect. Before we smile at or condemn such conduct, let us be well assured, that on the most important occasions of life, we have acted with more consistency, or been guided by greater wisdom.

The following *jeu d'esprit* appeared in a public print in the year 1736; it was occasioned by Dr. Ward, the Chevalier Taylor, and Mrs. Mapp, a famous bone-

setter, appearing together in the boxes at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn-Fields. Part of the entertainment of the evening consisted of a piece in which mock representatives of these three celebrated personages were introduced on the stage.

While Mapp to th' actors shew'd
a kind regard,
On one side Taylor sat, on th'
other Ward;
When their mock persons of the
drama came,
Both Ward and Taylor thought
it hurt their fame;
Wonder'd how Mapp cou'd in
good humor be;
Zounds, cry'd the manly dame,
it hurts not *me*,
Quacks without art may either
blind or kill,
But *demonstration* shews that *mine*
is skill.

It may be no improper appendix to Ward's article, to observe, that his cotemporary, Mrs. Mapp, the subject of the preceding panygyric, was the daughter of a bone-setter, in North Wiltshire, and remarkable for masculine form and coarse manners; from natural acuteness, and the opportunities afforded by her father's practice, having turned her attention to the management of fractures and dislocations, and acquired considerable dexterity, particularly in the application of bandages, she settled at Epson, and in the insolence of success, or the presumption of real merit, advertised, that she would not suffer any medical man to see her apply a roller, without a previous fee of five guineas.

Having.

Having roused the avaricious hopes of a lover, by the little fortune which her father had left, in a thoughtless moment she married, but her person not being attractive, this faithless partner retreated with the whole of her property. Bereft of father, husband, and money, our undaunted female bore her misfortune with resolution, and, by industry or bold practice, acquired considerable profit and fame in her paternal profession; was patronized by Sir Hans Sloane, and being frequently sent for to town; on such occasions it was her pride or her folly to appear in a coach and four.

A medical friend, by traditional information of his father, from Sir Hans, informs me, that the cases in which our female surgeon succeeded, were for the most part, fractures, which had never united, and that the whole secret of her process was, to endeavour, by various, and often violent means, to excite a new inflammation, which generally caused the bone to unite, and effectually answered the desired purpose.

In one of her visits to the metropolis, from the grandeur of her equipage, or the peculiarity of her dress, a long loose robe, our adventurer being mistaken for a mistress of the old King, or some unpopular German personage, was stopped, surrounded, and bitterly reviled by the mob. On being informed of the jeopardy of her situation, she extricated herself from it with admirable presence of mind, by the following laconic address to the multitude, for whose meridian it was admirably calculated. "Damn your bloods, don't

you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter." The crowd huzzed, the coachman smacked his whip, and conveyed his mistress in triumph and safety to her house.

With the usual profusion of those who get money easily, and in the infatuation particularly incident to persons of her description, she lived without prudence, and died in absolute want.

WESTLEY, JOHN, though not absolutely the founder of his sect, an early, a considerable, and zealous methodist preacher, who appears to have selected, with sagacity, his religious system from the Catholic, Geneva, Lutheran, and Moravian churches. By courting persecution and inviting contempt (with him, a favorite tenet) he successfully worked on a powerful passion of the human breast, which conciliates us more readily to those, who practising or affecting the sins and infirmities common to our nature, place themselves on a flattering level with the herd and bulk of mankind, whose pride is wounded, and resentment excited, by a presumptuous pretension to manners more correct, and conduct more perfect, than their own.

On this foundation stone of self degradation, he reared a structure of popularity, fanatic despotism, influence, and charitable contribution, which, falling little short of the splendid pinnacles of Dominick and Ignatius, promises to far exceed them in stability and duration.

During his infancy, a house in which he was sleeping being on fire, the child was snatched from the bed with much difficulty, and

narrowly escaped burning. "Ex igne creptus," he happily applied to himself; and this brand caught from the fire, afterwards proved a zealous, useful, and, I believe, a very conscientious man.

It may probably be expected, that I should join the cry against the enthusiasm and rant of methodism. But, while we have an indolent clergy, I see no medium for the lower ranks of mankind to observe, between a total direliction of religious duties, or their following, what I readily agree they too often prove—blind guides.

Yet, with all its evils, and with some absurdities, methodism has been found effectual in purifying the vulgar and amending the mob, who require (and why are they not to be indulged?) other motives, and instruments more powerful than reason and common sense, to alarm, to rouse and stimulate their hopes and fears. A score or two of weak-headed people hanging or drowning themselves, and a dozen or two lusty bastards, got by their vigorous pastors in an unguarded moment, is surely purchasing, at a cheap rate, regularity of manners, peace, and order, among our hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Mr. Westley diffused among a desperate, a dangerous, and degenerate race of men, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a love of decency and religious knowledge; a praise-worthy and meritorious work!

To spread o'er American wilds, order and civilization; to pour on the astonished mind of the savage cannibal, gospel truths; to bend untutored ignorance to faith or

acquiescence, have signalized the martyr, and canonized the saint. Yet I am of opinion, that greater difficulties and dangers present themselves to the reclainer of a wallowing European, from filthy iniquity and surly ignorance; the man who attempts to coerce and restrain inveterate habits, furious passions, and to persuade animals, scarcely susceptible of any pleasure, but gross and sensual gratification, has obstacles to surmount, unknown to an instructor of the simple but unpolluted sons of nature.

A few months since, passing a considerable thoroughfare, surrounded by the inns of court, I was a spectator of the different treatment preachers of the gospel experience, in different situations. Being stopped by a crowd, the voice and zeal of an itinerant holder-forth excited my attention. I listened to his extempore harangue, which was animated, sensible, and well delivered. His efforts were fervent, his language clear, and his arguments, drawn from heaven and hell, death and judgment, were affecting. The multitude was motionless and silent, when two beadles made their appearance, suddenly laid hands on the preacher, and led him off (I think illegally) in disgrace.—A boy from the same spot might have thrown a stone against a church, which affords a sinecure of eight hundred pounds a year to a young Oxonian, who is an excellent shot, and rides the best gelding in a neighbouring county.

It was the fate of Mr. Westley to come under the lash of Warburton, who, in his *Doctrine of Grace*,

Grace, after much of (what Dryden would have called) horse-play, says, that the devil acted as mid-wife to Westley's new-born babes. "In Warburton's work" (says the late Mr. Badcock) "there is too much levity for a bishop, and too much illiberal abuse for a Christian."

The following bold apostrophe occurs in some of Westley's productions. "If I leave behind me ten pounds, above my debts, and the little arrears of my fellowship, let every one bear witness against me, that I lived and died a thief and a robber." The posthumous state of his finances established the truth of this animated declaration.

Part of a hymn on a dying female sinner, written by this apostle of methodism, is worth recording; it once made a strong impression on me, and diffused a not unpleasing melancholy over my mind, on hearing it recited by one, whom I have not often heard without emotion, and seldom without improvement. To this lady my collection is indebted for the article assigned to Mrs. Woollstoncroft, in this volume. The following are Mr. Westley's affecting Stanzas.

Ah, lovely appearance of death!

No fight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that
breathe

Can with a dead body compare:

With solemn delight I survey
A corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with its beautiful clay,
And wishing to lie in its stead.

The wanderer's head is at rest,
Its aching and throbbings are
o'er,

The quiet, immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no
more.

This heart is no longer the seat
Of sickness, of sorrow, and
pain,

It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

Those lids she so seldom cou'd
close,

By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to
weep.

It has been shrewdly said, by the subject of the present article, in his Observations on the History of England (for he was led, by the versatility of genius, to history and physic, as well as divinity) that the family of the Steuarts *never* had, *at any time*, a right to the English crown. He supports this assertion from the circumstance of Isabella, consort of King John, being the wife of another man, the Count de la Marche, at the time the King married her, which certainly bastardized her children by John. But even John himself had no right, for prior to him was Matilda, from whom King George the Third is lineally descended.

The Primitive Physic of Mr. Westley had the merit of good design, but venturing out of his depth, in a subject, on which he trusted to exploded receipts and fantastic whim, rather than judicious authors, or actual observation; many of his remedies are ineffectual, too many highly dangerous, and the work laid him open to the attacks of his enemies.

A modern writer, who has added the energy of truth to good poetry, *not always* united, has paid

a sincere tribute of praise to a man, who spent a long and active life in the service of his fellow creatures.

Round Westley's urn no sanguine laurels bloom,

No widow's curses murmur on his tomb ;

No blood-stain'd spectres haunt his parting hour,

Grin round his bed, and o'er his pillow low'r ;

No butcher'd orphan glares indignant by,

To scare the slumbers from his closing eye ;

But peace comes smiling, with a seraph's wing,

And steals the barb from death's *relenting* sting ;

To his last hours the good man's meed is given,

APPROVING CONSCIENCE, AND APPROVING HEAVEN !

With all the warmth that genius can impart,

He pour'd the living precept on the heart ;

Consol'd the feeble, and confirm'd the strong,

And led the timid fearlessly along ;

Grief, sickness, sorrow, want, his bounties shar'd,

And needy worth was sure of its reward.

Not even avarice, the vice of age,

Clouded the lustre of his life's last stage ;

Rich in the treasure of a feeling mind,

He knew no good but that of all mankind.

WICKLIFFE, JOHN, a student of Merton, in the fourteenth century, and rector of

Canterbury College, Oxford, a foundation afterwards swallowed up in the superior, the magnificent structure, founded by Wolsey, at Christ-church.

Confessedly a man of genius and learning, he fulfilled the duties of his office with credit, till, by the intrigues of the Vatican, he was removed ; his only crime being superior talents, while the income of his rectorship attracted the avaricious wishes of his successor, Woodhull, a hungry regular, who was at once hated and despised.

It has been frequently objected to Luther, that if the monopoly of indulgences enjoyed by his order had not been invaded, he would have held his peace. Perhaps, had Wickliffe been permitted by the primate to have remained in his post undisturbed, those religious doubts, first produced by the injustice of his oppressors, had been dissolved in the dangerous sunshine of luxurious ease. But, as the Almighty only can read the secrets of the heart, I will not decide on the motives of our intrepid reasoner, who was spirited and energetic, while the majority of his cotemporaries were bound down by the fetters of credulity, and scholastic chimæra ; who made rapid advances in demolishing error, and diffusing truth, at a period so remotely anterior to Luther and Melancthon.

The doctrines which Wickliffe publicly preached, and in which he was openly countenanced by the Duke of Lancaster and his son, were wonderfully bold for the age in which he lived ; they are additional proofs of a truth, which has been often inculcated in this work,
that

that forcible argument, uncontrollable deduction, interesting truth, and even common sense, will not on all occasions, insure a favourable reception from mankind, blinded by superstition, and prejudiced against their benefactors, by the selfish suggestions of interested and irritated teachers. A case more strong in point cannot be adduced, than the late Smithfield fires blazing at Birmingham, where the blind multitude, in the cant and literal phrase of old times, were for burning the wizard Priestley. The human mind must be gradually trained and prepared, by the mild influence of literature, philosophy, and science, or the precious seeds will fall on a soil, either choaked with weeds, or unfriendly to vegetation. The tenets maintained by the subject of this article were these :

I. The consecrated bread and wine, are not the real body, but only the emblem or figure of Christ.

II. Rome is no more the head, than any other church, nor was more power given to Peter than the other apostles.

III. When the church misbehaves, or makes an ill use of her endowments, it is not only lawful, but meritorious, for a prince or temporal lord, to take them away.

IV. The Gospel affords sufficient direction for the conduct of a christian; all other rules or discipline established by men, in matters of faith, may or may not be followed, according to the conscience or convictions of every individual.

Wickliffe, who contrary to the fate of many reformers, died a

natural death, was publicly examined by his old enemies Archbishop Langham, and Courtney, Bishop of London, before a vast concourse of people, in St. Paul's Church; he was accompanied by his patrons, the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Percy. On this occasion a dispute arose between the bishops and these noblemen, on a point of ceremony, whether Wickliffe should sit, or stand; which arose to such violence, that the people took the part of the bishops with much heat and noise, and the meeting broke up in confusion, after the following words had passed between Courtney and the Duke.—Bishop. "It is unreasonable that a clergyman cited before his ordinary, should sit during his answer. He shall stand." Duke of Lancaster. "Wickliffe, sit down; for you my lord bishop, you are grown so proud and arrogant, I will take care to humble your pride, and that of all the prelates in England."

Bishop. "My confidence is in God alone, who gives me boldness to speak the truth." The Duke. Speaking softly to Lord Percy, "Rather than take this from the bishop, I will drag him by the hair of his head, out of the church."

This spirited divine, who was Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, at a public meeting of the Clergy in that County, was reproached by Knighton, a Canon of Leicester, in the following words: "You have translated the gospel of Christ out of Latin into English; that gospel which was entrusted to the Clergy and the Doctors of the Church, that they might

might minister it to the laity and the weaker sort, according to the exigency of time and occasion; by *your* means, this Scripture jewel, this evangelical pearl, has been rendered vulgar and of small account, and will at last be trodden under the feet of swine." With equal propriety, and with the same logical precision, Knighton might have addressed himself to the cutler, who furnished knives for the purpose of eating dinners: "You have done an imprudent action, you have put instruments of destruction into hands, which may perpetrate mischief with them; a passionate man may plunge one into the bosom of his neighbour, and with one of your weapons, a desponding man may be tempted to commit suicide.

WIDOW OF EPHEBUS, the faithless relict of a doating husband, the circumstances of whose story, have been for ages related, and embellished by poets, historians, satirists, and wits, for the purpose of raising a laugh, at the expence of those widows who propose themselves as patterns of inconsolable and everlasting affliction; it proves, if any proof were wanting, that the most outrageous expressions of sorrow and regret, may be speedily followed by flagitious conduct.

A passage in Petronius, and a basio relievo, dug from the ruins of Nero's Palace, are the most ancient and decisive testimonies in favour of this tale, on the truth of which, learned men have not exactly agreed. The weakness of human resolution, and the probability of over acted, great, ostensible sorrow, not being always real,

and seldom of long duration, have however given currency to the anecdote, from the days of John of Salisbury, a Bishop of the Gallican Church, at the close of the twelfth century, to the time of Eustace Deschamps, who, in 1393, composed a short history of this disgraceful transaction in French verse. A wire-drawn novel, on the same subject, published in duodecimo, at London, in 1665, under the assumed name of Harris, scarcely deserves to be mentioned; though considered and coveted, by the collectors and connoisseurs, as a scarce book, it is a strange uninteresting medley of wild digressions, sceptic opinions, and culpable obscenity.

It is not a little singular, that among the various superstructures, built on the ground-word of Petronius, Du Halde mentions a Chinese publication, cast in a dramatic form, and apparently borrowed from the frail subject of the present article. Perhaps it may be said, how could the Satyricon find its way to the libraries of Pekin? To this it may be answered, that human nature is the same in all countries; that, without having perused the satirist of Nero, a writer of common sagacity, and a little knowledge of the world, would naturally describe widows like their sex, inconstant, and young men as hot-headed and amorous. Considerable light, it must be confessed, would have been thrown on the subject, had our indefatigable compiler, whose materials are not, in every instance, to be received with implicit faith, had he told us, whether the book in question, was of
a date

a date remotely anterior to the arrival of the first Missionaries in Asia.

The frail subject of my present article, has afforded materials to various writers. The following is taken from an old book in obsolete French, and the production of the fourteenth century. "*Honis,*" says the writer, "*soit qui en mau-
vaise fame se fie.*"

A brave but gentle knight, was blessed with a tender and loving help-mate, who was the delight of his heart, and the pleasure of his life; they were considered as patterns of conjugal love and nuptial felicity. But all earthly happiness is transitory. The dame was sorely and suddenly oppressed with a grievous malady, from which, although she at last recovered, her fond husband, from the effects of anxiety and broken rest, on a delicate constitution, languished for a few months, and died. No bounds were set to the lamentations of his unhappy widow, she obstinately refused the soothing of comfort, and the refreshment of food, and vowed, that the short remainder of her days should be devoted to solitude and grief; that, by so doing, she might honour the memory of that beloved man, who, for her preservation, had sacrificed his own life.

She followed his body to the grave; and after the funeral rites were performed, throwing herself on the sepulchre, with dishevelled hair, showers of tears, and heart-rending groans, declared, that the hand of death alone, should tear her from that spot, which contained the remains of all that was dear to her on earth. Her friends

made allowance for violent language and frantic gesture, when they considered the magnitude of her loss, and hoping, that the oblivious hand of time, would diminish the sharpness of her pangs, requested her to quit the dreary mansion of death, and withdraw to her own house. But words availed nothing, and, after repeated expostulations, they left the disconsolate fair one in her family vault, which had been lately erected with great magnificence by her husband, observing to place in the mausoleum, lights, food, furniture, and additional cloaths.

It was the custom of that age, whenever a malefactor was hanged, to expose his body for several days on the gibbet, as an impressive example; and to prevent its being stolen, which relations, on such occasions, were generally eager to do, that they might bury a sight so reproachful to their families; a centinel was placed on the spot during the night. It happened, that on the very day of the interment before mentioned, a robber had been executed, and at no great distance from the widow's subterraneous apartment. The midnight hour approached, and in that severe season of the year, when most men would prefer a fire side, and a jovial board, to a nipping frost, and the keeping watch over an executed criminal.

The soldier on duty, was a vigorous well formed young man, of creditable birth, and decent education; of the thousands of unhappy individuals, who form the armies of modern Europe, a common instance, who, by entering the service in a moment of levity, in-
toxication,

toxication, or disappointed love, had, by one rash step, laid a lasting foundation of vain repentance, for the rest of his life. Imagining that in such a night, there would be little danger of surprize, and finding that he could not keep himself warm by motion, he resolved to retire a few minutes from his post, for the purpose of procuring an additional garment, and a cordial draught, to warm his stomach.

Perceiving a light issue from the door of the vault, he knocks, and on being questioned who he is, and whence he came, briefly relates his story, adds that he is almost frozen to death, and begs admission, and a little refreshment. After some delay, with mutual injunctions and promises of good behaviour, the door is opened, and a cup of wine revives the soldier's spirits. He looks around him with astonishment, sees, with surprize, a lovely female immured in the caverns of death; he swallows a second glass, and as love and good liquor render most men eloquent, makes several fruitless attempts to enter into conversation. The widow answers with great reluctance, but at length gives him to understand, that she had firmly resolved to live and die with the corpse of her husband. He will not at first believe what he hears; expatiates on the folly of a young and beautiful woman, burying herself alive; and insists, that the best tribute she can pay to the knight's memory, would be to return, without delay, to society, and spend the income he had generously left her, in acts of charity and benevolence, rather than thus unrea-

sonably devote herself to sackcloth and ashes for life.

After gently chiding him for having introduced a subject, on which she had irrevocably made up her mind, she repents having admitted the stranger, and presses him instantly to leave her. He professes great concern that his advice should give offence, thanks her in a graceful manner for her hospitality, and hurries back to see that the body is safe: but in his absence, the brother of the person who had undergone the sentence of the law, watched his opportunity, and conveyed it away. Terrified at the circumstance, and convinced that death or severe punishment would be the certain consequence of having quitted his post, the centinel seeks in vain for that which was lost, and, in the unceasing restlessness of vexation, wanders, without exactly knowing why, to the mausoleum of the knight. In the mean time, his person and advice had made a deep impression, and in spite of the imperious voice of honour, had driven every idea of her clay-cold husband from the widow's mind.

He requests admission. The well known voice produces in her breast a violent but short lived struggle of duty and inclination. He enters, and his sight gives to great love a victory complete. A victory however not without those reiterated rallies, those exquisite recollections of what we ought, but what we cannot do, which decency, in every sacrifice, seems to demand, and which give an air of dignity and decorum, even to defeat. The soldier, with terror

ror in his looks, relates his misfortune, declares himself a lost man, and that disgrace and death will be his inevitable portion. "It would be a pity," replied the fair tenant of the mansion, in a softened tone, "it would be a pity, that so well disposed a man as you appear to be, should miserably perish in the prime of your days; but, alas! what can be done, what can a forlorn, a deserted woman do?" "It was by listening to that voice, and by the fascination of those eyes, that I omitted returning to my post, and would they but look kindly on me," replied the centinel, gently pressing her unreluctant hand, but unable, from the tumult in his own breast, to read the palpable and significant emanations from her eyes, which pronounced her irrecoverably lost; "would they but look kindly on me," replied the timid, the blind, the infatuated lover, "it would be ample compensation for death in its most terrible shape." "Alas," cried the dame, "where is my widow's vow, where is the memory, respect, and unremitting sorrow, for my departed husband; ah, remorseless bewitching young man, you have banished them from my breast for ever. Ought I to expect good faith in a second, who have so speedily, (and indeed I blush at my weakness) so speedily been taught to forget the obligations due to my first.—Ah, ungrateful soldier, if you deceive me, but I will not believe it possible; I yield to the omnipotence of love, who, like necessity, is the parent of many inventions, and he points out what must be done, to snatch you from a cruel death.

VOL. II.

"The dead body, so lately deposited in this vault, must supply the place of that which has been taken away, there is neither sensation, repentment, hope or fear with the dead. Heaven is my witness, that while I was a wife, nothing was omitted, on my part, for the solace and comfort of my departed husband." They instantly opened the coffin, and bearing the corpse between them, conveyed the knight from his sumptuous mausoleum, and suspended him on the ignominious tree. 'So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love, and so was comforted.'

Thus far most of the narratives tally, but their conclusions are widely different; in one instance, the happy pair, after having given and received so decisive a proof of attachment, become man and wife. In another, the Lady having informed the Soldier, that it is in her power to relieve him from his embarrassment, makes, in a manner not the most consistent with female delicacy, a previous agreement, that if her plan succeeds, he shall accept of her hand in wedlock; but, after a performance of the agreement on her part, the quondam lover declares, in a surly tone, that a woman of her character is not to be trusted, and quits her abruptly. In a third instance, the poor widow is made to take an active and indecorous part, in maiming and mutilating her husband, that his body may not appear different from that of the malefactor; and the perfidious centinel, after receiving such an incontestible mark of regard, instead of repaying her love with warm returns of rapture and en-

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dearment,

dearment, as he had at first taught her to expect; spurns her rudely from his embrace, reproaches her in bitter language, with oaths and execrations, for her unnatural insensibility, and want of nuptial affection; declares, that if he had been weak enough to marry her, he should expect to be speedily supplanted and murdered by some more vigorous and successful rival. He then, with more of the stern severity of judicial execution, than of gratitude or gallantry, which would have taught, that it was for him the unhappy woman had forgot her sex and herself, unsheaths his sword, and, at one stroke, separates her head from her body.

With so much unmerited obloquy, and so much of unfeeling ridicule, attached to the deserted state of a widow, a state to which the woman of our heart may the next moment be reduced; may we be permitted to pause and reflect.

"By the insurmountable barrier of a testamentary forfeiture, my better half shall be guarded from nuptial absurdity and indiscretion," says a man of prudence and foresight, "she shall not have it in her power to waste the inheritance of my forefathers, and the fruits of the industry of my past life, on a youthful paramour of eighteen, or a brawny citizen of Tipperary."

The prudent man sickens, and dies; his parchment-bound widow, in the mid-day of life, rushes from her weeds, after six long months, into the world. For many years, in the uninterrupted habits of nuptial endearment and legal gratification, and with all her passions about her, she finds a cruel, an un-

justifiable embargo laid on the first great law of nature; laid on too, by a merciless Egyptian task-master, who had prepared a burthen, to which his whole life proved, his own back was unequal; a task-master, who within six months of his wedding day, had a *little snugging*, in the new buildings at Marybone; who would himself, had he been the survivor, have been dropping sugar plumbs into the mouth of some forward hoyden, or country cousin, or been hugging the greasy beauties of his cook-wench, before the body of his deceased wife, was cold in her shroud.

"These are your moral philosophers, who would enforce the rigid maxims of chastity and forbearance," cries his injured relief, in the inquietude, which unnatural compulsion, and unjustifiable coercion, ever produce; she wanders into the forbidden recesses of voluptuous indulgence, and at last sinks into the abyss of infamy and destruction. "What then is to be done!" exclaims the anxious father of a family, with a will voluminously extended into unceasing visionary inuendoes, a dexterous attorney at his elbow, and that devil, a fortune-hunter, waiting to step into his shoes, haunting his imagination—What is to be done?

"Is there no way?"—

If you have children, settle on them, to the uttermost farthing, the *whole* of your fortune, whatever be its amount, to be equally divided between them after your own death, and that of their mother. Bequeath to your widow, supposing her to be less than fifty years of age, absolutely, and *un-*
clogged

clogged with conditions, an annuity for her life, generously proportionate to the magnitude of your fortune.

On the subject of future marriage, let her be perfectly at liberty, nor expose yourself, by the fatal, the foolish, the frequent error, of supposing, that *her* conduct, whom generosity does not influence, will ever be rendered correct by legal restriction. And it is surely far preferable, that the sharer of your blissful hours, the soother of your early cares, your children's mother and guide, whose conduct and example must have a powerful effect on their future lives; it is far preferable that she should again enter the state of wedlock, though not in every respect, according to your wishes; than that she should exhibit to the world, as in too many late instances has been done, a shocking, and odious spectacle of age without decorum, of a life commenced in honour, but ending in shameful prostitution.

In declining life, when the pulse *ought* to beat with sober temperament, and indicate only a nurse or a night-cap, there can be no possible objection against preventing tottering imbecility, and hoary impotence, from *committing* the sin of matrimony, under circumstances, in which, avarice, folly, or worse motives, must on one side or other, have been predominant. In such cases, legal interdiction seems as necessary to second childhood, as fetters for a desperate felon, or the coercion of a strait waistcoat, for an unmanageable madman.

WILLAN, JOHN, a stable-boy, at Barnet, and a contractor for providing the artillery with horses, who (to use a common, and as a foreigner tells me, our national characteristic expression) *died worth* a hundred thousand pounds. In the humble condition of an attendant at the Red-Lion, he attracted the notice of the Duke of Cumberland, in the year 1745, by his unwearied diligence and sobriety, but more particularly by his accurate knowledge of every thing relating to the diseases, the form, the value, and the comforts of the horse.

It is not to celebrate an hostler, though merit and assiduity in any station deserve praise, it is not to work up insignificance into heroism, of which a good-natured critic accuses me, that this article is introduced. Willan by humble, but honest industry, raised himself from obscurity to affluence and splendor; without being injuriously crafty, he attained dexterity in pursuits where numbers fail. For these reasons, in my opinion he deserved this short memorial; but it was to enforce an important, a sometimes forgotten lesson, that I mentioned his name in this place. His qualifications were of a distinct peculiar kind, and fortunate accident placed him in a line, where those qualifications, and *only those* enabled him to do credit to his patron, serve his country with fidelity, and lay a foundation for the name and fortunes of his family.

In the various occurrences of life, who does not lament a differently conducted distribution? who can see without indignation, many

an official situation occupied by the insignificant tools of parliamentary interest, or ministerial favour, without one talent or attainment from nature or education, to enable them to discharge their duty with public applause, or private satisfaction? In these and a thousand other instances, motives totally foreign to requisite performance, are thrown into the preponderating scale, by party partiality, and private friendship. I have known men advanced to offices of high efficiency and responsibility, for the following curious reasons, because they were God-children to their patrons, because they were odious in a preceding reign, had saved a favorite's life, or repeatedly forfeited their own. The associate of a Pharo table has often obtained the command of a fleet, from which a worthy character has been dismissed, in a career of the most brilliant victory: a well-played rubber at whist, being an excellent shot, a keen fox hunter, a three bottle man, a hummer of a catch and glee, or a *wonderful man* at Burton-Pynsent, have been the means of providing many a comfortable retreat at the Admiralty, the Customs, the Treasury, the Stamps, or the Excise, for men, whose abilities in any other respect, scarcely qualified them for the humble office of signing a Treasury-warrant, or voting a congratulatory address.

In private life, this preposterous misconception, or interested misapplication of ability, is sometimes distressing, and sometimes ridiculous, more especially as it occasionally appeals to our duty, as

christians, and our feelings as men. I have known a person, who notwithstanding his being a *very poor scholar*, and an invincible brogue, was forced on a family as a Master of Languages, because he was father of a numerous offspring, who had lost their mother. A surgeon was once irresistibly recommended to me at a watering-place, who was paralytic and purblind; but I could not possibly object to his bleeding me, as he was a very worthy creature, and besides had been unfortunate in the world. It is not many years since, a man was crammed down the throats of a borough in the West, by a noble peer, as a Singing-Master, with one eye, and a defect in the palate of his mouth, because he was distantly related to a French surgeon, who had been particularly fortunate, in his treatment of My Lord, on his tour. Tailors versed in all arts, but that of making cloaths, Butchers who deal in carrion, and Lawyers who know more of whist than the statutes; Authors, who understand more of cookery than grammar; Physicians, who are readier at retailing scandal, than prescribing; and Surgeons, who think more of running-horses than their patients, are on every occasion, rushing in at the avenues of prejudice, or of recommendatory commiseration, to deprive us of the advantages of professional eminence, extraordinary genius, and mechanic dexterity.

WILLIAMS, Mr. the school-fellow, the confidential friend, and afterwards, the private secretary, of Richard West, Esq. Keeper of the seals in Ireland,

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in the reign of George the First. This gentleman is mentioned for the sake of introducing a letter well worth recording, which in the vigilant anxiety of real, disinterested friendship, he wrote to the Widow of his Patron, on the subject of her Son, Mr. Richard West, a young man of lively imagination, and elegant manners; who, vibrating between a love of literary leisure, and the severity of professional study, incurred the risk of sinking into sordid supineness.

A tendency to this inglorious ease, is the misfortune of the age, the natural effect of morbid refinement, on an immense population, from which, and from the circumstance of *genteel employments*, sufficiently numerous, not offering for the many candidates, our Coffee-houses are filled with listless loungers, and our jails with wretched prisoners, the unhappy victims of pride and vanity, bad education, and parental infatuation.

This unfortunate, but often, ingenious race of men, has been lately tagg'd in rhyme, with a class of individuals, to whom they bear a near resemblance, and in whom, the same character is occasionally blended, the versatile scribblers of the day; by a noble Duke and a pleasant man;

Bards almost crowd as much as gentlemen,
is, I believe, his Grace's verse.

It may be necessary to observe, that the Lady, to whom the letter I propose reciting, is addressed, was a daughter of Bishop Burnet; and that the young man, who is the subject of it, was in habits of the closest intimacy with Mr. Gray,

a man scrupulously nice in the choice of his associates. Several of his letters, preserved by Mr. Mason, and his Ode to May, deserved and obtained the praise of Dr. Johnson. But I must not be prating at the threshold; the letter, at least a good part of it, was as follows.

Lyons, Jan. 12, 1739.

— — — — — “I often think of my friend Dick, and write on purpose that you may communicate what I say to him. You have not spoke of him a great while; from whence I conclude two things, that he is pretty well, but does not study the law; if he did, your satisfaction and his, would soon make me hear of it. Young people do not see far, and, what is worse, do not care to be advised by those who can. They will not be the better for *our* experience. What would I not undertake, were I twenty years of age, and with my present knowledge of the world? It is at his service.

“I have often considered his aversion to the law, and lament it, because it is a natural, and almost a sure method of advancing himself. His father's name, so much esteemed, his friends and mine, with his own parts, could scarcely have failed. He has no fortune, at least, none sufficient to keep him clean, unless in retirement, which I know, (though perhaps he does not) he never will chuse. My case and his were much the same. With small expectations of fortune, and lively parts, I was soon introduced into good company; they were pleased, and I was flattered. “My Boy,” said my
Father,

Father, who was an excellent mathematician, but knew very little of the world, "My Boy shall qualify himself for polite circles, and some one or other of these great men will provide for him." I directly studied French, Italian, dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, heraldry, and music. In short I was to be made a fine gentleman, as soon as possible. Instead of being educated to a profession, instead of acquiring knowledge, that was useful and necessary to mankind, I was furnished only with the superfluities of life. Without a fortune, I was to be taught to live, as if I had one. Habits were formed, which if I did not succeed, would make me miserable for the rest of my days.

"Something more than Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c. was necessary; and I was shut up for two years, in order to study the History of Europe, Domat on the Civil Law, Grotius, Puffendorff, and lastly, four folio volumes of Treaties. This labour gone through, with tolerable success, I was next to find a Patron. My great friends had not been used to hear me speak of wanting employment; they relished my conversation, and praised my Odes; however, they smiled on, 'till my Father's pockets grew low, and dress and chair hire became too expensive.

"Luckily, a Patron was at last found, who understood what wit and parts were, as he excelled in them himself; but he knew, that these alone, were not enough; I endeavoured to convince him, I had more material furniture in my head, and succeeded. We went

abroad together; the weight of his character, which was excellent, and his being a near relation of the minister, gave me reason to expect the most flattering consequences. What hindered? Why, the commonest thing upon earth, my Patron was turned out, and Mr. Secretary had to seek for another.

"With better luck than ordinary, and two or three great men's recommendation, another was found, and my little boat was again afloat; the gale was prosperous, and the weather fine; but in a twelvemonth, the Envoy died. These changes astonished me; I was a young man, and did not recollect, that people were to die, or ministers to be turned out. What was to be done now? No money, and my former Patron in disgrace. Friends timid and cold, unable or unwilling to serve me. In this condition, in want of every thing, but a fine coat, and a laced shirt, I languished on for three long melancholy years; sometimes elevated for a moment, by a smile, or a nod, but for the most part, solitary, dejected, and reduced to the agony of talking of my misfortunes, and wants, and that basest of all conditions, the intolerable slavery of borrowing, to support an idle, useless being. What would I then have given for a profession. My Greek, my wit, my Italian, my dancing, and my treaties, were entirely useless to me.

"In this wretched situation, retired eighteen miles from London, to an obscure village, in debt to tailors, drapers, butchers, and chandlers shops, I received a letter from an intimate friend, acquaint-
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ing me, that he was just appointed to a considerable employment; and desiring me to come directly to town, and determine which of the considerable places he had to bestow, would be most agreeable to me. Guess at my joy and gratitude, I can express neither; any more than my grief, but by those tears which now flow from my eyes, because that friend is no more. He overlooked my unfitness for any place under him, from my ignorance of the law; and obliged me to take the best he had to give, which was full a thousand pounds a year. His age and my own promised riches, for many years to come; but it was permitted, that *he* should die too, with which, I end the history of myself.

“My reason for reciting it, you and Dick know too well, it is to make him sensible, that WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOMETHING, WHICH MANKIND CANNOT DO WITHOUT; NEITHER WIT, PARTS, FRIENDS, OR PATRONS, CAN SECURE A MAN FROM WANT.

“Let us suppose for a moment, as law is not his favourite study, that he should succeed in the diplomatic path, and be appointed Secretary to a Minister at a Foreign Court; let it be remembered, that he cannot obtain that, without a kind of knowledge to the full as difficult and disagreeable in acquiring, as the law of England; as remote from wit and poetry, and those amusements, with which he has too long amused himself. But supposing him to have so far succeeded, as to be King’s Secretary to the first Embassy in Europe; he will not be in half so comfortable,

so easy a condition to a man of sense, as if he was in a three pair of stairs chamber, at the Temple, in the way of getting only 200*l.* a year

“In short, places are so precarious, the attendance in search of them, so mean and unmanly, refusals and delays so insupportable, and the loss of them when obtained, so dreadful to one who has not a good private fortune, that it is a line no reasonable man would ever adopt by choice; A USEFUL PROFESSION IS BETTER THAN A THOUSAND PATRONS. I grieve when I recollect, that my friend Dick is now twenty-two, and has not yet read one book, since he left Eton, for which he or his family will be better, as long as he lives.”

WILLIAMS, RHYNWICK, an individual of debauched manners, depressed circumstances, and obscure life, whose crimes or misfortunes have procured him a name, by which he will more easily be recognized by my readers,—the monster! a peculiar title of ignominy and distinction, which has been universally bestowed upon him, with other epithets of abuse and detestation.

Excited by no one interest or gratification, but the hellish one which arises from terrifying and injuring a lovely but defenceless part of the creation; Williams is described, as employing those intervals of time which could be spared from an effeminate employment and vulgar sensuality, in wandering through the streets, to seek unhappy objects for the exercise of his unaccountable malignity. After much threatening, and much obscene language, menacing gesture,

gesture, and bitter imprecation ; with a weapon, and in a manner hitherto neither discovered or understood, he secretly and suddenly inflicts on his fair victims, deep and dangerous wounds, before they have recovered from the surprize, his previous deportment has produced.

Such has been the strong language of terror and indignation, delivered upon oath in a court of justice, and received with implicit faith by the generous sensibility of a sympathizing public : for who, at the recital of such atrocious barbarity, has not felt for a wife, a mother, or a sister ? And that breast must be callous to humanity as well as justice, which has not throbbed with resentment against the unnatural maimer of beauty, youth and innocence.

The vigorous Roman, who, to remedy the scanty population of his country, snatched the Sabine virgin from her weeping mother, repaired the injury as far as he was able, by honourable wedlock, and the gentle endearments of domestic love ; in modern times, the headstrong ravisher, condemned to death by the laws of his country, find some salvo for his crime, in the fury of ungovernable passion, or the unjustifiable duplicity of a vile coquette, who excites, abuses, and enjoys : but the strange depravity of the subject of this article, seems to admit neither extenuation or defence ; towards *him*, severity in its utmost excess, is a virtue ; at the tribunal of gallantry, doubt and distrust are treason, and moderation is almost considered as shaming in his guilt.

But as there are other tribunals

before which, this and every other transaction will be deliberately examined, without prejudice, and without passion ; it is our duty to observe, that previous to his being apprehended, several persons had been positively charged on oath, with being guilty of the same offence, for which Williams was afterwards committed and punished. This circumstance, together with a species of alibi, partially, but not satisfactorily proved on the trial, authorizes me in venturing to suspect, that he might possibly not be the guilty person. Yet, if after coolly examining the evidence, it should appear sufficiently correct and exact, to bring home the charge incontestibly, and prove him actually the *man*, I shall still (for some reasons I mean to produce) be equally unwilling to allow that he was the *monster*.

Melancholy experience obliges us to confess, that human nature, in its lowest state of depravity and degradation, is capable, when unrestrained by religion, by fear, or by shame, of flagrant enormities, which manhood revolts at, and decency cannot name. Yet, I believe few instances can be produced, in which many great and repeated risques and dangers have been incurred, for the mere unmixed motive of mischief only, without some foreign alloy of carnal appetite, interest, ambition, envy, or revenge.

I can, without difficulty, conceive a hot-headed, unprincipled scoundrel, working himself into a paroxysm, little short of madness, from the rage of disappointed lust, or the irritating anguish of a certain disease, entailed on illicit love.

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I can imagine him, in a moment of promiscuous and indiscriminate cruelty, declaring war against the whole female sex, and blinding himself by oaths and execrations, to maim, disfigure, and destroy. Such instances, I fear, have occurred; I would consider them as devils incarnate, as imps of hell in human shape; to shoot, to hang, or drown them, with other noxious animals, beasts of prey, and mad dogs, would be a useful and meritorious service. Williams by no means answered either of these descriptions, for he was the confidential and happy lover of women of a certain description, whose favors men of the first rank in this country have vainly and repeatedly endeavored to purchase; his health had no otherwise suffered, than from the languid characteristic debility of a long continued course of debauchery, which always impairs the faculties, and exhausts the frame. But while his fair friends blessed him with smiles, they did not replenish his purse; his poverty was abject, he was almost penniless, and if he really was the monstrous culprit described, which I still doubt, I am clearly of opinion, his aim was rather at the pocket than the person.

To throw some light on this assertion, it will not be amiss to observe, that cutting open, and sometimes cutting off the pockets of females, is by no means an uncommon species of theft; that it possesses this extraordinary recommendation, when performed with dexterity; the contents of the pocket drop instantly on the spot, and are taken up by the offender at his leisure, without alarming

the person plundered, and with little fear of detection.

If it should be objected, that, in every known instance, wounds were inflicted, but the pockets remained untouched, and that it was assuredly bad policy in a pick-pocket, to give a previous alarm, by violent language and outrageous behaviour; I shall only observe, that the trade he had taken up, and the peculiarly mysterious manner in which he carried it on, were probably new to him; that, as a novice, he exercised it unskillfully, and without success. His virulent language and threatening deportment, in the complicated mass of evidence given in, are placed at a wrong period of the transaction; they *followed*, rather than *preceded* the offence, and were made use of, when, after being accused of ill design, he had been repeatedly desired to keep his distance; they are to be regarded as the passionate ebullitions of disappointed villainy, affecting the honest indignation of suspected innocence.

The singular, the heroic, perhaps, the mistaken zeal, of Mr. Swift, ought not to pass unnoticed; who, after exposing himself to the unerring pistols of Col. Lenox, and fearless of female frowns and public resentment, generously stood forth to defend a miserable man, the object of universal detestation.

The culprit, it must be confessed, had to contend with the learning and abilities of distinguished lawyers; with zeal to stimulate, prejudice to give success to, and lavish subscriptions to reward their efforts; "While all I could oppose to such powerful combinations,"

says Williams, in a pamphlet before me, remarkable for figurative language and obscure sentiment, the effect of gloomy guilt, or the perturbation of oppressed innocence, "while all I could oppose, was ignorance and indigence, a menaced advocate, brow-beaten witnesses, a storm of prejudice, and shipwrecked hopes.

"At some future time, when the passions and resentments of my enemies are gratified or subsided, they may be prevailed on to acknowledge, that public justice is sometimes converted into a deadly weapon, in the hands of private revenge; that prejudice is the nurse of error, and reward the mother of perjury. Those, also, who were so eager in procuring and pronouncing the sentence against me, at some remote period may be induced to confess, that, in contemplating the aggravated magnitude of my offence, they neglected to examine, with their usual strictness, the various contradictions of my accusers, their exasperated passions, and other circumstances, which, if they could not positively and certainly acquit me of the crime, at least rendered my innocence as probable as my guilt."

Perhaps, it may be an object worthy the consideration of those appointed to expound our laws and dispense us justice, whether demanding *excessive bail, that iron rod of the old tyranny*, and which, in the case of the wretched Williams, and others I could mention, is tantamount to perpetual imprisonment, be consonant with the mild spirit of the English Constitution. If a man's crime be so atrocious as to merit perpetual imprisonment, and

the law of the land annexes it to his crime, in God's name, be that his sentence. But, I trust, the venerable bench will never so far yield to the impulse of popular infatuation, as to punish crimes with pains and penalties, aggravated by poverty and abhorrence, but to which they never were, by law, originally attached. I hope so important a branch of the penal code will still continue to be accurately defined, by precise, literal interpretation; and that the voice of humanity and common sense will not be silenced by the anticipations of prejudice, by merciless precedent, or the decisions of times, whose example it will be meritorious to avoid.

WOLSTONCROFT, MARY, a vigorous writer, who, since such important revolutions have taken place in the political forms, is of opinion, there is urgent necessity for reformation in the domestic institutions of mankind. This advocate for the rights of women is for raising her sex to their rank in the scale of existence, and successfully combats the disgraceful arts by which they have been too generally rendered the mere play-things of capricious passion; she insists, that *MIND HAS NO SEX*; that the female part of the creation are as capable of all that is great and good as men; and, that the insidious system of artificial homage, frivolous occupation, and petty gallantry, at present so generally adopted, is only a cunning device to divert their attention from more important concerns; that it is disguising fraud by flattery, and sacrificing interest to prejudice.

Mrs.

Mrs. Woolstoncroft is equally averse to the precepts of Rousseau and Gregory, and indeed to every system which lays down *a wife to please*, as the paramount incitement to female action; considering it as an irrational and degrading species of dependence on a being equally fallible with themselves. On the contrary, she wishes to persuade women to acquire strength of body and firmness of mind, and to consider the fashionable phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, as synonymous epithets for weakness and imbecility; she endeavours to convert the "lovely tremblers" of the present day into active citizens, dutiful daughters, good mothers, and useful mistresses of families.

The situation of a female, educated in all the passive debilitating propensities of a modern fine lady, is described with impressive and pathetic energy. When her protector dies, and leaves her with a large family, "a double duty then devolves on her, to educate them in the character both of father and mother; to form their principles, and secure their property. But, alas! having never thought, much less acted for herself, she has only learned to please men and depend on them: yet how is she to obtain another guardian for herself and children? a husband, to supply the place of reason? a rational man (for we are not treading on romantic ground) though he may think her a pleasing, docile creature, will not choose to marry a *family* for love, when the world contains so many pretty women, without incumbrances.

"What is then to become of her? she either falls an easy prey to some mean fortune-hunter, who defrauds her children of their paternal inheritance, and renders her miserable, or becomes the victim of discontent and blind indulgence. Unable to educate her sons, or impress them with respect; for it is not a play on words to assert, that people are never respected, (however exalted their stations) who are not themselves respectable; she pines under the anguish of unavailing regret; the serpent's tooth enters into her soul, and the vices of licentious youth bring her, with sorrow, if not with poverty, to the grave."

This affecting sketch, too often exemplified in life, is well contrasted by a different character.

"Let fancy present another woman, with a tolerable understanding, a constitution strengthened by exercise, and a body in the vigor of health; qualified by intellect and education to comprehend the moral duties of life, to estimate the dignity and superiority of virtuous independence. Formed for a due performance of her relative duties, she marries from affection, but not without prudence; and looking beyond mere matrimonial bliss, secures her husband's respect, before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him, and feed a dying flame, a flame which nature doomed to expire, when the object becomes familiar.

"Fate at length breaks the tender tie; she is left a widow, perhaps without sufficient provision; but she is not desolate. The pang of nature, though felt, is gradually softened into melancholy resignation;

nation; she returns to her children with redoubled fondness, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to maternal duty. Conscious that the Being from whom all our comforts flow, looks down with approbation on virtuous effort; abstracted, as well as elevated by grief, she cherishes the fond hope, that those eyes which her trembling hand so lately closed, may still see her; she subdues every wayward passion, and fulfils the important offices of a mother with exemplary purity and propriety. Exalted to heroism by misfortune, she represses the first dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and, in the bloom of life, forgets her sex, forgets the pleasure of an awakening passion, which might have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love; her brightest and warmest hopes are in a world beyond the grave, to which her imagination often strays.

"I think I see her surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. Their intelligent eyes meet hers, whilst health and innocence smile on their cheeks; as they grow up, the cares of life are lessened by mutual attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principle, fixed into habit; to see her children attain a strength of character, sufficient to enable them to endure adversity, without forgetting their mother's example. The task of life thus fulfilled, she

waits, with calm satisfaction, for death."

Mrs. Woolstoncroft's opinion, that the woman who converts a warm lover into a rational and sincere friend, has no cause for regret, however just and philosophical, may not, perhaps, be cordially acquiesced in by ladies at a certain age. She speaks with strong disapprobation, on boarding schools, and on the general system of female education; but till both sexes are converts to reason, rather than passion, much of her theory will be considered as the respectable error of a sensible mind, the chimæra of a romantic imagination, searching for unattainable perfection. To follow all her arguments, and produce the various bold and incontrovertible truths advanced in her work, would swell the article to a size inconsistent with the nature of this collection.

If, however, this spirited writer shall prevail on her sex to consider dress, cards, and novel reading, as the amusement, but not the business of life; if, transferring their attention from pleasure to duty, that unthinking race, who flutter through the streets, crowd the theatres, and submit to the criminal slavery of fashion, whose galling chains they so often sink under, dissatisfied at home, and abroad the disturbers of their neighbours; if, instead of such triflers, we shall, at some future period, be blessed with women, wise in their generation, examples of wisdom without art, and piety without austerity; virtue their whole employment, and their hearts the soft retreats of modesty and humanity; such an important

important service will rank the name of Mary Woolstoncroft with the greatest benefactors to mankind.

It has been observed, in reply to some of her strictures on the present state of women, that daily experience proves the established system cannot be very unpropitious to improvement; that the various departments of history, poetry, politics, ethicks, and philosophy, have been, and still are, graced with a long and splendid catalogue of female worthies; that in the societies of a crowded capital, a provincial town, or the mass of a watering place, we shall find a number of silly, idle, uninformed men, more than proportionate to women of the same description.

XIMENES, a celebrated Spanish statesman, a Cardinal, and Archbishop of Toledo, who, by the ascendancy of great talents, accompanied with fortunate incident, burst from the dark cloud which had for so many centuries enveloped his country; and emerging from the embarrassments of narrow fortune, a tender constitution, and a numerous, a reduced, but reputable family, guided the reins of a great monarchy, with decisive vigor, acknowledged capacity, and integrity unimpeached.

A juncture cannot be imagined, which more particularly demanded the vigorous exertion of judgment and resolution, to check the pride and presumption of a rich and powerful nobility, who, defying the royal authority, and meanly claiming exemption from burthens and impositions laid on their fellow subjects, esteemed the power of tyrannizing over the peasants,

and oppressing the provinces, as the hereditary and most valuable privilege of exalted rank. In the fifteenth century, the castle of a Spanish grandee, with its adjacent territory, might be described as a fortress, or royal garrison; and the haughty lord of the soil, surrounded by his vassals and dependents, as little less than a sovereign prince; while the pomp of his retinue, the splendor of his equipage, the luxury of his table, and his farms, flocks, and herds, with a long train of huntsmen, hawks, and dogs, made a near approach to regal magnificence.

To remove oppressive and licentious enormity, to reduce within legal bounds arrogant pretension; to extinguish unjust and partial privileges, to enforce the forgotten lessons of obedience and subordination, Ximenes, the son of a country attorney, was called from the cloyster, to which, with the usual policy of that age, he had retired; thus securing fame, fortune, rank, and other good things of this life, by appearing to renounce them.

Three of our present English Bishops owe their mitres to the soft intercession of female patronage; and, since family connection, and parliamentary interest, have been long considered, by the dispensers of church preferment, as more powerful recommendations than superior capacity and eminent attainment; I rather rejoice, than lament, that the gentle, but irresistible impulse of love, occasionally steps in, to interrupt the base traffic of corruption, and rescue men of benevolence, learning, and taste, from the rustic oblivion, thankless

thankless drudgery, and unrequited toil, of parochial duty. Ximenes was appointed confessor to Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand, and Queen of Castile in her own right; having thus secured the ear of a Queen, other avenues to preferment and honour were quickly opened to his view. He appears to have been sufficiently endowed with two qualities, generally found in ecclesiastics, a quick-sighted attention to their interests, and a peculiar skill in cultivating, without scandal (for he was upwards of seventy) female favour and protection: for these purposes, his predominating character, and his cloth, were admirably calculated.

By the more immediate nomination of Isabella, and contrary to the wishes of her husband, he ascended with decent reluctance, but filled, with exemplary propriety, the archiepiscopal throne of Toledo, was afterwards appointed regent, and diffused an income of more than two hundred thousand ducats a year, in rewarding merit, cloathing the naked, feeding the hungry, founding seminaries of learning, and other public services. The university of Alcala, and its princely revenue for the various professors, expensive editions of the Complutensian Polyglotte Bible, and the Mosarabic Liturgy, are durable monuments of his splendid munificence.

Though our prelate thus succeeded to the highest honours ambition could aim at, or royalty bestow, he had, early in life, experienced affliction, that severe, but salutary school, in which, sooner or later, we must all be initiated, though half the business

of life consists in teaching us rather to avoid, than in qualifying us properly to endure it. Stimulated by a restlessness, which has sometimes been considered as an inseparable attendant on genius, though much oftener the consequence of uneasy situation, and comfortless domestic prospects, Ximenes resolved to visit the Vatican; but near the confines of Italy was attacked by banditti, who seizing the little sum his father could afford to advance, left him wounded on the road. By the humane assistance of a good Samaritan, whom in his prosperity he did not forget, he was enabled, after a short delay, to continue his journey to Rome; which possessing at that time real power, of which it now scarcely retains the shadow, was the land of ecclesiastic promise, and the fountain head of clerical honours and emolument.

From the dexterity of his applications, or the goodness of his recommendations to his countryman, Alphonsus Borgia, a turbulent Spaniard, absorbed in enriching his nephews, who sat on the throne of St. Peter, under the name of Callistus the Third, he procured what has been called a speculative bull, that antient source of contention which entitled the person named in it to the first vacant prebend, however valuable. Ximenes, whose temper and circumstances did not permit him to relinquish any fair advantages, thought himself justified, on his return to Spain, in exercising a right with which he was legally invested by one whom he considered as supreme head of the church.

The firmness of his demands, involved

volved him in altercation with Carilla, at that time Archbishop of Toledo, who, stimulated by interest, or offended by resistance, imprisoned this defender of papal jurisdiction, which it was his fate, at a future period of his life, strenuously to resist, when, on the subject of indulgences, he opposed the artful blandishments, and humbled the triple crown of Pope Leo the Tenth. A seditious priest was confined in the same place; in a loud voice, and with scriptural language, he raised the drooping spirits of Ximenes, exhorting him to regard the present calamity, as a sure forerunner of future elevation. After a short pause, significant gesture, and an accurate, or a pretended inspection of his countenance, "I perceive," exclaimed the enthusiastic prisoner, "I clearly perceive, in every feature of your face, strong emanations of the holy spirit, united with the noblest qualities of head and heart; you shall be the restorer of your family, the saviour of your country, and an exalted light of the church. In the same cell to which I am now conducting you," continued our prophetic physiognomist, firmly grasping his hand, "was once imprisoned the holy prelate Zerevilla, who afterwards exchanged his fetters for a mitre; rely on God's providence, and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, to conduct you from similar misfortunes, to equal, if not superior triumph and exaltation."

This prediction of flattery or of insatiation, which, had it failed, would, with Ximenes and its foreteller, have been buried in everlasting oblivion, contributed per-

haps, like others of similar tendency, to hasten its own accomplishment; and the future regent of Spain, prudently tempering policy with devotion, and rendering fanaticism subservient to the purposes of ambition, converted the steps of the altar into a footstool to the throne. An anecdote of physiognomy so remarkable, seems to have escaped the assiduous ingenuity and entertaining prolixity of Mr. Lavater, in his pleasing work of the imagination: I doubt if that skilful translator of countenances makes sufficient allowance for the foreign impressions and alterations effected by education, superstition, philosophy, and interest, on the human feature. By these omnipotent innovating talismans, men have been taught to counteract and almost efface the first great biases of nature and disposition, and to conceal a ravenous wolf, or the beaked vulture under the gentle semblance of a lamb, or the mild aspect of a turtle dove.

This opinion is happily illustrated by the well-known story of an antient sage, who was interrupted in one of his discourses by a sarcastic sneerer, in the following words: "Let the hoary hypocrite preach up virtue and philosophical forbearance, and cry down carnal indulgence, as long as he pleases, but believe not a word that he says, for I see by his face he is a glutton, and a lascivious debauchee, devoted to vice and criminal indulgence himself." The provoked disciples were preparing to punish, with signal severity, this insolent traducer of a preceptor whom they loved with veneration, and whose character they had long looked

looked up to and contemplated as the noblest model of human virtue and perfection: "Abstain from violence," cried the philosopher, without a frown, "let him depart unmolested; however wrong his deductions may be, the data on which he reasons are not without some foundation: I was early and strongly inclined to the vicious propensities he alleges against me, and should probably have been the monster he describes, but for the divine precepts of philosophy, and the preternatural influence and interference of the guardian spirit which presided over the hour of my birth, encourages me to resist the allurements of vice, and secretly directs all the actions of my life."

I should conclude this article with considerable satisfaction, were I able to exculpate Ximenes from the odious guilt of religious intolerance, and bloody persecution; but the rigid, the inexorable impartiality of history, compels me to declare, that a great, and, in many instances, an enlightened minister, the reformer of various abuses in church and state, who had punished the spoilers, robbers, and murderers of Mexico and Peru, with death and confiscation; whose voice the proud oppressors of his country trembled at and obeyed, was a zealous and active enforcer of the rules of the holy office, an unrelenting kindler of the fires of the detestable inquisition; that he personally attended, with pomp, and apparent pleasure, those abominable *Auto da fes*, which took their origin from hell.

The cause of truth might perhaps induce me to hear with a smile, or with a sigh, that his zeal was so

successful as to prevail, by argument or by threats, on three thousand Mahometans to be baptized in one day; but his condemning to slow fires, numbers of unhappy *Morescoes* and *Jews*, who, stubborn in the habits of religious superstition, turned with horror from the cross, will hand down the name of the Cardinal to after ages, as a bigotted and merciless tyrant, an enslaver of the sacred rights of conscience and private opinion, a dealer of death, and as he thought, of damnation round the land, on all whom he, a creature of frailty and mistake, considered as enemies of Divine revelation.

I have heard, I have frequently heard with pleasure, but without conviction, arguments in favour of Ximenes, his favourite hero, forcibly delivered, and artfully arranged by his countryman, a learned and ingenious friend, whose critical eye may perhaps favour this hasty trifle with a perusal; but I must beg leave to say that the regent was sufficiently powerful, had he possessed the inclination, not only to have moderated, but to have overthrown the inquisition, however interwoven with the dark maxims and stern despotism of the Spanish government. Neither can I be of opinion, that any justification can be fairly deduced from an expression made use of, in the parable of our Saviour, when the various guests who were bidden to a feast, having on various pretences absented themselves, messengers were sent to visit the highways, to COMPEL OTHERS TO COME IN.

If reasoning in defence of religious persecution, often derived from this stale foundation of popish casuistry,

casuistry, if compulsion, if sanguinary compulsion in matters of opinion, be once received as obligatory, or even lawful, we then are bound to applaud rather than execrate, the torrents of blood, which have been shed from the days of David and Cambyſes; the Roman cruelties exerciſed on the primitive chriſtians, or by our ancient Druids; the horrid Spaniſh exterminations in South America, and the bloody St. Bartholomew's Day; the revocation of the edict of Nantz, or the Sicilian Veſpers; the laſcivious fury of Henry the Eighth; the unrelenting bigotry of Mary; the proteſtant aſſociation fires of 1780, and the late exasperated zeal, and conſuming violence of the Birmingham bigots:

The tomb of Ximenes is ſtill ſhewn in the college, which he founded at Alcala, and part of the epitaph deſcribes his character, in the Latin of the age in which he lived:

Prætextam junxit Sacco, Galeamque Galero,
Frater, Dux, Præſul, Cardineuſ-
que Pater,
Qui virtute ſua junxit diadema
cucullo.

His deviſe emblematic of the man, was a rock with an arrow ſhattered to pieces againſt it; the motto was *Frangitur in ſolido*, which was ſuppoſed to denote his ſupreme contempt for the defamatory libels, continually pouring forth againſt his adminiſtration. Firm in conſcious integrity, he heard without emotion, the calumnies of his enemies, and the only answer he vouchſafed to a diſappointed prieſt, who had publickly

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accuſed him of luxury and pride in his dreſs, was, ſending for the trembling divine, and ſhewing him a hair cloth, which (whatever his external dreſs might be, in conformity to rank and cuſtom) he conſtantly wore next his ſkin.

This prelate is almoſt the only inſtance on record, of an individual, at the ſame time reſpected and feared as a Miniſter, and reverenced as a Saint, by his cotermporaries, who, generally aſcribed to him the power of working miracles. It has been matter of doubt, and is not eaſy to determine whether the religious enthuſiaſm of Ximenes, and the canting myſticism of Cromwell, were real or affected. There perpetually occurs, amidſt the victories, cabinet intrigues and moſt ſtrenuous energies of the latter, ſuch *ſeckings of the Lord*, ſuch fanatic nonſenſe, and unintelligible myſticism, worthy of a Zinzendorf, or a Jacob Behmen, that we are ſtaggered in deciding on his real character. A French writer, who has left an Epitaph on the Uſurper, ſays,

Il meritoit mieux q'un Sceptre
acquis par un Crime;

Comment fit il, par quel' eſtrange
loi?

Q' a tous ceux qui ſont nes porter
la Couronne,

Uſurpateur montrait l'Exemple,
De les vertus que doit avoir un
Roi.

If Cromwell's religion was hypocriſy, he deſerved a halter; if it was real, he muſt have been a madman, but, of a ſingular ſpecies; he was only mad "North and North Weſt; when the wind was

O o

Southerly,

Southerly, he knew a Hawk from a Heron." This is common. Has not the wisest man of us all, some darling infatuation, some indulged enthusiasm, some romantic weakness in theory or practice, which, at intervals, leads us astray from expediency, propriety and common sense?

I am however inclined to consider the Spanish Regent, as superior in skill, predominating dexterity, and *nice* management to the English Protector. Cromwell was equally powerful, but wielded rougher and more visible *unmechanic* tools to attain his purposes; that military despotism, which Ximenes once, and only once, on a trying occasion, displayed on a parade from the window of a saloon, Cromwell called in too often, and almost on every occasion. He probably was obliged to accommodate himself to the manners of sterner characters, and to use such powerful instruments as were required by the coarser feelings of the *Sans Culottes*, by whom he was surrounded. I also suspect, and think I have read, that although bred at the University, he had neglected classical acquirement, and devoted those golden, those precious irrecoverable moments of youth, to the alternate and contradictory pursuits of gross sensuality, fanaticism, and religious humiliation; this may account for the ungrammatical jargon which he delivered for speeches.

Had Ximenes been a native of England, and attained the power of Cromwell; I have sometimes been tempted to think, that by the singular awe-inspiring nature of his character, he would have com-

pletely subjugated, or dissipated, the spirits and resolution of the Republican and Royalist Leaders, by gentle but irresistible means; without rendering himself like the Usurper, odious to so considerable a portion of his subjects, a circumstance which paved the way for Charles the Second. In that case, and with an able *nephew*, the offspring of his own loins, England might still have been crouching at home, and triumphing abroad, under the iron sceptre of a Protector.

YOUNG, EDWARD, a poet and a divine, with more imagination than judgment, but possessing a solemn plaintive species of verse, peculiar only to himself: 'it is indeed blank verse, but very different from the blank verse of Milton or of Thomson,' and Dr. Young appears to have been conscious of its merit, when he called his collected compositions, the works of the author of the Night Thoughts. He is said to have shut his shutters, and to have written by a lamp at mid-day, ornamenting his study with skulls, bones, and instruments of death. Thus early encouraging, by habitual gloom, and melancholy objects, an imagination naturally fertile, in seeking or creating topics of discontent.

It has been said, that if Young had been a bishop, he would never have written his Night Thoughts. But he was far advanced in the pathetic strains of complaint, at a time when hope is warm in the bosom of most men; and *had* he attained the mitre, a disappointment in the primacy might have produced the same effects on a
mind

mind which seems to have been endued with much sensibility, and to have been depressed with temporary obstructions of his prospects, which every man struggling through life naturally expects to meet with; and if he cannot surmount them, does not think himself justified in retiring to the cloyster or the hermitage. Yet it is generally understood, that this GENIUS OF DESCRIPTIVE WOE, had really felt the barbed arrows of domestic calamity, and that disappointed prospects afforded him an ostensible and sufficient cause of complaint.

His Universal Passion contains much just satire, good verse, and laughable humour; but its character is debility—it wants point and terseness. This poem was published before Pope's Satirical Epistles made their appearance, and has therefore the credit of giving the lead to that kind of writing. The country squire, who welcomes his friend with a thump upon his back; the coffee-house beau, who values himself on the learning of his heels; the antiquarian who is indifferent to his daughters starving, provided Cleopatra is safe; and the lady on horseback, who *whistles sweet berdiuretic strains*, are justly conceived, and happily described, and the satire, as all satire ought to be, is morally applied.

In Chrononhotonthologos, a satirical drama on the vicious style of certain tragic writers, and not badly written, many of Dr. Young's literary eccentricities are portrayed in caricature; particularly the violent speech on the blow, which furnished a plot to his *Revenge*.

Bombardinian, the general, on receiving a box on the ear from his royal master, breaks out into the most furious hyperbole; calls on the sun and moon to put themselves into eclipse, bids hills, dales, seas, cities, run together, and into chaos pulverize the world, because Bombardinian hath received a blow.

Though the tragedies of Young are animated, brilliant, and classical; though they paint in glowing language the fury of rage and revenge, and the agonies of jealousy, love, and despair; yet it must be confessed their beauties are disgraced by puerile pun and conceit, and occasionally by fustian and rant.

Were I to produce some of the greatest beauties, and some of the greatest absurdities that an English library affords, Young would be the author I should fix on; his beauties are sublimity of thought, and dignity of expression; he is tempted into faults, by pursuing them to extravagance and bombast.

His Night Thoughts, that species of composition which he may be said to have created, abound in unnatural flights of fancy, are often obscure and sometimes unintelligible; he occasionally perplexes both himself and his peruser, in a playfome unceasing pursuit of trifling figures, allegories, and allusions, not always apt. Yet, with all their faults, they irresistibly seize the mind of a reader, and powerfully interest him in the midnight sorrows of the sensitive bard; they have a merit which no productions but those of real genius ever possess; with scarce any facts or incidents to awaken curiosity,

they speak to the heart through the medium of the imagination; they instruct, but do not fatigue us; they amuse, and seldom are languid.

His view of the nature and faculties of an immortal soul, clogged by the finite and perishable materials of its house of clay, is profound, striking, comprehensive, and what in him is rare, *clefely* comprehensive.

“How great, how small, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful is man!

How center'd in his make such strange extremes,

Of different natures marvelously mix'd:

Connexion exquisite of distant worlds,

Distinguish'd link in beings endless chain,

Midway from nothing to the deity;

An heir of glory, a frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal, insect infinite!

A worm, a god———!

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,

Legions of angels can't confine me there!”

His arguments in favor of infinite duration in a future state, though not logically conclusive, are beautifully poetic:

“O ye blest scenes of permanent delight,

Cou'd ye so rich in rapture fear an end,

That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,

And quite *unparadise* the realms of light.”

Who does not regret that such a writer should degrade himself by licentious, bare-faced and impious flattery:

Wits spare not heaven, O Wilmington, nor thee.”

It is not I fear, the first time that poetry has been prostituted to the servile purposes of adulation.

Yet, excepting his base flattery, which his *trade* as a courtier taught him, and which appears in the body of his works, as well as in his fulsome dedications; a few of his tragical rants, his poetical flights into the obscure, and the imbecilities of his old age; published, I think unwarrantably, in some latter volumes, which his friends ought to have suppressed; with these exceptions, Young is entitled to the rare, but important praise, of not having left a line, which, for moral or religious reasons, on his death bed he could wish to have erased.

The young author, impelled by a love of fame, or of money, who is ardently pushing forward in the race for applause; and the copious writer who is too apt to consider rather what will be read, than what he ought to write, will do well to weigh this circumstance, and apply it:

Nam semel emissum fugit irrevocabile scriptum.

Mr. Herbert Croft has taken much pains to prove, that the character of Lorenzo, frequently introduced into the Night Thoughts, could not be meant for the poet's son——nor, indeed, does it seem possible.

But the elaborate zeal he exhibits, has been attended with an effect, which the zeal of his friendship

ship never designed ; it is a tacit confession, or rather a proof, that there were certain traits and strong resemblances in the picture, which rendered so much industry and effort necessary to prevent our mistaking it for a family likeness.

Young, in the early part of life, was fond of music, and touched the German flute with much taste. Being once on the river with some ladies, he played them several tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket.

Some officers rowing by just as he ceased playing, one of them rudely asked him, why he left off. " For the same reason that I began," replied Young, " to please myself." One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the Thames.

His female friends began to be much alarmed, and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties spent the evening.

The Doctor had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the son of Mars, that he expected him to meet him at such a place, in the morning, to give him a gentleman's satisfaction, and that he chose swords for the weapons. The officer was surprized, on their meeting, to see Young advance towards him with a large horse pistol, with which he told him, he would instantly shoot him through the head, if he did not dance a minuet : after some difficulties, he complied ; the officer reflecting on his impertinent conduct, acknowledged the justice of his treatment.

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